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THE

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OCTOBER, 1887—JULY, 1888.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME VII.

		PAGE.
A Call to the Ministry	THOMAS DIXON, JR.	271
A Day in the Valley of the Yadkin	DELOS D.	24
A Glaring Misrepresentation	D. T. WINSTON.	68
A Land Without Ruins a Land Without Memories	EUGENE L. CROCKER.	155
ALUMNI, WAKE FOREST	39, 85, 130, 172, 218, 267, 306, 347, 377,	412
Amelie Rives	F. B. H.	295
"America Holds the Future"	J. W. LYNCH.	276
AMONG OUR EXCHANGES	128, 220,	341
A National Misnomer	C. G. WELLS.	190
A North Carolina History	FRANK B. HENDREN.	23
A Picture	J. J. FARRISS.	397
A Plea for Magazines in the South	L. ROYALL.	355
Arabic Lore	H. A. FOUSHEE.	8
A Rift in the Cloud	FRANK B. HENDREN.	248
A Symposium—the Need of a More Outspoken Sentiment Among Students. F. B. HENDREN, R. B. LINEBERRY, D. A. DAVIS, H. A. FOUSHEE and M. L. KESLER.		239
Benevolence and Education	D. T. WINSTON.	112
Beyond the Alps Lies Italy	GEORGE C. THOMPSON.	317
Cats	G. C. THOMPSON.	65
COLLEGE, IN AND ABOUT THE	37, 75, 119, 167, 212, 260, 303, 343, 375,	407
Contemporory Criticism	G. C. THOMPSON.	160
Contributed	W. C. D.	368
Crumbs from the Confederate Capital	E. C. ROBERTSON.	135
CURRENT TOPICS	30, 115, 164, 205, 252, 297, 334, 374,	404
Edgar Allan Poe—A Regret	G. C. THOMPSON.	113
Editorial Briefs	J. J. FARRISS.	400
EDUCATIONAL	31, 73, 116, 165, 207, 254, 298, 335, 372,	409
Eight Months in the Reading Room	F. B. H.	331
Elsinore	J. H. GILLESPIE.	192
Effeminacy	D. T. WINSTON.	250
Every Man Has Public Interest	D. T. WINSTON.	333
Fall Additions to College Library	G. C. T.	106
Fault Finding	FAULT FINDER.	330
From Morehead City to Washington	W. C. DOWD	58
George MacDonald, as Seen in His Sayings	W. F. MARSHALL.	1
Give us a Week	J. W. LYNCH.	109
Good Old Christmas	L. ROYALL.	97
Immagination's Doings	A. T. HOWELL.	225
Independence Day at Mount Vernon	W. C. DOWD.	273
International Law	GEO. C. THOMPSON.	296
In the Reading Room	J. W. LYNCH	66
Invention and Civilization	HENRY SIMMONS.	313
Is Thought Free?	REGNIT.	353
Jenny Lind	FRANK B. HENDREN.	110
Journalism	J. J. FARRISS.	398
Let Us Return Thanks	J. W. LYNCH.	161
Let Them Go	J. W. LYNCH.	292
LITERARY NOTES	34, 81, 124, 174, 209, 255, 300, 339, 369,	401
Maid of Orleans, The	J. W. OLIVER.	12

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38870

		PAGE.
Marks and Medals	J. W. LYNCH.	200
Modern Republicanism	FRANK B HENDREN.	177
Moral Heroes and Heroism	THOS. C. BUCHANAN	181
Mormon Missionaries	FRANK B HENDREN.	199
Mother English	F. B. H.	367
Oratory and Orators	H. M. SHAW.	148
Organization	J. C. CADDELL.	92
Ought Immigration to be Restricted?	F. T. WOOTEN.	100
Our Work	G. C. T.	332
Panama Canal, The	WALTER P. STRADLEY.	349
Power of Music, The	FRANK H. EDWARDS.	363
"Pro Memoria"	J. H. GILLESPIE.	223
Public Education in Virginia	D. T. WINSTON.	20
Public Spirit	D. T. WINSTON.	103
Randolph Abbott Shotwell	HOWARD A. FOUSHEE.	87
Reaching the Pinnacle of Greatness		394
Recollections of a Northern Winter	HERR G——T.	359
Religious Life at College	J. W. LYNCH.	22
Reverence the Past	M. L KESLER.	131
Salutatory	G. C. THOMPSON.	18
Sciences in our Colleges, The	W. H. MICHAEL.	14
SCIENCE NOTES	36, 84, 127, 176, 258, 302,	338
Several Questions in North Carolina Baptist History		385
Slang	R. B. L.	366
Stage Notes	T. EDGAR CHEEK.	143
Stage Remarks	GEO. C. THOMPSON.	203
States Rights	W. C. DOWD.	151
Student's Aid Fund, The	J. W. LYNCH.	247
Some Hindrances to the Progress of Education	J. N. BOOTH.	185
Sunshine and Shadows	ANTONIUS.	283
Taken for Granted	D. T. WINSTON.	162
The Best School in the Southern States 70 Years Ago	PROF. W. B. ROYAL.	397
The Golden Age of Antiquity	J. A. HOLLOMAN.	230
The Jewish Triumph	J. W. OLIVER.	93
The Story of a Successful Southern Youth	E. C. ROBERTSON.	41
The Negro—His Present Condition and Future Prospects	FRANK B. HENDREN.	50
The New South	J. H. GRANT.	56
The Young Clergy	FRANK B. HENDREN.	69
The Library—Classes of Readers	R. B. LINEBERRY.	142
The Renascence	FRANK B. HENDREN.	158
The People Going to be Heard	J. C. CADDELL.	197
The Symposium	FRANK B. HENDREN.	294
They were "More Sinned Against Than Sinning,"	R. B. LINEBERRY.	309
The Blessings of Emancipation	FRANK B. HENDREN.	379
Two Pictures	HISTOS.	54
Valedictory	J. J. FARRISS.	399
Veni, Vidi, Sed "Haesi"	FRANK T. WOOTEN.	232
What We Need	GEO. C. THOMPSON.	251
What is the Object of Life?	J. HIRAM GRANT.	243
Why be Blinded by Sectional Strife	G. T. WATKINS.	235
Why a Humbug	D. T. WINSTON.	202
Would it Help the Schools?	D. T. WINSTON.	293

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GEORGE MACDONALD, AS SEEN IN HIS SAYINGS.

Had I the grace to win the grace
Of some old man complete in lore,
My face would worship at his face,
Like childhood seated on the floor.

"Like a man," says the subject of this sketch, "and you will judge him with more or less fairness. Dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you cannot fail to judge him unjustly." Taking this to be true—and why not?—I rest in my conscience, assured that in what I am going to write there will not be wanting "more or less fairness" to this strangely gifted, wild, and lovely poet, for nothing else he is, whether in essay, novel, sermon, or verse.

Like other great mind-workers, George MacDonald has about him little that is eventful in outward life. Such is the rashness of his biographers that no reader on this side of the water knows whether he was born in 1824 or 1825, but the event took place in Huntley, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, his father, who was a lineal descendant of the historic MacDonalds of Glencoe, being one of the proprietors of the Huntley Mills. His early life was passed among the mountain peaks, the burns, the locks, the firths, and winds of northeast Scotland. Its physical geography everywhere leaks out through his writings. He graduated at the University of Aberdeen, studied for the ministry at Owens College, Manchester, and Indiana College

at Highbury, London. Took "holy orders," became a leader of the "Independents," preached in the counties of Surry and Sussex. He published in 1855 his first book, a dramatic poem. Made (1857) a tour of the continent, extending his journey as far south as Algiers, wrote a number of poems and essays for periodicals. Published, in 1863, *David Elginbrod*, his first novel, in which line he has steadily worked ever since. Four or five years later he visited the United States and afterward Italy, being in poor health.

His portraits give him a kind face with merry blue eyes and long whiskers flowing down upon his folded arms, a strongly intellectual head and brow overset with a rich growth of hair that, because of a cow-lick, won't "down at his bidding"—all well supported on firm shoulders.

Although sixty-three years of age, he is said to look no more than forty. As a compliment to his literary work, he receives an annual pension of £100 from the Queen's civil list.

The amount and variety of his work astound his acquaintances. The more intimate the acquaintance the greater the astonishment that he could do so much and do it so well. He is master alike of the essayist's art, of the novelist's, of the preacher's, and of the poet's; but he is at his best in his novels, in which line his spirit's eye is not yet dim nor his natural force abated. His first volume was published in 1855, and in the thirty-two years since that time he has given to the public thirty-eight full volumes, besides multitudes of uncollected essays, poems, and short stories; and in the twenty-three years succeeding the publication, in 1863, of his first novel he has taxed the printer's and binder's art to the extent of over twenty-nine separate novels and stories, of from three hundred to six hundred closely printed pages each. These facts would not be so worthy of note were not the work good from the beginning and growing richer and sweeter with every pen stroke.

Critics differ in electing his masterpiece. Their sentiment was divided between *The Portent* (1864) and *Robert Falconer* (1868) until *What's Mine's Mine*, his latest, took some of the critics by storm. But *David Elginbrod*, his first novel, is by a fair union of sentiment conceded the title of next best.

It is impossible to describe his cast of mind and the character of its records. The unknown must be clothed in terms of the known, and nothing do I know of that is like the charm of his writing. In some respects he resembles Ruskin in imaginative poesy and love of unhumanized nature, but is as far his superior in these points and in spiritual discernment as Ruskin is superior to the Scotsman as a sour-tempered art critic. In other respects he resembles George Eliot; he is not her match in constructive power, but possesses a stronger faith and a keener spiritual insight.

With her opening scene in *Adam Bede*, contrast this from McDonald:

> As I came near, I smelt what has been to me always a delightful smell, that of fresh deals under the hands of the carpenter. In the scent of those boards of pine is enclosed all the idea the tree could gather of the world of forest where it was reared. If I were idling, it would draw me

to it across many fields. A carpenter's shop was the delight of my boyhood; and after I began to read the history of our Lord with something o that sense of reality with which we read other his tories, I never could go near enough to see the shavings lying on the floor of one without a spir itual sensation such as I have in entering an old church. It seems at times as the only cure in the world for social pride would be to go for five silent minutes into a carpenter's shop. How one can think of himself as above his neighbors, within sight, sound, or smell of one, I fear I am getting almost unable to imagine.

How truly does this one find marrow where that one found bone! How alike in their love, yet how sadly different! Like George Eliot, he delights to revel in the extremest discords of nature. Witness his description of the snowstorm in *Warlock v'Glenwarlock*. Compare his remorseless universe of water devastating air and earth in *Sir Gibbie*, and repeated in *Paul Faber, Surgeon*, with a like scene in *Mill on the Floss*. Then turn to chapter "*Glashgar*" in *Sir Gibbie*, and see how his genius is transported in the freedom of nature's powers let loose, and how its sails fill and swell with the inspiration of the wild caprices of the highest air. I make, and shall make, these frequent references because MacDonald is mostly mind, and cannot be fitly portrayed except in the records of that mind.

I quote some of his ordinary, descriptive passages—each being a poem in itself—to show how near the heart of nature he lives, and how its every form to him throbs with the Living Spirit of its Maker, how he finds "sermons in stones," and "good in everything," and how he alone can paint in words what he perceives in the spirit:

Mercy sat alone, but not lonely, at her window. A joy at her heart made her independent of human intercourse. Life at the moment was livable without it, for there was no bar between her and her lover.

The evening drew on. They sent her food. She forgot to eat it, and sat looking, till the lines of the horizon seemed grown into her mind like an etching. She watched the slow dusk swell and gather. Through all its fine, evanescent change of thought and feeling she watched unconsciously; and the growth, death, and burial of that twilight were ever after a substratum to all the sadness and all the hope that visited her. Through palest eastern rose, through silvery gold and golden green and brown, the daylight passed into the shadow of the night, and the stars, like hope in despair, began to show themselves where they always were, and the night came on, and deeper and deeper sunk the silence.

The measured movement in nature could add no charm to the music of this:

He finds himself gazing far over western seas, while yet the sun is in the east. They lie clear and cold, pale and cold, broken with islands scattering thinner to the horizon, which is jagged here and there with yet another. The ocean looks a wild, yet peaceful mingling of lake and land. Some of the islands are green from shore to shore, of low yet broken surface; others are mere rocks, with a bold front to the sea, one or two of them strange both in form and character. Over the pale-blue sea hangs the pale-blue sky, flecked with a few cold white clouds that look as if they disowned the earth, they had got so high—though none the less her children, and doomed to descend again to her bosom. A keen little wind is out, crisping the surface of the sea in patches—a pretty large crisping to be seen from that height, for the window looks over hill above hill to the sea. Life, quiet yet eager, is all about; the solitude itself is alive, content to be a solitude because it is alive. Its life needs nothing from beyond, is independent even of the few sails of fishing boats that here and there, with their red-brown, break the blue of the water.

The wedding of Alister and Mercy had been solemnized at noon in the walls of an old castle. After the feasting and much dancing, came the

departure for their new home, which is thus beautifully fastened in words:

When evening came, with a half moon hanging faint in the limpid blue, and the stars looking larger through the mist of ungathered tears—those of nature, not the lovers; with a wind like the breath of a sleeping child, sweet and soft, and full of dreams of summer; the mountains and hills asleep around them, like a flock of day-wearied things, and haunted by the angels of Rob's visions—the lovers, taking leave only of the mother, stole away to walk through the heavenly sapphire of the still night, up the hills and over the rushing streams of the spring to the cave of their rest—no ill omen, but lovely symbol to such as held the tomb for the porch of Paradise.

Compare the next extract with Edward Everett's famous summer description, which is said to be the most eloquent piece of descriptive composition in the English language, and see how perfectly but how differently these two masters paint. Everett's is grand and full of pomp; his is simple, easy and natural, but are marvels of their sort and inimitable:

The next morning the air was clear and fresh as a new-made soul. Bars of mottled clouds were bent across the eastern quarter of the sky, which lay like a great ethereal ocean ready for the launch of the ship of glory that was now gliding towards its edge. The lark sang of something greater than he could tell; the wind got up, whispered at it, and lay down to sleep again. The clouds that formed the shore of the upper sea were already burning from saffron into gold. A moment more and the first insupportable thing of light would shoot from behind the edge of that low, blue hill. The well-spring of day, fresh and exuberant as if now first from the holy will of the Father of Lights, gushed into the basin of the world, and the world was more glad than tongue or pen can tell. The supernal light alone, dawning upon the human heart, can exceed the marvel of such a sunrise.

To further show his heart in practical and spiritual life, I have copied from a limited reading some of his sayings on different subjects. Read and re-read, and see if some of them at least be not worthy of a place in every heart and in every life:

LOVE.

For who in heaven or earth has fathomed the marvel betwixt the man and the woman? Least of all the man or the woman who has not learned to regard it with reverence. There is more in this love to uplift us, more to condemn the lie in us, than in any other inborn drift of our being.

The man, I repeat, who loves God with his very life, and his neighbor as Christ loves him, is the man who alone is capable of grand, perfect, glorious love to any woman.

To save man or woman, the next thing to the love of God, is the love of man or woman.

Let foolish maidens and vulgar youths simper and jest over it as they please, it is one of the most potent mysteries of the living God. The man who can love a woman and remain a lover of his wretched self, is fit only to be cast out with the broken potcherds of the city as one in whom the very salt has lost his savour.

Love is the first comforter, and when love and truth speak, the love will be felt when the truth is never perceived.

Silly youth and maidens count themselves martyrs of love, when they are but the pining witnesses to a delicious and entrancing selfishness

---

Love without religion is the plucked rose. Religion without love—there is no such thing.

RICHES.

It wants a thoroughbred soul to talk *just* right about money. Most people treat money like a bosom sin; they follow it earnestly, but do not talk about it at all in society.

They were diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving Mammon, and founding claim to consideration on the fact. Both had gone regularly to church, but neither had taught in a Sunday-school or once gone to a week-day sermon.

Friends, cast your idol into the furnace; melt your mammon down, coin him up, make God's money of him, and send him coursing. Make of him cups to carry the gift of God, the water of life, through the world. Ah! what gifts in music, in the drama, in the tale, in the picture in the spectacle, in books and models, in flowers and friendly feasting, what true gifts might not the mammon of unrighteousness, changed back into the money of God, give to men and women, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh!

It [money] is powerful for good when divinely used. Give it plenty of air, and it is sweet as the hawthorn; shut it up and it cankers and breeds worms. Like all the best gifts of God, like the air and water, it must have motion and change and shakings asunder; like the earth itself, like the heart and mind of man, it must be broken and turned, not heaped together and neglected. If I misuse, or waste, or hoard the divine thing, I pray my Master to see to it, my God to punish me.

Be wary. Look not on the gold when it is yellow within thy purse. Hoard not. In God's name spend—spend on. Take heed how thou spendeth, but take heed that thou spend. Be thou as the sun in heaven; let thy gold be thy rays, thy angels of love and life and deliverance.

But if thou art poor, then look not on thy purse when it is empty. He who desires more than God wills him to have, he also is a servant of mammon, for he trusts in what God has made, and not in God himself.

How can a man *serve* riches? Why, when he says to riches, "ye are my good." When he feels he cannot be happy without them. When he puts forth the energies of his nature to get them. When he schemes, and dreams, and lies awake about them.

If thou favorest the company of those whom men call well-to-do, when they are only well to-eat, or well-to-drink, or well-to-show, and declinest that of the simple and the meek, then in thy deepest consciousness know that thou servest mammon and not God.

Many a man, many a woman, fair and flourishing to see, is going about with a rusty, motheaten heart.

Bring forth your riches; let them go,
Nor mourn their lost control;
For if ye hoard them surely so
Their rust will reach your soul.

DUTY.

Sunday—a day dear to all who do anything like their duty during the week.

The doing of things from duty is but the stage on the road to the kingdom of truth and love. Not the less must the stage be journeyed.

When a man's duty looks like an enemy dragging him into the dark mountains, he has no less to go with it than when like a friend with loving face, it offers to lead him along green pastures by the riverside.

A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody or to save his own life.

To do one's duty will make any one conceited who only does it sometimes. Those who do it always would as soon think of being conceited of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking pockets? A thief who is trying to reform would. Until our duty becomes to us as common as breathing, we are poor creatures.

He had a good opinion of himself—on what grounds I do not know; but he was rich, and I know no better ground; I doubt if there is any more certain soil for growing a good opinion of one's self. Certainly, the more you try to raise one by doing what is right and worth doing, the less you succeed.

WOMEN.

With what a power of life and hope does a woman with a face of the morning, a dress like the spring, a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, with the dew upon them, and perhaps, in her eyes, too—with what a message from nature and life does she, looking death in the face with a smile, draw upon the vision of the invalid?

I believe that many women go into consumption just from discontent—the righteous discontent of

a soul which is meant to sit at the Father's table, and so cannot content itself with the husks which the swine eat. The theological nourishment which is offered them is generally no better than husks.

You do not once read of a woman being against Him—except indeed it was his own mother, when she thought He was going all astray and forgetting His high mission.

She took it for granted that bad and beautiful were often one; that all the pleasures of the world owed their delight to a touch, a wash, a tincture of the wicked in them. Such have in themselves so many crooked lines that they fancy nature laid down on lines of crookedness.

Poor mother earth! What a load of disappointing women, made fit for fine things, and running all to self and show, she carries on her weary old back! From all such, good Lord deliver us! except it be for our discipline or their awaking.

No man needs flatter his *vanity* much on the ground of being liked by women, for there never yet was man but some woman was pleased with him.

These extracts show only a few of the subjects that he has touched and beautified, and only a few of the many good things he has said concerning them. To many he may appear dull—often does. To every one he is sometimes full of wonder, and unintelligible, but to those who read for profit, he will be found the greatest, because best, English-writing novelist. This does not mean that his writings are devoid of peculiarities, for peculiarities quaint and numerous, he has, and not a few that are undesirable. His characters are always improbable, but his genius can afford to have them so. His plots are poor and loose and shallow, but he can afford to have them so. He disregards the canons of story-telling and wanders, but he can afford to do so. He is often difficult, often obscure, often uninterpretable, but he can afford to be so. Oftener than we would wish his style is careless, clumsy and labyrinthine, but he can afford that, too. To verify all this the reader has but to turn to any one of his novels. *Sir Gibbie*, *Little Diamond* and *Rob of the Angels* are fairly impossible characters. *Paul Faber, Surgeon*, is a weak attempt to mix love, science, doctor bills, physiology, mind, matter, blood, water, preaching and interesting reading; in fact, any one of his plots is poorer than any love-stricken sophomore of a second-class college could construct.

Of his other literary faults and idiosyncracies, wise and otherwise, I will proceed to give the reader full warning. He flaunts dialects and provincialisms with lavish and tiresome prolixity. Such abstractions as "withness" and "hereness," and "factitude of things," he brandishes to the verge of pedantry. A written sermon begins with this:

"In its origin, opinion is the intellectual body, taken for utterance and presentation by something necessarily larger than any intellect can afford stuff sufficient for the embodiment of."

The thinking reader could consent to take this all good and easy, were he not dismayed to find the next sentence beginning with a "therefore." And in this sentence:

When one is annoyed at the sight of things meant to be, and not beautiful, there is danger of not giving them even the poor fair-play they stand in so much the more need of that it can do so little for them.

His lasso whirls the poor average reader a tangling summersault. If,

knowing "little Latin and less Greek," you venture too far in his labyrinth, you will break your neck over "Nephelococygia," or be ground to death by "Thanmaturgy."

Again, one cannot but be curiously wrought upon by his familiarity with psychological phenomena. Things which do appear he explains to you by comparing with things not seen, and by a deft reversal of similitude presents the physical by the aid of the metaphysical. That simile in Upham's *Mental Philosophy* about thought merging into the mind "like a star from the depths of the firmament," is so old to him that he turns it around and says, "the stars come thinking their way out" of the firmament. A certain day-dawn scene appears to him as "smooth as an unawakened conscience." To him, "every now and then a soft little wind awoke like a throb of the spirit of life," and one morning "the air was clear and fresh as a new-made soul."

An unShakespearian weakness of repeating himself turns up every now and then. In his poems one finds this invocation:

> Blow, fill my upper air with icy storms:
> Breathe cold, O wind of God, and kill my canker-worms.

The seasoning of this he has warmed over and put into service again in *What's Mine's Mine* where Alister was thankful "for the wind that had blown cold through his spirit and slain at least one evil thing." If to make a good thought thus do double service be criminal, he is not without good company; George Eliot is guilty of the same. In a poem she makes the oars, if my memory is not at fault, dip

> light as
> Tiny silver bells upon the robes of hovering silence,

a pet simile which she brings to the top again in *Mill on the Floss* when in the grassy shade was heard "the hum of insects, like tiniest bells on the garment of silence."

Lastly, his tender aptness for catching dainty little "spiritual hints" from the commonest things and plainest surroundings may produce in the common-place mind the idea that George MacDonald's spirituality is a sort of affected spiritual dudishness.

Most of the peculiarities that I have enumerated are defects, and serious defects; but I have tried to leave out none. His excellencies hide away his faults. Lulled by the rapturous power of his magic, we willingly forget that he has wearied us; we are only children taking our first walk with a strong man; we grow weary of the rocks and steeps, and the strong man carries us in his arms. I commend him to young and old for careful, earnest study. He has written for boy and girl, for the prince and the pauper, the sage and the simple, the imaginative man and the plain man, for fishers of men and men; and to all he speaks words of kindness and love and strength and cheer. The world would be better for knowing and doing what this good man has said. He scathes without compromise all meanness of thought and of action, rebukes rebellion against holiness, and teaches love for all God's ways because they are His ways. He is pre-eminently the apostle of Con-

tentment. The animating impulse of his writings is Contentment. The golden thread through all that the novelist has put in his novels, the poet in his poems, the preacher in his sermons, is Contentment. Especially ought no young minister leave his writings unread, his teachings unheeded, for to him they cannot fail to prove a mine of gold, a wealth of spirituality. And in more respects than one he would be a model for older ministers. I copy one of his letters for them to read:

CASA CARRAGGIO, BORDIGHERA, ITALY,
June 19, 1881.

DEAR ELLIS,— * * * It was only the other day that I heard of the death of Mr. Fields. We are taking flight one by one, not like the swallows, for it is for gathering, not for dispersion.

What talks we shall have together in the new country, where we shall all trust each other entirely, and be trustworthy in return!

You asked me some time ago if I could send you anything for a certain magazine you mentioned. I forget its title: it occurred to me a little while ago that perhaps you might like to print the enclosed sermon. It is the only one I have *written* to preach for thirty years.

Yours affectionately,
GEORGE MACDONALD.

A studious reading of one of his books will create in the preacher, if he be a man diligent in his business, a restless hunger for another, and to study three or four of his best works would be worth as many years of experience.

Finally, there is not a single ill-odored sentiment, there is not the shadow of an unchaste thought, there is not the trace of a wrong suggestion in all the multitude of books that he has written. Let it stand to George MacDonald's honor, now and henceforth, that in the midst of all the rush and hurry of sensation seekers, and in the face of a clamorous demand of a corrupt reading populace, he has bravely breasted the tendency of a popular novel-writing and kept his heart, his thought, and his books, pure and clean "as the air above the middle seas." W. F. MARSHALL.

ARABIC LORE.

The period of Modern History included between the fifth and eleventh centuries has been rightly called, "The Dark Ages;" for it witnessed the sad spectacle of the once mighty empire of the Cæsars fallen so low, so degenerate and degraded as to relapse into semi-barbarism. The master spirits of the old Latins were no longer read. The people had lost all interest in literature and scarcely a single standard work was produced during all those centuries. Though the Byzantium empire was still nominally Greek, yet the old Grecian spirit had long since departed—killed by the corrupting influences of Oriental luxuries and habits. The voice of the orator was no longer heard, and their philosophers had long since given place to pedants and sophists.

"I was Greece but living Greece no more!"

Out of this darkness and wreck and gloom, transport yourselves for a while to the arid plains of Arabia. There this barbaric race, casting off its garments of ignorance and basking for the first time in the sunlight of knowledge, was preparing to take rank as the most learned nation of that day. Though situated in a somewhat isolated position, they carried on a large caravan trade with the outside world and many learned men had come among them—notably Nestorian physicians who had long been held in high repute. Opportunities for learning had not been wanting but the desire.

The wild Arab of the desert loved his horse, honored the poets and orators of his race, and prided himself on never failing a friend in distress. Nor did he care to know more than his fathers. When Mohammed began to preach the "Doctrine of the Sword," he touched the keynote of their nature and they entered into its propagation with all the earnestness of their fanatic spirits. And as we look back over their rapid progress, first the spread or Islam over Arabia; thence throughout Syria and Mesopotamia; next the fall of Egypt; from whence, boldly pushing through the strait of Gibralta, conquering Spain as they went, they crossed the Pyrenees, and were only halted on the sunny plains of France, when their army was nearly annihilated by the hosts of Charles Martel—all in one hundred years after the death of the Prophet—it seems as if the wandering fancy of some distorted mind. But the most wonderful part of their fanciful story is that there should spring up beside this warlike spirit a burning thirst for knowledge.

Nor was this spirit owing to the influence of Mohammed, however much he may have benefited his people. The founder of Islam could not read much less write. In the Koran he calls himself an illiterate man, and one of the arguments he used for the inspiration of this work was that such a book could not be the work of an ignorant man, but must necessarily have come from God. Fearing perhaps that knowledge would dispel the belief of his followers in him he made the study of the liberal sciences punishable by death.

The main cause was their immediate contact with the old civilizations of the East and West. For however decayed these may have been at that time they were far superior to the barbaric habits and customs of the Arabians. The Arabs were not an effete people worn out with learning. They had not been visited by that wave of scholasticism which was holding many European nations in its icy grasp. They were in the very vigor of joyous youth. Emerging from their retreats, they found nearly the whole world prostrate before their arms, and they entered into the world of thought with the same earnestness, enthusiasm and strength they had displayed in their martial triumphs.

The first Caliples dwelling in the rugged cities of their native land retained all of their primitive simplicity, but under the sixth, Moawyah, the seat of empire was moved to Damascus. Here in their princely city he established a court of palatial splen-

dor and gathered around him a brilliant array of poets and philosophers. This cast the die. The fickle goddess of Fashion declared in favor of learning, and henceforth, as long as political unity remained, her progress was one continual triumphal march.

A century and a half have elapsed since Mohammed's death; the "Crescent" has met, and yielded to, the superior power of the "Cross"; their battles are over for the time; the Arabians, receiving tribute from an hundred different tribes, are rolling in opulence; and all things are ready for intellectual culture. The Caliples lead the van. A school was attached to every mosque; and as soon as there was need of them, Academies, Colleges, and Universities were established.

The most learned men in the whole world were sought out and placed in charge. The rulers with truly Oriental extravagance poured out their wealth upon them. Unlike our modern colleges, all were handsomely endowed, and ample means provided for all indigent young men who might desire an education.

The Saracens became at once a great literary people. A recent writer says: "The Arabs studied everything, and wrote on everything they studied." Their work consisted mostly in translating old manuscripts, or writing commentaries on the old masters. Original manuscripts were eagerly sought for, and often exacted as tribute. After the division of the empire, the Caliphs vied with each other in the number and costliness of their volumes. Some libraries held an almost fabulous number. El Harkem is said to have collected at Cordova six hundred thousand in one library, and though bound with the finest binding, were all at the disposal of the students at that place. Nor were the rulers the only collectors. Private collections were second only to public. A physician, invited to visit a Sultan, excused himself on the ground that he could not be parted from his library, to transport which would require four hundred camels.

The Saracens confined their attention mainly to the natural sciences, philosophy and poetry. The sciences, besides their great utility, satisfied that craving to peer into the Unknown, and pierce its mysteries, which is inherent in all men. The changes in the forms and products of the earth, the position and constituents of the heavenly bodies, and their supposed influence on man's destiny, formed a boundless field for thought. In philosophy they sought an answer to that oft-recurring question: Whence man came, and whither he is going. In poetry their bards found a natural medium for expressing the loves, hates, hopes, fears, longings and rejoicings of the race.

The Saracens were possessed of wonderfully receptive minds; but when they had received anything they lacked the power to assimilate it thoroughly. Falling heirs to the learning of the Greeks and Egyptians, which to say the least was no inconsiderable position, they utilized it to such an extent that they became learned and refined, and for some time the first nation in intelligence on the globe. But they were content with

this position, or perhaps had reached the limit of their ability, as an eminent writer has suggested, saying that the constructive and inventive faculty fully developed belongs only to the Aryan race, as the religious genius does to the Semitic. But whichever theory be true, it certainly is an established fact that the Arabians did not make many discoveries of much value.

In astronomy, though possessed of the best lenses of that time, they made only two important discoveries – that of the motion of the sun's apogee, and the third irregularity of the moon. In alchemy they made several important discoveries. Many valuable compounds were found for the first time, and other compounds reduced to their elements. All these, however, were left in a confused mass. No attempt whatever was made to systematize them and discover the great principles and laws of chemistry. This fact has led many very unjustly to underrate their value.

In philosophy they followed implicitly Aristotle. No one had the independence to launch out for himself and make investigations in new fields. Their philosophers occupied their time in interpreting and writing commentaries on their Master's doctrine. Poetry alone was indigenous, and attained its chief excellence before the era of progress sat in. It was the product of the peculiar influences of life in the desert, and could be made by no other condition. Culture and luxury only frightened their timid muse. The later poets tried in vain to make up in elegance what they lacked in simplicity and force.

Now, the question naturally comes in: Of what use has this learning been to us? When in Europe knowledge was struggling with ignorance and barbarism, the Saracen empire alone stood out in bold relief, like some giant lighthouse, sending rays of light all over the world. Seekers after knowledge, leaving the cold North, found an elegant climate in Southern Spain, while they quaffed great draughts of knowledge from the excellent schools of Cordova. And these, returning to their native lands, became the forerunners of that mighty revolution that shook the globe. This service in itself is enough to claim the attention of all succeeding generations, and forever rescue the Arabic nation from the all-engulfing sea of oblivion.

Their literary career was well rounded and unlike that of other nations—we do not look for its beginning in the mystic past. It reaches its zenith, and as suddenly its end. The reason for its sudden downfall is plain. Deep-seated in the Arabic race was a fanatical spirit—an intolerance of anything contrary to their preconceived notions. This spirit was strengthened by their religion, and manifested itself, as to-day in our own country, by opposition to scientific progress. Though learning seemed at first to progress, it was in spite of fanaticism through the influence of powerful rulers. When science began to attack old beliefs and customs, a reaction set in, and science went to the wall, and with it all desire for learning.

Such a conflict is now joined in our

own times. What the final outcome will be no one knows. Let us hope that it will be the harmonizing of both, and not one of the following alternatives: "Faith is not hostile to science. Want of faith expresses itself in fears and clamors. A large faith lifts inquiring into those heights where all things are in the light of divine unity. Without such a fundamental principle as this, the study of the two departments cannot go on together. Where such a basis of harmony is wanting, religion, degenerating into superstition, will, as among the Mohammedans, smother the life of science; or science, breaking loose from faith, will pursue its way to the ignoring of spiritual being."

H. A. FOUSHEE.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Lowering clouds, portentous of ruin, had spread over France. Her hills, dales, and verdant landscapes seemed sad beneath the gathering gloom. The cooing doves, the gurgling brooks and water falls were moaning their country's fate at Agincourt, while Aeolus with his sylvan harp played in melancholy strains the requiem over her hundred thousand slain. Her bright illuminating star in the galaxy of nations was fast waning, and apparently would soon vanish into oblivion. This was the condition of France in 1429 when the English armies were sweeping victoriously throughout the realm.

On the banks of the Maese in Dom-Remy lived a country maiden of seventeen summers. Reared in her rural home she was a child of nature, beautiful as the roses that grew around her villa and pure as the angels of Paradise. During her childhood she was accustomed to wander over the fields, to commune with nature and nature's God. Here, surrounded by all the beauties of natural scenery, by fond parents, brothers and sisters, and devoted admirers, there was nothing to mar her rapturous bliss. But soon the ravages of war and the defeat of her countrymen cast their dispiriting gloom over this hidden and happy retreat amid the hills of the Maese. The maiden no longer wandered joyfully and without care as she was wont to do in former days of ecstasy. The news that her beloved France had almost completely fallen into the hands of the despised English, filled her soul with the deepest sorrow. Her heavenly countenance no longer radiant with angelic sweetness, her eyes no longer refulgent with joy, but dejected and disconsolate, methinks I can see her wandering in moody silence breathing the spirit of the sighing zephyrs—beautiful still as a fairy queen.

Heroic maiden! She yields not to despondency. She resolves to retrieve the desolate kingdom and restore her sovereign to his lawful throne. To

this end she exchanges her delightful home, the scenes of childhood, and the society of friends for the din and carnage of battle. The scene changes. Her voice is hushed around her home. Death like silence seems to reign. See her time after time before her king imploring the command of Orleans; see her time and again repulsed, derided and sent from his presence as a heretic. Noble heroine! She was proof against opposition! By perseverance she prevailed over the king and the long sought command was given. Armed cap-a pie with glittering steel armor, seated on the fleetest courser, and waving her consecrated banner she rode forth to the head of her battalion. The soldiers' drooping heads were raised at the sight of the magnificent splendor of their military heroine. They glowed with enthusiasm, and were eager to meet their foes in battle array that they might retrieve their lost honor under the auspices of their beautiful female champion. She exhorted her troops with all her native eloquence and fervent piety to place all their hopes in the assistance of Heaven. She led them to Orleans and made a sally upon one of the forts. For hours the battle raged with unabated fury. Ever in front in the thickest of the fight was the gallant Joan d' Arc waving her standard majestically, while soul-stirring words of eloquence escaped her lips, prompting her men to unequaled and dauntless bravery. Terror and dismay spread throughout the English ranks. Soon they were flying, and a glorious victory perched upon the French standard. Victory after victory our heroine gained until the English were driven beyond the Loir. Nor did Mars forsake her until Troyes and Rheims were taken.

Ineffable joy now spread over France. King Charles was conducted into Rheims by his triumphal army. Shouts of rejoicing and strains of martial music rent the air. There, with the faithful, queenly maid by his side, he was solemnly crowned. Her mission was done. No sooner had the crown touched the royal head than France's preserver threw herself at the feet of her sovereign, still clinging to her sacred banner, and with tears of joy besought him that she might now return home. But no, ungrateful wretch! Sensible of her worth to him, he compelled her to expose herself again to the dangers and sufferings of battle. The felicity to be enjoyed at home among loving friends after the arduous toils of war, was denied. Again she took the field and success crowned her every effort. Behold her in one battle on her snow-white horse, surrounded by only six men standing unmoved against the enemy. Her soldiers have fled, but still she disdains to fly. They see themselves surpassed in bravery by a maiden, and returning resolve to conquer or die. Complete victory is the result of her heroism. Once more did Joan implore her king the permission to return to her sequestered vale and live with her loved ones. Once more did he refuse.

Joan soon fought her last battle. Too slow to flee she was captured by an archer and sold for gold. This fair virgin girl of scarcely nineteen

summers, the savior of her country, the very essence of purity and truth sold for gold, compelled to lie in prison with her delicate form loaded with chains, compelled to endure the insults and grossest invectives of her heartless enemies! Why heaven should decree that so pure a soul should meet so sad a fate man cannot see. She was tried before one of the most iniquitous courts England could produce without a single friend to plead her cause. *Triste dictu* she was condemned to be burnt alive. A most devoted christian, spotless as an angel, condemned as a heretic, an apostate, an idolater. Where was Charles for whom she had fought so faithfully and crowned at Rheims? Ungrateful wicked demon! fit for nothing but the stygian flames of Tartarus, he made no attempt to rescue her. That which he desired so much being obtained, he cared not for her by whom it was retrieved Where was France in this *her* trying hour, which she had so wonderfully redeemed? The clouds of trouble had now vanished from over her plains. Spring was coming. Early flowers looked out on sunny banks, meadows drank new verdure from the joyful streams gushing through the valleys. All nature was reviving under the benign influence of the ascending sun, and every heart was made glad by its genial rays. But she who had caused adversity to vanish, and had caused the people to be enjoying the approaching spring, was shut out from the world confined in her dismal prison, unthought of, uncared for, waiting the day of her execution.

The fatal morning dawned, a beautiful May-day. Joan was led from her prison home. The sun shone brightly, but it was midnight to her soul. Ineffable anguish must have heaved in her bosom. See her as she is carried through the streets of Rouin. Hear her exclaiming, "Ah Rouin, Rouin, must thou be my last abode!!" The mob reaches the place of execution. She mounts upon the scaffold, her face bathed with tears. The fire is kindled and horrid flames roll round her body. Her executioners weep. Her body is consumed, but her soul on pinions of hope and faith is winging its way to its celestial abode.

Thus miserably perished at the age of nineteen the Maid of Orleans.

J. W. Oliver.

THE SCIENCES IN OUR COLLEGES.

The emancipation of science from its servitude to the "dead languages" in our colleges seems every year to be more strongly demanded. The need of such a reform is felt especially in our Southern colleges where the languages have been accustomed to receive even more reverence than they deserve.

It is not my purpose to declare that the "dead languages" should have no

place in our college courses; but I am convinced that the time has come when they are no longer superior to the sciences either in respect to mental training or to the constitution of a liberal education.

They came down to us from the middle ages, and were so thoroughly identified with the educational system of those times that educators are with great difficulty brought to recognize the true merits of any science which seems to entrench upon the linguistic prerogative to control modern education.

There was a time when Mathemat ics, as its name signifies, was considered the embodiment of education. Later, when Latin became the language of the learned in Europe, and the study of Greek was introduced into the mediæval universities, the wealth of their learning and literature at once established them on as firm a foundation as that of mathematics itself, and since that time this venerable trio have exercised almost unlimited control of education in Europe and America.

In this way Latin and Greek have become so inseparably connected with all of our ideas of education that a man who has not spent some of the best years of his life in acquiring a knowledge of them, is not supposed to be truly educated. It is claimed for them that nothing else is so well suited to give students a preliminary training and to teach them habits of accuracy. And in fact, until a very recent date, this claim seemed to have been well founded; but it seems to me that at the present time that statement may very reasonably be questioned.

Several of the sciences, which a quarter of a century ago were new and comparatively unexplored, have since been so well developed that they have wrung from the world its recognition of their worth, and are now exerting a wonderful influence upon the thought of our race.

Not only is this true, but the methods of teaching the sciences have been so vastly improved that, while they offer the student an abundant store of profitable knowledge, they at the same time give him an excellent opportunity for the severest mental discipline.

It is generally supposed that this question has been fairly tested in the German universities, but there are strong reasons to doubt the fairness of the test, however fair they may have endeavored to make it. In the first place ten years are not sufficient for deciding a great question of that nature. It requires both time and money to build up new schools and put them in successful operation. We may then suppose that the "real schools" labored under a disadvantage because they were not so old and so well established as their rivals.

Again, it is fair to suppose that the best students did not attend those schools from which they would be allowed to enter the universities only as an experiment to test their train_ ing. The very existence of the belief that the study of the languages constituted the best preparatory training

stituted the best preparatory training for the universities was sufficient to induce ambitious students to seek their training in the schools where the languages were taught.

Indeed this very reason has had great weight with our American students in deciding as to the course of study which they would pursue. I am persuaded that, in the past, the majority of ambitious students have entered our colleges with the determination to pursue a classical rather than a scientific course, simply because they had been taught to regard it as a better course.

Therefore it is not fair to decide that the languages are better than the sciences for the purpose of mental discipline when the established order of things has placed the advantage so manifestly on one side. And when I say *the established order of things* I do so advisedly, because the study of the languages has been considered of the utmost importance for centuries, and the methods of teaching them have, all the while, been improved and refined by men of the greatest learning and genius. Thus it will readily be seen that competent teachers of science are by no means so numerous as competent teachers of the languages, because they have not, until a comparatively recent date, enjoyed the opportunity of thoroughly preparing themselves for their work. But the energy with which scientific investigation has been carried on during the last fifty years, and the systematic methods of teaching which have been developed have, to say the least, certainly made them equal to the languages in all points of excellence, and they are waiting only for proper recognition in our colleges to establish that fact.

I do not wish it understood that I underestimate the value of the languages as furnishing means of good mental training, but I do think that too much time is allotted to them in our college courses to the exclusion of other subjects which are absolutely essential to a liberal education at the present time. We sometimes hear it said that if it is a young man's purpose to enter the ministry or to become a lawyer, or to pursue the study of literature, it is not necessary for him to devote much time to the study of science. Now, this I conceive to be all a mistake. The great intellectual battle-field of the present century is on scientific ground, and it is necessary for one, who wishes to take part in moulding the thoughts of those about him, to have a respectable knowledge of the things about which they are thinking. As a rule, the men who are most useful in society are those who are in sympathy with the spirit of their time, and to be in sympathy with the spirit of their time they must know what the world is doing and thinking at that time.

There is nothing clearer to my mind than the fact that young men should not be sent out from our colleges into the world to fight the battles of life with no other weapons than Latin gerunds, Greek roots and triangles and hyperbolas.

But it is said, and with great reason

too, that it is impossible to embrace everything in a college course. It may seem to some then that it is only a question of what shall be taught and what shall be left out of the course. In fact this is the standpoint from which the question has been discussed hitherto, and it has amounted to the practical exclusion of the sciences in the majority of colleges.

There are two other views which we may take of the question, either of which is preferable to the former. First, the requirements for admission to the college classes may be increased so as to require a more thorough knowledge of the languages before entering college. In this way the student would finish Latin and Greek earlier in his course, and would thus have more time to devote to scientific studies.

And here we may add that most students show an aptitude for the study of language at an earlier period, in their student life, than they show a like aptitude for the study of science, which seems to argue for the adoption of the above plan.

In the second place what is known as the elective system offers at least a partial solution of the problem. This system, carried to its fullest extent, puts the Languages and the Sciences on an equal footing, and requires that both shall stand upon their own merits. When this is done impartially, the law of the "survival of the fittest" must ere long reveal to us where the intrinsic value lies.

But it has been said that "great ideas travel slowly and for a time noislessly like the gods whose feet were shod with wool." We cannot hope to see this state of affairs adopted at once, nor indeed would it be a wise measure. Many of our colleges are small and have not the means to furnish the laboratories and apparatus required for the successful teaching of science; but as they grow in wealth they must meet these demands of our century by introducing some flexibility into their courses of study, and there is no better way to do this than to adopt the elective system as a whole or in part.

Utilitarianism justly demands our attention in higher education as well as in all matters of every-day life.

W. H. MICHAEL.

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

Ah! what a strange sensation steals over me, friends, as I sit down at the Editor's desk to greet you. Three winged months have passed us by since our last issue and set us forth again upon the billowed sea of thought where every one is grappling and must grapple for existence. But we are glad to launch our frail boat there, for 'tis honorable to be even a striver for the prize. "Low aim, not failure, is crime." And we welcome you to the contest, friends, one and all, and will be glad to have you watch us fight, and should we merit it, cheer us on to victory. Should we fail, however, we know you will not laugh, but sympathize with us, for we are going to do our best, and if we die, die like men. And so, *vos salutamus*. Don't you think that is enough for a salutatory? I do and I'm going to quit, too, as soon as I can get my mind into a proper state of word-making to thank you all for your appreciated patronage in the past. But I know I am not equal to the emergency, and so I believe I will end with a little story which runs thus:

DESERTED OR FORGOTTEN.

'Twas a quiet evening in September just at the hour when day is softening down to silent dreamy twilight, when Nature's heart grows big and seems longing to breathe to man some pent-up secret, and the watch-fires of heaven are gently glimmering across the under skies. At such a time Meister might have been seen threading his way through a forest of wild old oaks whose interlacing branches and golden-green foliage together with the ebon robe of night, made the place almost gloomy with their shadows. But now he halts. Ah, there below him runs the cool bracing waters of the friendly river. With downcast eyes and averted face he takes his seat upon the overhanging cliff and soon is buried in deep thought. But stay, what makes him rise so hurriedly, view for a moment the placid heavens above him with their myriad lights, and then with fury wild eyes glance down at the swift-flowing stream? Ah, he speaks—listen. Strange. But those words cannot be mistaken. "Ladies and gentlemen," says he, "I rise to vindicate the cause of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. What do you think?—why this goodly magazine which some years ago was self-supporting has now lost nearly or quite a fourth of its subscribers, and we poor editors have not time, owing to our many college duties, to drum

the country to get others, especially as we are not paid a cent for our labors. The question, though, arises, Why have we lost our former subscribers? Is it from a want of worth in our work—a failure to interest and amuse? I think not; and I will try to show you that it is due to other causes. The first which strikes me is that the people are, or think they are, too poor to take the STUDENT and the political papers of the day too. One must go, and as we do not dabble into the foul mudpuddle of politics and keep up with the murders and crimes of the day—why it must be us! Ladies and gentlemen, is this right—is it sensible? Most emphatically, No! I say that the STUDENT should have today at least one thousand subscribers, and I will show you who they should be, and why they should take our magazine. But let me finish with the causes of our lack of subscribers. The first, as I have already mentioned, is supposed poverty. The second is ignorance. There are not one twentieth of the people in the State who know that there is such a thing in existence as the STUDENT. Why? Because those who read it simply read it and put it on file without thinking that perhaps his neighbor would enjoy it. And 'tis not in our power to find these people who are in the dark and show them the light. We are school-boys with all our time taken up at our studies. How unflinching though seems to be the rule that "every man must blow his own horn." The third and last cause which I shall mention for our scarcity in subscribers is negligence—simple, undefiled, unqualified negligence. On whose part? Not on ours certainly, but on the Baptists of the State. Go to our conventions and associations and listen to the many patriotic speeches that are made for Wake Forest College. Do they speak of our magazine? *Not a word!* How then can we expect any thing from outsiders when we carry the fox? It seems to me that it is time they were opening their eyes on this score unless they have found out that the STUDENT is not doing the right thing, that it has degenerated and no longer worthy of intelligent people's notice. This, however, I know is not the case, for where any one mentions the STUDENT it is in the highest terms. What we want is not higher praise than we already have, but a more wide-spread reputation. And this can be given us only by the aid of the Baptists over the State. Will you not come to the rescue? Doesn't every father who has a son here wish him to get the most possible value out of his time? Assuredly. Well, is not composition one of the main points in any one's education? I think it is; and that the most effectual way to accurate composition is in writing for the public. True we have societies whose especial business is along this line; but the societies do not require as accurate work as the public. How then can they get their thoughts before the public unless they have a magazine; and how can they have a magazine unless their fathers help them? Farther, does not every Baptist desire to see us do our best? Certainly, if he is what he should be. But how

can we do our best without encouragement?

There is another class of people whom I intended to give a severe raking in this discourse, but I don't believe I will, for I know their consciences are rasping them sufficiently. I speak of the Alumni. Are they traitors; or what is the fret with them? Some of them no more notice us than if we were amœbas of the lowest form. Where is the default? Must we say *Honi soit qui mal y pense?*

Now just a word to another class of people and I shall have done. I have been addressing my remarks thus far especially to the Baptists as I think it is their *duty* to support us; but now I have a word to the public in general—men of what denomination soever. The STUDENT is not a sectarian magazine, it is strictly literary, dealing not with churches nor politics; and as such is worthy the notice of every North Carolinian. The college magazines of the South all recognize it as one of the best if not *the* best of its kind in the South. The Wilmington *Star*, which is the first paper of the State both in mind and money, is no less lavish of its praise; the *Recorder* has ever been its champion, and men of literary merit all over the State who have examined it place it second to none. What further warrant do you ask?

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your attention, and hope that you will take to heart what I have laid bare before you. I have done.

G. C. THOMPSON.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

Sir William Berkley, the Royalist Governor of Virginia, more than two hundred years ago said: "But, I thank God, there are no *free schools*, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience into the world and printing has divulged them against the best of governments. God keep us from both." This sentiment was sanctioned, and continued to be santioned, for more than a century afterwards, by the dominant class both in England and America, for there is no evidence of change in the relations of social castes in the mother country for that period, and from her the colonies took their feelings, fashions, laws, literature and learning.

It is somewhat surprising that after the people had enjoyed political freedom and a new form of government for more than three quarters of a century, the Berkleyan sentiment had so many advocates. It is gratifying, however, to know that in the light of the higher civilization of these last decades of the nineteenth century the opinions and prejudices of the eighteenth have vanished like dew before the morning sun. Now it is universally believed by intelligent, thinking men, that the better a man is informed, the more practical training he has, the better citizen he is, therefore it is the duty of the State to provide for the education of the ignorant. Prior to the year 1870 Virginia had no general system of public education.

The wealthier classes maintained high schools and academies. Limited advantages were offered to the poor people through what were termed the "Old Field Schools," where the teacher ruled with a hickory rod—the symbol of his autocratic authority—and woe unto the transgressor, little or big, against his voluminous code of laws! The teacher who used the rod most liberally, and could create and maintain the most profound consternation in the school room was considered in those days the most successful. The public system has wrought wonderful revolutions in this particular. Then the teacher appealed to the boy's back, now he appeals to the boy's head, to his reason, sense of pride and honor. When the present system was inaugurated it met with great opposition from every quarter; it was the beginning of a new epoch; and by many it was regarded with suspicion, a kind of "infernal machine" invented by an enemy to extort money from property-holders for the education of a plebeian horde, hitherto thought unworthy of such consideration. In spite, however, of the many evil prophecies of its enemies the system has steadily gained ground, there being in many counties scarcely any opposition to it. One strong argument in favor of the system is that wherever it has been most thoroughly tried and tried the longest, there it is the most popular. The present system has almost supplanted the private or subscription schools. Public sentiment has undergone a great modification. The old idea that the system was established solely for the benefit of "poor white folks and negroes" is discarded by all who have any claim to intelligence. By the untiring efforts of school officers, teachers, and those who favor the cause of public education, all opposition has given away, and in almost all of the counties of the State all classes are warm advocates and supporters of the system, and look to it to give their children an accurate and reliable English education at least. Now it is not thought to be humiliating to attend the "free schools," their standard has been raised, and in them the rich, as well as the poor, find their educational demands, to a great extent at least, supplied.

Among its most popular features are the graded schools, designed to give instruction in the higher branches, thus preparing pupils for college and for practical business life.

Virginia's expenditure for public education during the year 1885 was $1,247,629, being more than North and South Carolina together with Florida paid for public education during the preceding year. She has right to be proud of her educational prospect, and the efficient manner in which her school system is conducted. No one can deny that inestimable good has been accomplished by it, and through it an educational impulse has been created throughout the State never known before.

A casual visitor in any neighborhood, where formerly ignorance and filth prevailed, may now see clean, white-washed walls, and be greeted with familiar English grammar.

The children are inspired with noble conceptions of right, and habits and

customs which formerly tended to enslave and degrade them have been abandoned. As education becomes more general so vice and vulgarity will gradually disappear, and the homes which for years have been only such in name, will become homes in reality. If the "free schools" make as much progress for the next ten years as they have done for the last six or eight, the dark cloud of illiteracy that has hung like a pall over so many homes will be dispelled, and all will feel the genial rays of the sunlight of education.

D. T. WINSTON.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT COLLEGE.

It is a matter of general remark that it is a hard thing to live an exemplary christian life at college; and, judging from the sermons and oft-repeated lectures we hear on this subject, it must be true. If it be true that there is spiritual declension in college life how shall we account for it?

One reason we believe lies in the nature of the student's work—it is mainly intellectual. He is here for an education. All means are made subservient to this one great end. Now a man grows in the way he thinks and works. If the body be exercised its members will be strong and active; if the head be trained the mind will be vigorous and accurate; if the heart be cultivated the soul will be large and beautiful. Education in the broadest and completest sense is more than mere intellectual attainment—it is education of head, hand and heart—these three, and he who specializes on any one of these to the neglect of the others does so to his hurt.

Another cause of spiritual declension is doubtless due to the student's associations. There are bad boys in every college. These boys, like rotten apples in the pile, corrupt the rest. It would acquire the presence of many saints and angels to counteract the influence of one bad boy in college. As a rule a boy is known by the kind of room-mate he chooses. Sometimes the good reform the bad; more generally they are pulled down to a level with the bad.

It is a custom for boys to congregate on Sunday afternoon to tell jokes—jokes they would blush to speak in the presence of their mothers and sisters. In the face of such facts it is not surprising that the religious status in college life is low.

Still another, and to our mind a greater reason, is due to the regulations that require students to attend devotional exercises will they, nill they. At Wake Forest there are twelve services weekly that are of a religious character. Attendance at seven of these is compulsory. We are opposed to this regulation in vogue in many colleges of our country.

We are opposed to anything that savors of ecclesiastical tyranny. Not only is it a violation of religious liberty, but of civil law, which says: "No man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatever."

Prof. Noah K. Davis in the February number of the *Forum*, says: "The

rules, supported by pains and penalties, which compel a student to frequent religious worship, are a mixture of wrong, folly and imbecility. For not only do they violate civil statute, but they attempt to violate divine statute. Necessarily their purpose fails. They easily constrain the external form, but never the internal reality. The attitude of devotion may be forced, but true devotion is essentially voluntary, and cannot be forced,"—to every word of which the conscience responds, *amen!*

From our own observation, together with the concurrent opinions of nine tenths of the students, we say that the regulations that require attendance at devotional services have the opposite from the desired effect, and ought to be repealed. Instead of learning to love and enjoy the service of the sanctuary, we fear many despise and loath it. And this accounts for the bad behaviour we frequently see; so that they who might benefit by the services do not, and they who would cannot.

Ought, then, religious exercises to be abolished in college? By no means. Let us have prayers every morning, but let them be voluntary, not forced. It must be a cold petition, indeed, that goes up on a cold morning in a cold hall from a cold heart.

Make the attendance at chapel voluntary, and what would be the result? We believe there would be good attendance, good behaviour, and a healthier christian life among the students in general. But granted an opposite result, i. e., a falling off in attendance, and we are still right. Religion needs no prop. It has potential energy of its own, and is not dependent for its existence and growth upon laws and regulations.

J. W. Lynch.

A NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Some of the leading State papers have lately been discussing the need of a history of the State that shall be commensurate with the circumstances and conditions of the settlement, development and progress of the Old North State to her present position. It has been suggested that after the historian has been found the Legislature place at his disposal adequate means for his support and for the procurement of the necessary data in the undertaking so that he may proceed unembarrassed in the undertaking. There has also been more or less speculation in reference to a suitable and competent person for historian, several names having already been mentioned in this connection. Without expressing any opinion as to the qualifications and resources of any person for this undertaking, we desire simply to add our testimony to the need of such a history. It is the greatest desideratum in the literature of the State and we are glad the matter has received so much attention from the State press within the past few months.

Both Wheeler's and Moore's histories have fallen far short of satisfying the intelligent demand for a popular history of the State. Indeed, what-

ever other merits the former may possess, it is now too old for the present demand. It deserves to be put on the retired list with a suitable pension. Although Moore's history has, within the recent years, met with comparatively large sales in the State it has never been quite a popular history and the chief cause of the popularity it has shared has clearly been a lack of someting better.

The compass of the present article will admit only these general remarks on the two leading histories of the State—remarks the truth of which we believe the intelligent reading public of the State will at once recognize.

Few States of the Union have a more interesting or chequered *unwritten* history than North Carolina. On her soil the first English settlement on American soil was essayed. The first child ever born of English parents on Columbia's strand first saw the light beneath the serene blue sky that hovers over the bosom of North Carolina. It was a North Carolina assembly that formulated and promulgated the first declaration of American Independence—the *auto de fe* of British tyranny on American soil. And yet with all the abundant material at hand, much of it fit for the framework of a romance, there are few men in the State equal to the task of so arranging it as to make an interesting history. We need a man for the work who can calmly ascend the culminating point in the State's history and clearly survey, without the aid of either a telescope or microscope, the fruitful field of historical facts around him, gather them up and carefully and impartially arrange them in their chronological and logical relations to each other, and then commit them to paper in a clear, racy style.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

A DAY IN THE VALLEY OF THE YADKIN.

The morning of the 29th of June last was clear and calm. Just twenty-five years ago to-day a hero fell—one of Carolina's best and bravest sons. To-day carries back the minds of his many devoted friends and followers, who fondly cherish his memory, to the gallant charge he made—to the valley of death where he rode. How much like his pure and noble life is this, the 25th anniversary of his fall. The azure heavens overarching the Piedmont section of our state seemed never so auspicious. The invigorating breezes, so characteristic of western North Carolina, gently swept across the plains of waving grain lying outstretched to the east. The golden rays of Lucifer reflected in the morning dew seemed so lovingly to kiss the verdant world adorned in all the beauty of a young bride. It was truly a time for the imagination to play; and we could see myriads of celestial beings clad in stainless white with angelic countenances flitting through the air and "with looks of beauty and words of good" approving the honors about to be paid the dead confederate. In the distance might be heard the tread of hurrying hoofs and the rattle of wheels hastening to the centre of attraction. Soon trains of vehicles and wagons, equestrians and pedestrians, began to throng the stony rid-

ges of old Rockford, now dilapidated and almost in ruins but nevertheless historic and romantic. Crossing the river from the south and ascending gradually along the main avenue leading through wrecks and ruins to the most elevated portion of the town, which we will call Palatine Hill, and where it was possible to take into view at a single glance the adjoining ridges rising in orderly succession from our base. While the voluminous yet crystal waters of the Yadkin smilingly passed us by in their motion to the sea. With the romantic, historic and political traditions of the town's glorious era flying through our minds, we could not but be vividly reminded of the ancient seven hill city on the banks of the Tiber as fantasy has painted it to us from a few revelations of ancient lore. But alas, how sad and irrevocable a decree of Nature is exemplified in the ruins of this old town! Kingdoms, cities, principalities and powers rise, reign, decline and die. O Babylon, where are thy massive walls? O Nineveh, where is the magnificence of thy palaces? O Star Spangled Banner, how long wilt thou proudly wave over the heads of loyal freemen? Rockford was once a nucleus of legal influence in Piedmont-Carolina. Hither came from far and near the learned brethren at the bar to measure their respective abilities and compete for the "olive crown" just as the Grecian heroes met on the Olympian plain. Here Gen. Andrew Jackson won his first laurels, having qualified to practice law in the old wooden court-house which, having been relinquished for a more imposing brick structure, is now used as a sort of livery stable. With solemn reverence for great men deeply ingrafted into our nature we could not but feel that we were treading on holy ground as we walked about where the hero of New Orleans and afterwards the illustrious occupant of the White House once lived and acted. This place is also famous from the fact that President Andrew Johnson kept a tailor's shop in its vicinity just before emigrating to the State which now claims him as her son. It was over these hills that the Siamese twins, whose fame is world-wide, frequently roved. "They twain were one flesh" in its literal sense. The blood flowed directly from the heart of one into that of the other; their pulse beat together, they stepped simultaneously, they expired with almost the same breath, and yet were two men.

While Rockford was the thriving county seat of the large and prosperous county of Surry in the glorious ante-bellum days it was the scene of much heart rending retribution inflicted by the officers of the penal law. Accordingly mingled with these pleasing traditions are also frightful stories of the scaffold and whipping-post which chills the blood within our veins and almost takes our breath. Homicides have, on different occasions, paid the penalty of their crimes, hanging side by side, while the cries of children and wailings of women from the adjoining hilltops resounding and reverberating through the deep and dismal valleys intervening, thence across the pale face of the Yadkin, on and on, told the sad story. While

we were standing on Palatine Hill, before mentioned, enchanted, both by our enraptured vision and fhe recollection of the above legendary traditions, our musings were suddenly interrupted by the sweet notes of Dixie. The long looked for hour had come and the ceremonies of the day were begun. Go with me and let us review the life of Rockford's hero in honor of whom this day was instituted and whose bones are interred in her own soil.

On the 22d of February, 1831, was born Thomas Newton Crumpler, the son of Thomas Crumpler, who was a merchant known for his integrity and sobriety. No sooner did the mind of the young Crumpler begin to develop than his future greatness was predicted. He inherited some noble qualities and superior intellect which would crop out occasionally in the line of his ancestry, but, notwithstanding this fact, so superior was Newton's power and brilliancy of mind that his acquaintances were at a loss to know how he came by his genius. His father having a large family and small means was unable to give his gifted son the advantages of a collegiate education. Here he met one of the greatest obstacles of his life, his soul thirsting for knowledge, but every avenue apparently blockaded. Ah, how many promising intellects are nipped in the bud by the cruel hand of Poverty. How easily is the faint and flickering torch of ambition in the youthful mind extinguished! How few are enabled to stem the current and win the prize. But friends are always ready to stand beside a dauntless spirit; and when the young Crumpler had shown himself to possess the grit and prowess of true manhood no longer was he in need of resources, but the future began to unfold itself just as the mists of the morning fade away. With these auspicious beginnings others with a moderate gift of prophesy could clearly see in the distance the blooming greatness of the youth. Well might the old town of Rockford be prond of her rising son. Self-confidence, the great motive power of the human soul, now became to him an irresistible impulse, a lamp by which his feet were guided. It was in the golden days of our University when he entered her classic halls. After a course of ardent study he bid adieu to his alma mater and began the study of law under the distinguished Judge Pearson, who soon became aware of his student's extraordinary abilities and promise. He began to practice his profession, for which he had a peculiar taste, in the town of his nativity, but the truth of the old adage, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," soon became a reality to him. Thence he removed to the beautiful and quiet county seat of Ashe, whose generous people received him with open hearts and hands, and where the cool mountain breezes as they gently play about the temples are "frankincense to human thought." It was here, amidst these patriotic mountaineers whom he revered so much, that the fire and pathos of the true orator began to blaze forth from his soul like volcanic fires. All eyes were turned to the "rising star of the west," which flattering title he had

won by his success at the bar. Therefore, when the crisis of 1860 came, when strange forebodings were hurrying through the minds of all lovers of the Union, when our political horizon began to darken from the impending conflict, when our peaceful homes and holy sanctuaries were on the verge of desecration, when secession had actually commenced, to whom must the Whig party of the State look for deliverance but to the eloquent representative from Ashe. When the announcement of his election was borne out on the morning breezes from the beautiful town of Jefferson to the sea-lashed shore of the east, everywhere the news was "glad tidings of great joy" to the one party, but like a death knell to the other. In the following January that body convened in the capitol at Raleigh which held in its hands the fate of the State, the lives of her citizens. A more august assemblage never sat within those granite halls. A bill had been introduced to call a convention to carry the State out of the Union. On a certain day it was rumored that the champion of the Union party would address the House of Representatives on the bill. Business throughout the city was suspended. The avenues leading to the Capitol were thronged with men and women moving with quick step to the hall of representatives—the face of each ablaze with intense anxiety. Citizens, embracing the best blood of our land, crowded into the galleries and lobbies, wherever standing room could be found. Senators deserted *their* seats and pressed their way through the surging multitude into the other hall. All stood in breathless suspense as the mountain youth, pale and slender, arose to speak. His countenance was serious and thoughtful and well told the story of the burden of his heart. He began with a clear, calm voice that speech, than which, for its patriotic sentiment and political prophesy, a more eloquent appeal never fell from human lips and which stands to-day after the turmoil of battle has ceased, after secession has been buried once for all, as an eternal monument to his memory more imperishable than any granite shaft which can be erected over his remains. When he resumed his seat the impending clouds menacing our national existence seemed to clear away. Once more in the distance the goddess of peace appeared. For the bill was defeated and an effort made to call a national convention to adjust the sectional differences. But in the midst of the calm then pervading the political sea in our State all were startled by a mighty subterranean action which caused the very pillars of our foundations to quake. President Lincoln had determined to coerce the seceding States and accordingly made a requisition upon North Carolina for her quota of troops. So when it came to the point of either joining her sister States and making common cause against the Union or adhering to the Union in a bloody war of coercion, Crumpler and his party cast their votes for secession, which placed North Carolina beside her ten sisters. Then the fires began to blaze aright. The clear sky of Carolina was bedimmed by crimson mists rising from her

troubled soil! In this emergency, the 1st N. C. cavalry proudly leaped from the mountains of Ashe with Thomas Newton Crumpler at their head. Swiftly they rode to the field of action; a braver regiment never met a mortal foe, and in every charge they made their major led the way. Frightful have been the scenes enacted for several days around the trenches before Richmond. None but the bravest men have been able to withstand the seven days' storm. Ah, how many hearts are now cold and silent that but a short time ago were warm and throbbing with devotion to their country's cause; how many faces are now pallid and gory that but recently were all aglow with happy anticipations of early returning to wife, sweetheart or friends! Truly this is a siege which tries men's souls. It was in the dusky twilight of the 29th of June, 1862, that Major Crumpler with his gallant regiment were ordered out to attack the advanced guards of the enemy's line. Did they for a moment delay? The restless stamping of horses is heard on the plain; each man is in his saddle impatient for the fray. They galloped down the dusky heath like "bridegrooms to a marriage feast" and when they saw the bristling line of bayonets like a lion bounding on his prey undaunted the fearless Crumpler dashed ahead and with his sabre flashing high above his head, dealing blows right and left, "he foremost fighting fell." What more is wanted to elucidate his character? Can you show in the annals of the world an example of greater devotion or a nobler sacrifice? Truly he was the Leonidas of Carolina and where he fell let us erect a slab and thereon inscribe the old verse:

> "Go, stranger, and to Carolina tell
> That here fighting for her honor he fell."

Thus "the rising star of the west" in whom were so beautifully blended the orator, poet, musician and warrior was blotted out from the galaxy of our State's luminaries, but not from the tablets of memory. His remains were safely laid away in a lonely graveyard near the place of his birth, there to repose in peace. How sweetly he must sleep where the lark and nightingale warble their pathetic songs, where the gentle murmurings of the Yadkin's crystal waves may be heard in the distance, where the heavens look down in pleasing adoration on his silent tomb! A magnificent monument erected by his devoted comrades in arms marks his resting place. Today it is unveiled and fitting ceremonies are paid his honored dust. The old and almost deserted town seems about to revive from her ashes and ruins. The old veterans are again in line and their quick step may be heard on the stony streets advancing in the direction of the graveyard to fire a salute in honor of their sleeping comrade. At the discharge of the first volley the veil was unfurled and there stood before our eyes a granite shaft of exquisite architectural beauty, towering high in the air. The applause which arose from that immense crowd revealed too well the fact that though our flag was furled on the fatal field of Appomattox yet the same patriotism which impelled us then to fight to maintain its honor now constrains us

equally to strive to preserve the glory of the stars and stripes. But as that large audience, embracing such a variety of human beings, assembled with intense interest about the platform on which sat the orator of the day, himself one of North Carolina's bravest soldiers and most distinguished statesmen, so impressive was the scene that our heart throbbed with holy adoration for the sleeping hero and the immortal principles for which he laid down his noble life. And when we saw hoary-headed veterans now tottering on their staffs lean forward in breathless silence, their eyes moist with tears, as the orator reviewed the cause of the war and the character of Maj. Caumpler, the conviction was forced upon us that no soldier ever died for a juster cause or was honored by a nobler people. In the records of nations, both ancient and modern, can you find a people that ever exhibited more love and veneration for the victims who perished on the altar of their country than is exhibited by the hard handed sons of toil in this our beautiful Southland? Ah! if the spirits of the departed dead are permitted to look down from their aerial abodes upon things on earth, can a single martyr in that war heave a sigh that he for his country died?

On the face of this beautiful monument was suspended a wreath of flowers delicately and artistically intertwined—a loving tribute of the noble ladies of the community. How appropriately did this represent the hearts of the givers—so tender and sympathetic.

"There is no land that has daughters so fair,
And none with their virtues will with these compare;
And all are so charming where'er they are seen
They're honored and loved as though each were a queen."

Casting a lingering glance over the arena which had been that day the scene of ceremonies causing intense feelings of mingled awe and ecstasy we turned our eyes towards our usual abodes leaving the honored soldier in solitude to sleep. And the day was spent.

DELOS D.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

THE CELEBRATION of the Centenary of the Constitution of the United States, which occurred on 17th day of last month, was an occasion of deep interest to every patriotic American citizen. Old Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, in which the patriotic fathers met one hundred years ago to frame the Constitution under which we now live, still stands the most venerated building on American soil, and it was fittingly chosen as the scene of the celebration of the Constitution's one hundredth anniversary. The celebration was perhaps the grandest national jubilee this country has ever witnessed. On the first day was a magnificent civic parade commemorative of the material and social progress the Nation has made since the adoption of the Constitution. One cannot help exulting in the fact that he is an American citizen when he contemplates the prodigious growth of the Nation during this first century of her existence under the Constitution. The government, formed on the ruins of a few feeble British colonies, has grown amid the vicissitudes and struggles of the century until now she is one of the proudest nations on earth, possessing a political influence pre-eminently the greatest. Mr. Gladstone, in declining an invitation to be present at the celebration, says, with characteristic felicity, "the Constitution is the most remarkable work known to modern times to have been produced by human intellect at a single stroke, so to speak, in its application to political affairs."

THE IRISH QUESTION still continues the paramount question in English politics. A few days ago a riot occurred at Mitchellstown between a mob of Irish peasantry and the police force, in which two men were killed and many more wounded. These riots are of frequent occurrence. England has pursued a selfish, mean policy towards every tributary power she has ever possessed, but never with such dogged persistence and unscrupulous means as she now employs against the Irish. In his last speech prior to the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, declared that "undismayed by criticism and with courage unshaken, the government would persevere in the course that must end in the conciliation of Ireland." Mr. Balfour seems to have the opinion of an Irishman that some people in the western territories have of an Indian, that "the only good Irishman is a dead Irishman." At any rate, the Tory policy of coercion can only result in bloodshed and misery to the Irish. The riot act, one of the most pernicious laws ever directed by

the English government against the Irish, practically deprives them of the freedom of speech, since it makes it illegal for them to assemble for the purpose of discussing their wrongs—especially the legislative acts directed against them. In view of the scarcity of provisions and the growing discontent among the Irish, the coming winter can but be a gloomy one for the people of the "Emerald Isle."

The Supreme Court of Illinois has confirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of the six anarchists who were convicted in Chicago some months ago of bomb-throwing, which resulted in the killing of several policemen. Scarcely a vestige of hope of escaping the gallows now remains to these half-dozen malefactors against the public peace of the country. It may be worthy of mention that these criminals were not principals in the murderous act but only accessories before the fact. Whatever excuse for anarchy, nihilism and the other social troubles, may exist in some countries of Europe, we are sure that no such excuse for open anarchy exists in this country, and the public opinion of the United States demands that these men expiate their deep crime on the gallows.

The Comte de Paris has recently issued a manifesto addressed to the monarchists of France in which he calls on them to show France that monarchy is a political necessity to her. He outlines his plan of government and gravely declares that its establishment might be effected with ease. It is getting about time for Revolutionary France to change again but the Comte probably means nothing more than to merely sound public opinion.

EDUCATIONAL.

Editor, D. T. Winston.

Yale's faculty numbers 121.

The University of Michigan had enrolled 1,572 students during the session '86–'87.

Salem Female Academy, one of the oldest female institutions in the South, has over 6,000 alumnæ. It has a full corps of experienced and accomplished teachers, and is doing well.

Trinity has enrolled 130 students. Its endowment fund is $32,000. A new library building will be erected. The societies have consolidated their libraries, giving a College Library of 6,000 volumes.

EFFORTS ARE being made to raise a $20,000 endowment for Catawba College. We wish them much success.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE, one of the best preparatory schools for college, for teaching and for business in the State, began its thirty-eighth annual session with flattering prospects.

THE AVERAGE monthly salary of teachers in the public schools in Nevada for 1884 was $140, while that of the North Carolina teachers was only $24.

CHAPEL HILL opened with 180 students. "The indications are that this will be the most prosperous term the University has ever enjoyed."

THAT EXCELLENT Baptist institution of learning, the Oxford Female Seminary, under the supervision of Prof. F. P. Hobgood, opened under the most favorable eircumstances. It is receiving the patronage which it well deserves.

PEACE INSTITUTE under the management of Rev. R. Burwell & Son has opened well. The building, which is one of the largest in the State, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, is admirably adapted to its specific ends.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE has registered up to date 189 students. An alumnus who was here on the first day of the session said: "The boys this year are decidedly the most gentlemanly looking, best dressed set of men that have ever entered a session's work here. They have uniformly, too, entered higher classes in every school than is usual."

THE TRUSTEES and friends of Princeton College have determined to make it a university. The present President is Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D.

REV. E. J. WILLIS, a graduate in the Law Department of the University of Virginia, has been chosen President of Shelby Female College. He was President of Broadus College, West Virginia, for nine years, and was afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court in California. We congratulate the trustees on securing his valuable services.

IT IS stated that Johns Hopkins has been offered $35,000 per annum for a scientific school provided it be removed from Baltimore to Clifton, Md.

AMHERST COLLEGE has thirty-one professors. The senior class of '87 numbered seventy.

AMHERST AND PRINCETON have the senate system of college government.

THE UNIVERSITY of San Marcos at Lima is said to be the oldest in the New World, having been established by order of Charles V. in 1551.

THE COLLEGE of San Carlos was founded in 1770 and the school of Medicine in 1792.

THE CATHOLICS intend founding a University at Washington. Miss Caldwell began its endowment with a gift of $300,000. Bishop John J. Keane, of Richmond, Va., has been chosen rector.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL system of New York State cost about $12,000,000 last year. The value of school property owned by the State is about $32,000,000.

HARVARD HAS established a French debating society. It opened September 29. It is expected that there will be fully 2,000 students in the various departments.

MERCER UNIVERSITY had enrolled during the past year 180 students. Its endowment fund is about $150,000. Its graduates go forth fully prepared for the active duties of life, and many of them fill high positions of trust and honor. The Baptists of Georgia should be proud of such an institution.

IT IS stated that the trustees of Wesleyan University, Middletown, will not be hasty in choosing a successor to Dr. Beach as President. The institution will continue its work during the current year under the supervision of Prof. John M. Van Vleck, who has long filled the chair of Mathematics.

MADISON UNIVERSITY, at Hamilton, N. Y., is offering great advantages to the young men of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont and Massachusetts by establishing competitive examinations for free tuition scholarships. All christian young men, fourteen years of age and older, resident within the territory are allowed to compete. The examinations embrace the subjects usually required for admission to college.

THERE ARE ninety-five libraries in the city of New York, yet according to the *World* only ten or twelve are open to the general public, or about 100,000 books out of 1,400,000. Boston and Cincinnati are much in advance of New York in the matter of free circulating libraries.

WAKE COUNTY organized a Teachers' Council on 17th September, 1887. Its objects are: "United, systematic effort towards progressive education in North Carolina; the improvement of our school interest, both public and private; broader general information, consideration of best methods of teaching, mutual and practical, and in securing good schools for our teachers and good teachers for the schools of our county; social acquaintance and enjoyment, and the furtherance of such plans for these purposes as may, from time to time, be inaugurated at the sessions of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly." Such organizations are destined to be a power for good in North Carolina. Why should not every county in the State have one?

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

The essayists and critics at this period of literary history seem to be turning their minds to the review and study of the works of men whose names have either remained in comparative obscurity, or else were long ago discussed or given a fixed place and character in Literature.

It seems, too, by recent investigation, that many of these toilers in letters really possess a far different kind and degree of merit than the ages have seen fit to accord them.

—John Keats, at present is an interesting character to these righters of the past—John Keats, whose works Byron characterized as "the drivelling idealisms of a manikin," and Wadsworth, speaking of his "Hymn to Pan," in "Endymion," is pleased to brand it with the odious epithet of "a pretty piece of Paganism."

But it is pleasing to know that time softens and changes the views of men. No sooner had the critics managed to kill Keats with their sneers and sarcasm than Jeffreys wrote: "His work is flushed all over with rich lights of fancy, and so bestrown with flowers of poetry that even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness."

The critics of to day have gone farther and not only is he given a place in the realm of real poets, but is exalted to the lofty position of the rightful wearer of Shakespeare's mantle. The honor is no doubt well-deserved, too, for at least, in one respect. viz., originality, he has no equal since Shakespeare. And, not only so, but his works are striking, picturesque and beautiful. Truly 'tis not in man consciously or unconsciously to elbow real worth out of existence.

—TELEPATHY.—The field of Psychology has recently been broadened, or at least is claimed to have been broadened, by the discovery of a phenomenon of the mind to which, for want of a more definite term, had been given the name *telepathy*. The discovery if, indeed, it may be called a discovery, of this new phase in Psychological science, seems to be the outgrowth of investigations instituted along the line of extraordinary phenomena of the mind, such as hallucinations, dreams, etc.

This mental property is not definitely marked as yet. While the theory of spiritualism is rejected, "the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense" is admitted. They propose to explain it, however, by

natural laws. Mr. Gurney is the foremost investigator along this line, and should he and his co-workers succeed in giving to *telepathy* a fixed meaning and a fixed place in science, based upon, and governed by, natural laws, then will Psychology have been carried beyond the wildest hopes of scientific men of all ages. This, however, I do not believe possible, for, notwithstanding the fact that science in every department is being pushed to such an extent, there must ever remain something unknown because unknowable. There is a line between the physical and the spiritual which, when crossed, all is doubt and uncertainty. I am not a believer in spiritualism to the fullest extent of that word, but I do believe that one mind operates upon another in some mysterious way which is beyond all law, and inexplicable by natural process. Or, at least, if it has law, that the law is unknowable, because Divine. Rationalistic science cannot reconcile all things about man, at least cannot explain them, and this unseen chain which at times seems to bind together thoughts and feelings separated by time and space, is one of them.

—George Crabbe, the "Sunny South" thinks, has been laid upon the dusty shelf too soon; for which piece of ingratitude we are mildly rasped. We cannot, however, be expected to keep fresh the memory of all great authors and must be content to let some of them remain undusted. I do not say though that that this should be the case with Crabbe, who is characterized as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best." He is certainly a great lover of truth, devoid of sentimentalism and pedantry, teeming with good sense, and at times rising to real poetic flights. And for this first reason, viz., his love of truth, and his strict conformity to it, we would do well to study him, if indeed he does at times tire us with his prosiness.

—Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "We Two," etc., has recently written a novel entitled "The Autobiography of a Slander." Says *The Eclectic:* "The story before us which illustrates so vividly the evils of gossip * * * * deserves wide reading as a graphic presentation of the results of an infamous habit by which careless and, on the whole, well-meaning people, are made instrumental of boundless evil." Amen! May she live long, write much and die rich. Should she succeed in diminishing one whit this accursed habit, the American people ought to raise over her grave a monument of pure marble. Let us all read this novel at any rate.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

In a recent number of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* appeared an interesting article by a celebrated chemist. In this article he attempts to explain why shoes shine when they are blacked and rubbed. He says that inasmuch as a diamond is nothing but crystalized carbon, and as friction causes substances to crystalize, it is his opinion that the carbon of blacking is converted into an infinite number of diamonds by the friction arising from rubbing. The explanation is an ingenious one and, if it were the true one, it would doubtless make many a gallant a little vain to be conscious of appearing in society with his gaiters all studded with diamonds.

Space will not permit me to point out all the objections to such an explanation, and so I will notice only one or two. In the first place, carbon is an exceedingly difficult substance to crystallize. If it were not so, if it could be crystallized either by friction or from solution, diamonds could be manufactured on a large scale. Again, as in paint, so in blacking, the quality of the article used depends upon its "covering" property. Now, if carbon should be converted into diamonds by friction, its excellence in blacking would be destroyed, since, instead of the uniformly smooth, bright, surface, there would be only a transparent coating on the leather. Besides, diamonds could be detected by the microscope if they were really on the leather.

It is unnecessary for me to state what seems to me to be the true explanation of this phenomenon, since it will present itself to any one who will give it a moment's thought. All surfaces, when polished, shine. It is true of steel, silver, brass and wood, as well as of carbon. C. E. Brewer.

Insanity a Disease of Civilization.—The following facts prove this thesis: In the year 1850 the ratio of insane persons to the population was one to every 1,306; in 1870, one to every 1,050; in 1880, one to every 549; and in 1886, one to every 545. These ratios, however, do not hold for the various elements of our population. As stated by Dr. J. B. Andrews at the late Medical Congress in Washington, the leaders of civilization and, above all, the foreign element, who have the problem of adjusting themselves to a new environment under sharp competition, are the victims of mental break-down. One in every 250 of the foreign population, says he, is insane, one in 618 of the native whites and only one in 1,097 of the colored population. But the percentage of in-

sanity among the colored population has more than doubled since their emancipation. Other facts in support of this view of insanity are that the percentage declines as we go west and is less in the country than in the city, and, further, that it is on the increase in the country at large at the fearful rate of nine per cent. per annum.

W. L. POTEAT.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

=Newish!

="Still there's more to follow."

=We are coming, Father Taylor, two-hundred-and-thirty more.

=More students—better order—harder work—characterize the present session.

=Dr. Alexander Montague recently presented the School of Natural History with a series of microscopic preparations of human and other tissues.

=New books for the College Library are ordered quarterly. Its catalogue now shows 9,013 volumes. The fall order will be put in in a few weeks.

=Mr. J. J. Farriss made a flying trip to Raleigh the other day and secured $150 worth of "ads.," with the promise of several more. Farriss is a newspaper man and understands his business well. We urge the students and alumni of the college to trade with and *only* with those firms which advertise in the STUDENT.

=The senior class organized with about the same number of last year. The following are the officers: President, J. W. Lynch; Vice-President, G. C. Thompson; Secretary, Claude Kitchin; Treasurer, R. B. Lineberry.

=A *canine* "newish" belonging to W. C. Dowd committed suicide by jumping from the fourth story of the old building at the opening of the session. Alas, poor dog! May his remains rest in peace, and his tragic end be a warning to others.

=The present staff greatly deplore the loss of our efficient and cultured alumni editor, Prof. Poteat, who tendered his resignation at the close of last session in order to give his entire time to his department. To Prof. Poteat is due largely the credit of placing the STUDENT in the front rank of college magazines. He will continue to edit Science Notes. Profs. Duggan and Michael will also contribute to this department, which promises to be of unusual interest.

=Dr. Manly, our professor of Latin, was elected first vice-president of the Wake County Teachers' Council at the organization meeting in Raleigh on the 17th of September.

=The School of Natural History has just received a considerable accession of apparatus, the chief item being a half dozen compound microscopes. The number of students in the department is larger than ever before.

=With the new building completed, 200 students on the roll, $170,000 endowment, and last, but not least, new *babies* in every home, we say Wake Forest is on a boom. Hurrah for the college! Hurrah for the Hill! Hurrah for the babies!

=We are sorry to chronicle the death of Mrs. F. M. Purefoy, which occurred September 12th after a lingering illness of six weeks. We also regret to state that Dr. Simmons, who has been absent from his class room but few times in many years, is in feeble health, having suffered from several attacks of vertigo.

=D. A. Davis is President of the class of '89; W. C. Dowd Vice-president; G. T. Watkins, Recording Secretary; H. M. Shaw, Treasurer; H. A. Foushee, Corresponding Secretary. They will wear a class hat.

The class of '90 elected G. W. Ward, President; W. A. Devin, Vice-president; R. S. Collins, Secretary; T. M. Hufham, Corresponding Secretary; O. T. Smith, Treasurer. They will wear a cap.

=W. J. Ward, of Bladen, associate editor from the Phi. Society, tendered his resignation at the opening of the session and D. T. Winston, of Granville, was elected to succeed him.

=Our pastor has organized a choir composed wholly of students. They meet weekly for practice, and already there is a marked improvement in the singing. C. E. Brewer is chorister, J. H. Grant organist, and W. E. Crocker his assistant. The organ is now used at prayers.

=Rev. J. H. Lambreth, of Roxboro, who is here under treatment of Dr. Powers for his throat, brightened our sanctum a few days since with his sunny face. Joe is a handsome fellow, a jovial soul, and withal a good preacher. But there is one thing needful—a wife.

=A reporter of the STUDENT overheard the following conversation between a new student and Dr. Duggan, Professor of Chemistry:

New Student, (thinking the Doctor to be a fellow-*newish*)—"Say, Mister! What course are you going to take?"

Prof., (with half smile and half frown)—"I shall devote my time to the study of chemistry, sir."

Alas for that fellow when he gets to chemistry!

Moral: *Don't take every good-looking man you see to be a newish!*

=Mrs. A. V. Purefoy, who has been teaching school here for twenty-seven years and a half, decided during the summer to stop teaching, and sold her school apparatus to Misses Belle Win-

gate and Mollie Fort, of Wake Forest. These ladies bought the excellent academy building of Mr. L. W. Bagley, and now, assisted by Miss Alice Fort as music teacher, have a good school of thirty-five pupils.

=If Wake Forest continues to improve its educational facilities it will ere long become the Athens of the State. There are no less than three flourishing schools, in addition to the work of the college, for educating young America. Success to them all. Wake Forest would indeed be a paradise were there a hundred more "angels" here. Two hundred boys and twenty girls give the proportion 1.10. One-tenth of a girl for each boy! Some poor fellows don't get that much.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { DAVIE T. WINSTON, FRANK B. HENDREN.

—'49. Judge H. B. Folk, Brownsville, Tenn., has abandoned a flourishing legal practice to enter the ministry. At the time of his entrance into the ministry he was attorney for an important railroad.

—'56. Rev. L. H. Shuck, D. D., of Paducah, Ky., formerly a missionary to China, has recently contributed a very readable article to the *Religious Herald*, entitled "The Dead Line of Fifty." His article is itself an exemplification of the truth of the position he takes in it—that men do not necessarily lose their youthful vigor, sprightfulness and efficient youthfulness at the age of fifty.

—'58. Mr. B. F. Hester, of Granville county, was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Inter-States' Farmers' Convention which met at Atlanta in August.

—'86. Mr. R. H. Whitehead has recently been elected Rector of Anatomy in the University of Va.

We feel almost as if Mr. Whitehead, having so recently left college, is still "one of us," and his old friend, the STUDENT, congratulates him on the honor of his election.

—'57. Mr. H. D. Fowler is running an orange farm in California we are told with lucrative success.

—'76. Rev. J. L. White has recently been re-elected to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Raleigh. Mr. White possesses peculiarly attractive powers as a preacher and the Raleigh people are not slow to recognize them.

—'87. Mr. T. E. Cheek spent about two weeks on the hill early in the session. He speaks of going to Johns Hopkins.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham has been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention *vice* Jno. E. Ray, whose resignation and acceptance of a position in Colorado was noticed in our last issue.

—Mr. Frank Dixon, a few years ago a student of this Institution, and more recently a graduate of the University, has decided to enter the ministry, and will enter upon a theological course at Louisville this fall.

—Mr. Wallace Riddick, also a former student here and a graduate of Chapel Hill, has gone to Lehigh University to take a course in civil engineering.

—'85. Rev. E. Ward is pastor of the Baptist church at Morgan, Tex.

—'87. We were glad to welcome among us, for a short time during the third week of the present session, Mr. Walter P. Stradley, of Oxford. He has gone to Johns Hopkins to take a post-graduate course in English and Political Science.

—'87. Mr. Fred. H. Manning, together with Mr. E. E. Hilliard of the class of '82, is principal of Vine Hill Academy. He has, we learn, joined the choir and sits near the organist.

—'87. Mr. H. S. Pickett has connected himself with the Raleigh *Progressive Farmer*, we learn.

—'87. Mr. J. B. Carlyle has a promising school at Lumber Bridge, N. C.

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PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....G. C. THOMPSON.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. T. WINSTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....R. B. LINEBERRY.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL SOUTHERN YOUTH.

In the largest county in Virginia there are many magnificent mansions, unique and venerable in appearance, once owned by the prosperous and hospitable planters of that State so famous in song and story. A few miles distant from White Oak Mountain, at the head of a fertile and beautiful valley, known as the "Meadows," situated on a gently-rolling and conspicuous hill, is a handsome cross-shaped, dove-colored, tin-covered, three-story brick dwelling. This stately residence is not inhabited now by the same people as in *ante bellum* days, and like many another home, it has a history touching and romantic.

Had you visited that old country homestead prior to the years of civil conflict, quite a different scene would have greeted you.

Dr. Richard Kingsley, a noted physician of extensive practice, considerable fortune and courteous manners, lived there then, and every one for miles around knew and spoke pleasantly of Cherbury cottage. This gentleman had inherited a rich legacy from his father, and had wedded a beautiful young lady in an adjoining county. Husband and wife traced their kindship back to families in England and France. Their genealogy included many noble families in the Mother country, while not a few relatives were an honor to their commonwealth, and were bright lights among the gentry wherever known.

Here they had spent years, lavished means, and sought to make a model home where taste, talent and treasure would shed a halo of loveliness on all the surroundings. This country citizen numbered his slaves by the hundred, his acres by the thousand, and counted his goods in the consumption, and not in the cost.

From this happy union were born ten children, five boys and five girls. The third son was just beginning to read when the last Confederate guns ceased firing in defense of the "lost cause" at Appomattox. I have heard him describe the returning soldiers in blue—then popularly called "yankees"—and he remembers well the stories of battle and camp-life his uncles used to tell him. The brothers were alike in many respects, and I have chosen only one as the hero of my *true* story, illustrating the vicissitudes and valor characteristic of the *Southern boy*.

Edward was a bright, blue-eyed youth, with ruddy cheeks, light-colored hair, handsome features, dignified demeanor, and comely form, a fair specimen of Southern boyhood, full of life, sport and mischief. The days of his childhood were spent in frolicking on the lawn, fishing in the little creek which ran near the mansion, hunting the hares and foxes on the farm, breaking the calves, playing parlor games, gathering fruits, plucking flowers, and the like, and never had a reasonable request refused.

Little did this lad realize what was happening in the night of social darkness around him, or what was yet in store for him. The glorious days of the "land we love" were gradually passing away as he grew to manhood, but their beneficent influence shall live and go sounding down the ages, blessing and beautifying the life of men. The nations honor her heroes, her soldiers, her statesmen, her scholars. The purest motives, noblest principles, fairest daughters and truest religion that ever adorned any country, bedeck and beautify this land of our fathers—our native land! Blessed is he who makes this his home. Overwhelmed, chastened and conquered, she remains true to her descendants and convictions. After the storm, appeared the shattered structure. The brilliant sun was hid behind the black cloud of war, until the whole country was wrapped in shadows thick and terrible.

"But the sun will burst through this darkness yet;
It cannot be always night."

His mother tried to teach him textbooks, but he would not learn. Out of doors and off to the field he was fond of going. A sturdy white-oak grew hard by the dwelling under whose widespreading branches he enjoyed many a butterfly chase, watched the birds build their nests for him to rob, played marbles and ball, breaking the *Ten Commandments*, and occasionally a window-pane, besides doing all manner of childish meanness. The negro cabins were strung along the hill in plain view of the villa in the valley, and he would often steal over there to have a game of base, or wrestle with the little black urchins, for which his mother would always well pay him in "hickory oil" and

"willow syrup," the peculiar taste of which he can recall to this day.

Edward was glad when Christmas came, because then he would sell his rabbit-skins and buy fire-crackers and candy, climb the evergreen tree of toys, dainties and plenty, and have a general good time. Easter was a delightful holiday to him. He would not be satisfied with the many-colored hens' eggs, but invariably demanded the goose's egg as his share. The time-honored Fourth of July had no special charm for this young Southerner, save the usual stroll over the farm with his father. Indeed, every day was a holiday to him, for he would seek his own gratification, but others celebrating a certain day added new pleasures. The crowning feature of the year to him was his birth-day, in August. Like all boys he was glad to see the long, long years roll by, and to realize that he was one year nearer manhood, to him the golden age. He enjoyed it most, perhaps, because his beloved parents usually gave him a birth-day party, and invited the young people in the neighborhood to participate in the feast. The children would bring flowers, while fruits and fowls, cream and cake, meats and melons, satisfied the appetites of the juvenile guests. Water-melons were his favorite dish, and I have been amused at him relating how he used to eat until full, then go out and roll on the grass, and come back ready for more.

Edward, yielding to his intellectual inclination, would ransack the library for picture books, and became quite fond of reading war tales, biographies of great men, and daring deeds of pioneer heroes, illustrating Southern scenery, patriotism, fortitude, magnanimity and bravery. Fortunately for him, there were no dime novels within his reach. He was now beginning to be impressed with the solemn truth that there is something in life worth living for and that he had a mind deserving of culture as well as other boys. So he built his air-castles, formed new resolutions, and determined to climb the heights, reached and kept by the illustrious men about whom he had read. These were noble thoughts, but entirely too slow in developing for our would-be hero. Thus, many were his anticipations, and varied were his fancies as he would read and frolic in his youth.

Half a score years full of trial and oppression had elapsed since the slaves were freed and the sunny Southland devastated. Edward was now sufficiently thoughtful to observe the constant changes in affairs, how his parents seemed troubled and everything showed signs of neglect. Ah! how many a youth in the land of Dixie has awoke from the lethargy of affluence and opulence to meet dread realities, and the great refiner, Poverty, thrust upon him by conquering hands!

Dr. Kingsley had but shared the fate of many, many Southern lords in that age of gallantry, of chivalry, of prosperity, and of unbounded hospitality. When his servants were no longer his own, his money valueless, with only land and labor left, he, noble and generous, went quietly to work. He was stripped of his wealth, and forced to become a bankrupt, with barely a

home for himself and family. In addition to these calamities of the sword, he was incapacitated from further practice of his profession by a wound received in the trenches of death around Richmond. Subdued and disconsolate by the loss of his vast possessions, deserted and disheartened, yet honorable, and being unable to keep the handsome homestead in repair, he reluctantly offered house and home for sale, and sought the sympathy of similar sufferers farther South.

A wealthy and weary ex-Union soldier, tired of his wintry clime, saw the advertisement in a New York weekly. He knew where the fine landed estate lay, and all about the once magnificent mansion, as he spent a night with the kind host in the better days of Cherbury Cottage. Without mentioning the matter to any one, he immediately started for the land recently blooming and beautiful, but now bleeding from wounds received in the war of brothers. The old gentleman was ever anxious to secure the place at the price asked. He returned joyous at having purchased so lovely a home in so charming a climate as that of the "Old Dominion."

Dr. Kingsley set out for far-away Florida, but owing to sickness, he only explored the neighboring Carolinas in search of a suitable home. After some weeks of travel he decided to settle with the good people of a pretty and prosperous town in the Piedmont section of North Carolina—a State of enviable reputation and promising future, the illustrious mother of American Independence.

Edward had numbered a dozen summers with the things of the past, and now understood the plans of his father full well. A few more months and the lad of leisure must bid farewell to the scenes, pleasures and companions of his childhood. The thought of leaving his sumptuous home, his fond playmates, the two little graves of a brother and sister, wrapped in perywinkles and lilies of the valley; the faithful old servants, the garden of rare and beautiful flowers, the orchard of choice fruits, the sparkling brooklets, the green fields, the gigantic old oak tree, the sporting dogs, the colts, the calves, and the lambs with which he had run and romped so often, filled him with sorrow. The boy wept. But he, being of an adventurous spirit, was delighted at the idea of riding on the cars, seeing so many new faces and peculiar places. None the less in accordance with his wishes, was the fact that, he was to live in the State once the home of the celebrated hunter, Daniel Boone, whose narrow escapes, dexterous shots, cunning plans and brave adventures, are familiar to nearly every intelligent school boy in America. The illustrious names of Jackson, Polk, Morehead, Kerr, and a host of others, illumined the pages of her enchanted history, while the later and greater celebrities, Ransom, Merrimon, Vance, Jarvis, Scales, Waddell, &c., were already dazzling in the political firmament when our hero entered her borders to make her future his home.

It was in October, the month of colors and fading beauty, that Dr,

Kingsley and Edward arrived at their new home, to greet the other members of the family, who had come early in the summer. The first few days were spent by the young Virginian in seeing the sights and becoming acquainted with the neighbors. As this was his initiation into town-life, he esteemed it quite a privilege to visit the several churches, accompany his sisters to the college gate, sit around the stores on goods-boxes, and wander about the streets at pleasure. However, his days of liberty were destined to be few. Dr. Kingsley had purchased a fine farm one mile from the county seat, and had built a house in the suburbs of the town. It was a beautiful situation, and located in the most desirable part of the town.

Here may be found the turning point in the career of our little hero. Never before had there been anything like trouble or adversity in the breast of this lad that did not meet the soothing influence of fond parents. But the antidote was as severe as the disease in this case. The domicil was in a dense and heavily-timbered woods. It reminded him of the pioneers of whom he loved to read. There were trees to fell, logs to roll, houses to build, wood to haul, fences to make, ditches to dig, crops to cultivate, and work of all kind to be done by the four brothers and father. The domestic affairs were in the hands of Mrs. Kingsley and her four daughters.

It was hard for the father and mother to give up their old habits of ease and elegance, and buckle down to labor, yet they did it willingly. The early training of their children was not conducive to work, and still every one realized the importance of doing so now. Aristocrats though they were, the present circumstances demanded a denial of many customs and manners practiced by the landed gentry of former days. Edward was thoughtful and ambitious, and saw how the extravagance and expensiveness of those who adhered to bygone formalities were dragging down many into the dust of degradation. Some boys of his acquaintance, who had shared the results of ruin and were placed in circumstances like his own, continued to revel and waste their time and money; others, industrious and economical, were succeeding in their various avocations. These, and sundry other observations, encouraged the lad of scanty means but of noble purpose, to greater efforts, and he hoped yet to improve and utilize the talents he possessed to the best advantage possible. He was a poor Southern boy, like scores in every community in the land of Lee and Davis, nevertheless, he bore it bravely. With true sentiments and lofty aspirations, he rose above the paltry whims of the weak and failing around him, to live for a nobler purpose. The grand and peerless heroes and patriots of the Confederate States were the models of his life. He availed himself of all opportunities, which were meagre indeed, for gaining knowledge and becoming a useful man. Little by little great oaks grow; so he grew.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley were christian people, and had instilled the love

of God in the tender heart of Edward from infancy. In his boyhood he was often sneered and scorned at by other boys because he would not indulge in their ungentlemanly pursuits. The days of accountability impressed him more and more with the importance of making peace with his Maker, and of weaving into his character the golden chord of morality. So he, at the age of thirteen, professed faith in Christ, the Risen Lord, and joined a Protestant church, and became an active member of the Sunday-school. Every one who knew Edward Kingsley knew him only to love and admire him. He was called the model lad of the town. In disposition he was amiable and affable. He possessed a heart of real kindness, and springs of deep and lasting feeling whenever the display was required. He extracted pleasure from every incident of life, and beams of beauty lighted his countenance. It is no wonder, then, that he was an oracle among associates of his own sex, and a universal favorite among his fair companions. Particularly when to this attractive character were added :

"—great charms of mind,
To which elegance of outward form was joined;
While youth made these objects still more bright,
And fortune (?) set them in the strongest light."

Year after year he toiled and labored on his father's farm. The spare moments he would devote to reading and writing. Eighteen summers had shed their sunshine and shadows across the path of this sunburnt swain, and the higher aims burned deeply in his manly breast. Without the knowledge of any member of the family, he had written to the principal of an academy in an adjoining county relative to attending school that winter. To his surprise, yet very great delight, the kind and good man wrote the boy to come, although he had not the money to pay his board and tuition. He dared not mention the matter to his parents for fear they would object to his leaving. One day he summoned up all the courage he possessed, and with an honest, blushing face burning with bashfulness, told Dr. Kingsley how desirous and determined he was to acquire an education. The son pleaded earnestly and eloquently with the father until the man could no longer resist. He commended the boy for acting so candidly and discreetly. Then permission was given, not without reluctance and hesitancy, for Edward to leave home and brave the perils of the wide, bustling world.

In September he started for an academy in the mountainous section of his adopted State, with twenty-five cents in silver, and a few stamps, to send his first letters home. A small, old-fashioned trunk was shoved into the vehicle, which contained a few books, a single change of outer garments and all the wardrobe the youngster could afford. The final farewell was given, the mother, of course, having the last kiss. In his hand was placed a pocket Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written :

"My Dear Edward :—In all thy ways strive to be an honest, christian gentleman. Remember thy Country, thy Mother, thy God !—and to thyself be true. Life is vain, but naught without Christ as your Captain.

Your Devoted Mother.

'*Home, Sweet Home.*' "

The drive in the white-top wagon across the lesser ridges, the camp in the valley, and the crags and peaks, were greatly enjoyed by the lad who never before had seen such wonders of nature. A hearty welcome awaited him by the friends of the institution and residents of the little village among the mountains.

Few boys have ever felt happier when entering a school-room than did this lad on the morning the academy bell called him to the chapel for the first time. Not far advanced, inexperienced in school life, and behind his classes, he necessarily labored under disadvantages for months. By hard work, close application, and pleasing manners, he soon won the esteem and confidence of teachers and friends, boys and girls. During the spring term, he made rapid advancements in his studies, and acquitted himself creditably on commencement occasion.

Edward Kingsley was not a genius, nor was he so very brilliant. Indeed, he would not be a typical boy of any country if these gifts made him great, for they are possessions of the *few* and not the *many*. He was remarkable only in having lived during the most important epoch in the history of the New Republic. He was great, because through his veins flowed the best blood under the sun—pure, genuine Southern blood. Perhaps there were in that academy other boys who could excel him in books and ball, but none who were able to *baffle his brain in truthfulness and tenacity*. In him was the embodiment of stern honesty and sterling worth. His manly bearing, high-toned christian character, devotion to duty, punctuality, perseverance, politeness, were some of the noble traits which distinguished this rising young man.

At the expiration of the second session he bade adieu to the friends whom he had learned to love. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to him by his kind landlady on the morn of his departure, in token of her fondness for him, and appreciation of his last speech on the subject, "Every Rose Blooms but to Fade." Gallant and graceful, he accepted all manifestation of regret at his leaving with a thankful heart, and without any apparent surrender to emotion. But as the same white-top wagon in which he first beheld that village was passing out of sight over the hill, the thoughts of other days and people dear came over him, and filled his eyes with tears. The flowers seemed to lose their freshness and fragrance as he wiped the tepid tear-drops from the tender leaves. Edward sobbed, and John, the driver, sighed, as the wagon carried them away on that memorable day in May. This flow of feeling made the boy a better and truer one.

Now comes the tug of his life. He must either survive or perish in the battle of manly struggle; sink or swim in the turbulent stream of hurrying humanity. Brave and courageous, he was more determined than ever to obtain a liberal education, and still the way was dark and uncertain. Individual effort and dauntless perseverance alone could accomplish the goal of his ambition. This was the

beginning of a new life for Edward Kingsley. He was now like a vessel launched out at sea, tossed hither and thither by every gale, and in a frail barque, with an inexperienced pilot at the helm. But he resolved to try the tide.

The next few years he led a wandering life, but all the while exercising *will* and *faith*, and never ceasing to *work*, often engaging in menial labor rather than remain in *idleness*. How significant of the truly great man!

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

During this period he held intact the same cardinal principles of success which have ever characterized his career. Amid the temptations and evils hovering around the haunts of vice common to young men, he displayed firmness and courage, gave them a wide berth, and came out victor in the end. As soon as he earned money enough to pay his debts, he entered one of the leading colleges in North Carolina. He had now become accustomed to trials, disappointments and privations, and acquainted with men; so by energy and economy, he worked his way through college, receiving the best wishes of his class, his friends, his teachers. He is now an able, earnest and influential journalist in the State of his adoption. A new *Star* of unusual beauty and brilliancy has burst forth into the glorious light of human intelligence and Southern literature, soon to rival the already powerful galaxy of noted wielders of the pen. When this powerful and useful army shall have ceased to drive the quill, such worthies as our *Southern* sons will wear their mantle, and defend the cause they so much love, and die doing their duty at the desk.

I cannot, I need not, if I could, further extend my story, for Edward Kingsley, the *Southern boy*, is a full-grown man, with a well-rounded education, and *success* is stamped upon his life and *work* is his watchword. You need only to behold such an one in almost every vicinity, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. I do not mean that the South is a land of *editors*—rather, the life of our brave young Southerner was cast in the mould of the great representative class of our beloved country. Such a boy is proud of the glorious land of his birth, and the dear old South that is rising up so valiantly needs more self-made men, full of convictions, faith and energy.

This is no fanciful dream, no flight of imagination, no overdrawn or fictitious tale, but rather a true portraiture of real life of ours within the last half century. Born from one of the first families in the land, his childhood spent in opulence, he inherited the noble sentiments, patriotic devotion, undying principles and soul-stirring sympathy of the heroic South. Reared principally after the days of political chaos and reform, he shared the misfortune, the trial, the tribulations, and the triumph of the conquered but *coming* South. Possessed of a mind as bold as the country in which he lived was beautiful, he "let the dead past bury its dead," and answered like a man whenever duty called. The present had its changes

for him and the future its charms beckoning him onward.

This young Southron has simply played well his part in the grand drama of human existence, and his life is a lesson to the boys of the fair sunny South. He has endured sudden and appalling transition from independence to dependence. He has shown that the emancipation was a blessing to the present and rising generations—though purchased at the cost of life and States' Rights. He has demonstrated clearly the necessity of a definite aim, an unrelenting purpose in life. He has proved the wisdom of thoroughly preparing for his profession and how easily it is for a young man, at this day, to obtain an education. He has given us an example of pluck and perseverance prevailing over difficulties. He has proved the possibilities of every persevering youth in our land, who is willing to work honestly and well. He has established the future prosperity, the coming glory and grandeur of the South. His noble character was cut and chiseled from the raw material of boyhood by *Poverty*, the great sculptor of the ages. He was the architect of his own fortune, and erected his edifice to withstand the cyclones of disaster. He has further exemplified the fact that the profession does not make the man, but rather the man makes the profession honorable. In the powerful machinery of public opinion, we either propel or retard the wheels of progress in each revolution. Then, if a single spark of patriotic fire lights the dark recesses of your soul, if the love of country holds you within her sweet embrace, if you are a *Southern son*, rich or poor, professional or what not, endeavor to be a *propeller* and not a *retarder* of the mighty wheel of prosperity now rolling over the *rising South!* Educate for a purpose; be devoted to your calling; and help develop the many interests of the land of rare beauty and blessed memory. The future is yours. It will be just what you make it. Duty demands devotion to principle, to all that is pure and holy, and promises victory to him obeying the injunction,

> "In the broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb driven cattle!
> Be a hero in the strife!"

Young man, take courage! and join the swelling army of progress and success. You owe it to yourself to be true; to your friends to be faithful; to your country to be constant; to your God to be good!

E. C. ROBERTSON.

THE NEGRO—HIS PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

During the days of the Southern Confederacy a design for a national seal for the new government was submitted to Jefferson Davis for his criticism. This design showed a negro in the foreground, lying asleep on two or three bales of cotton behind some palmetto trees, under which lay the characteristic implements of the South. "I don't like it," said the sage old statesman; "when that negro wakes up it will be a bad day for the Confederacy." This prophetic remark has, in one sense, been verified, but it required the din of four years' terrible warfare, and the scent of the blood of over one million of America's noblest sons to arouse him. And even now the drowsiness of a long nap hangs heavily on his eyelids, and he is half-dreaming, half-thinking, of the future. It is only at the stern bidding of destiny that he stirs forth; it has ever been so with him; will it not ever continue to be so? His past history portrays him sleeping soundly and peacefully amidst the many storms that beat around and against him. It was with slothfulness and blind-staggering that he followed the hand of fate, that was to lead him forth from the deep chasm of appalling ignorance and thralldom into which he had fallen. He never once seconded the movement that was to emancipate him from his condition of base servitude. But now the day begins to dawn on him, and what the noontide of that day will be, is one of the most momentous questions with which American politics has to deal.

Much has been written and said about the negro within the last two decades; northern advocates of civil rights have vented their fumes in our newspapers and popular magazines; white lecturers and colored lecturers have gone through the country earnestly endeavoring to convince him of his powers, and of the grand possibilities that lie just ahead of him. He has been told again and again that the political rights delegated to him by the constitution are only nominal rights; that he has been thwarted in the full and free exercise of these rights by the political machinations of his white neighbors, and, indeed, that the white people of the South even cherish the purpose of ultimately imposing on him the conditions of his former servitude. There can hardly be a doubt that, had he been possessed of larger capability of independent and vigorous action, he would long ago have been aroused into furious action by these inflammatory appeals.

I can scarcely hope to glean anything new from the vast field of enquiry and speculation in regard to the negro question; I have no new theory to offer for his future; but it is certainly a vital and important question, and one which I think I may profitably discuss in this article.

In the first place, then, let us consider the character and temper of the negro; in the second place, his social progress; and, in the third place, the influence that he is likely to exert on our social and political history in the future.

I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that the whiter a people is, the greater its energy and activity; and the blacker a people is, the less its energy and activity. While there may be some exceptions to this rule, still the history of the human race abundantly proves the truth of it.

God ever clothes the most valuable pieces of his handiwork in the choicest colors. The flower containing the sweet nectar and emitting the fragrant odor, possesses the most delicate colors. The birds that sing the sweetest songs are clothed in the gayest plumage. The tree that bears the choicest fruit has the foliage of the brightest green.

The Caucasians have ever been the pioneers of civilization; the Mongolians have formed the rear-guard; the negroes have been the camp-followers.

The negro's physical characteristics at once distinguish him from all other races of men. Nor is it certain that his color is the most striking of these. Even though it were possible for him to wash himself clear of the "sable hue," his thick protruding lips, flat nose, kinky hair and broad flat feet, would at once betray him as a "white-washed negro." Not one in a thousand of this people presents a fine noble looking form. His head is usually disproportioned and ill-shapen. His body is uncouth and his action awkward. Now who would expect to find an average human mind in such a body? Might we not as reasonably expect to find the choicest pippin on the crab-bush? Physiologists tell us that the brain of the negro is smaller and less perfectly developed than the brain of the white man, and accordingly, we find him displaying inferior powers of mind. He possesses little force of character, and is preëminently a creature of circumstances, believing too literally that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and so never "taking thought for the morrow." The most prominent trait in his character is his imitativeness. He strives to ape the white man in every thing he does, and this, perhaps, is the one redeeming feature of his character, having served more than any other one thing, since he has been among us, to make him even what he is. He seeks perfection in nothing, but only a mean imitation. Again, he is the most servile of human beings. No employment is so delightful to the average negro as that of serving the white man in the character of a household servant. While we regard involuntary servitude as an unmitigated curse and rejoice in the fact of the negro's emancipation from his former condition of slavery, we believe that he will still continue to live in a state of semi-servitude from sheer force of character.

We come now to our second point, the social progress the negro has already made.

The first negro slave was brought to the United States and sold in the year 1620. For some years afterward the importation of Africans was rapid and constant. The negro was held

in bondage 240 years. His advancement in the social scale since he has been among us, has not been what we should have expected when we look at the refining influences that have inevitably been brought to bear on his character. No other people in all the histroy of the world has enjoyed such facilities for becoming civilized as the negro. True, he was a slave, but such slavery as he was subjected to, is the most favorable condition to a certain degree of civilization. His lot was cast among one of the most civilized peoples on earth and he was a slave, not unusually, in the most cultured families; so he must needs have imbibed our civilization as he breathed the air around him. He looked upon the white man as a superior being and naturally strove to imitate him. Our own rude ancestors, swarming in on the Roman provinces and making conquest of the fairest portion of them, even with their haughty contempt of the conquered provincials, yet imbibed, without being aware of it, their superior civilization from constant contact with them. The negro in this country has made little effort to better his condition. He has been irresistibly swept along by the force of external circumstances to his present position.

The political rights and privileges that have been bestowed upon him during the last quarter of a century are without a parallel in the history of the world. The emancipation of 3,000,000 slaves in one day was a gigantic stroke, but the elevation of these slaves in another day to all the rights and privileges of free-born citizens, was a procedure without a precedent in the history of nations.

Was the negro prepared to assume all the responsibilities of citizenship under a Republican form of government where, in the words of the constitution, "all power is vested in and derived from the people"? Hitherto, he had learned little more about the government under which he was to assume citizenship than the mule he drove in the Southern cotton-field.

With all these responsibilities as well as rights and privileges suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon him, no wonder that he was bewildered to find himself cast about on the turbulent sea of politics without rudder or sails. No wonder that he regarded his honest white neighbor as his worst enemy and the Northern carpet-bagger, pandering to all his baser hopes, as his best friend.

He has suffered himself to be the political puppet of designing demagogues ever since the day the elective franchise was conferred on him.

The educational progress of the negro has been very slow. The colored population of the United States now amounts to over 7,000,000. Of this number, over 6,000,000, or more than 85 per cent., cannot read and write. And yet, during the past twenty years, they have had all the facilities for acquiring an education that the poor white children have enjoyed. They have had offered them all the advantages of the public schools. In the acquisition of material wealth, the negro has very little skill or forecast. If he has bread to-day he never thinks of the morrow. The colored popula-

tion of the South pay taxes on $91,000,000 worth of property. This would give each head of a family, allowing five to each family, an average of $65 worth of property. Very few of them are freeholders. They prefer to live in the cities and towns and to lead a mercenary life.

We wish now to briefly enquire, in the light of his past history and from his present status in society, what may be the influence he is likely to exert on our future political and social history.

I suppose there is now no person of intelligence and candor who will deny that the negro's presence among us for the past 265 years has been a very great blessing to him and a very great curse to the white man. For the negro, it has been to lift him from the lowest depths of moral, social, and political degradation that human nature is capable of reaching, and to elevate him, even though it was through the ordeal of 240 years of slavery, to all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship under the freest and noblest government the world has ever seen. For the white man, it has been to entail upon him all the miseries and degradation of a most destructive civil war, under the burdens of which we still groan. Who will soon forget the political humiliation to which the people of a large part of the Republic were reduced soon after the war? And all on account of the negro. But now, through successive struggles in which he had no part, he has been placed on an equal political footing with the white man and all seem cheerfully to accept the new order of things. Every fetter to his progress has been removed at no small cost, but his past history warrants the conclusion that his character is devoid of every true impulse to progress. What, then, can he ever be but a passive element in American politics? We sometimes hear the belief expressed that the negro will eventually predominate over the white man in the South. If we could give him the credit for the place he now occupies in American society; if he had been indeed the architect of his own fortune; if he had ever once set in motion forces that had helped to bring about his present political and social standing, then this belief might be well-founded. His indifference, however, to education, his indolent and sluggish nature, his improvidence and want of inventive genius, are elements in his temper that must ever keep him at the foot of the social scale.

The most alarming feature of the negro question is the prolific increase of the race. At the close of the late war, there were in the United States something over 3,000,000 colored people; now there are over 7,000,000. It is said that the colored population of the United States doubles every twenty years while the white population doubles every thirty-five years. And we must bear in mind the fact that this increase in the colored population is due alone to births, while the increase in the white population is largely due to immigration. Five hundred negroes are born in the United States every day. In 1987, one hundred years hence, at the present

rate of increase, there will be in this country nearly 200,000,000 negroes. But while the ratio of births among our colored population is greater than among our white population, the ratio of deaths is likewise greater. The ratio of deaths among the negroes is greater now than during the days of their slavery. The average negro displays very little care or judgment in administering to the sick, while he has very little fortitude in bearing up under disease, the consequence being that he generally dies at an earlier age than the white man. The utter disregard of sanitary laws, the condition of squalid poverty in which he lives, and his peculiar susceptibility to certain kinds of epidemics, can but have a deteriorating effect on the future of his race.

Many persons fear that amalgamation of the white and colored population of this country will eventually take place. Should complete amalgamation ever be effected, we cannot imagine a more deplorable condition of things. But is such an amalgamation likely ever to take place? Do not our race prejudices, interwoven in the very textures of our natures, form an eternal barrier to such an amalgamation? Does not its possibility presuppose the contamination of the purest blood that ever coursed through human veins, and the utter and hopeless degradation and ultimate ruin of one of the proudest races that God ever permitted to dwell on this earth? There is nothing in the history of the past to justify the conclusion that two races so radically and essentially different in character, temper, and physical features as the negro and white man, should in the common course of things, amalgamate.

Modern pessimists may promulgate their doleful theories, but for my part, I prefer to think more nobly of the race to which I belong than that it will terminate its proud and imperious career by mingling its noble blood with the sluggish blood of one of the most inferior races on earth. True, the scum of our white population may amalgamate with the colored population, but that will be "the lowest deep below which no lower deep shall ever yawn."

FRANK B. HENDREN.

TWO PICTURES.

"Will you visit the cemetery with me," asked my friend? Upon my replying in the affirmative, we walked on in the direction of the place where man, when done with this world, is laid to await the final day when he is to be judged. The cemetery is situated just without the city, and affords a nice walk to those who would visit the graves of the departed. It is surrounded by a hedge of boxwood, which is kept neatly trimmed. We

enter the gate and immediately we are brought in close proximity to two fountains, which play all the day long, watering the lilies, which seem to have fallen in love with them, and to return many thanks by continually nodding their snow-white heads, and at the same time rendering the air fragrant. We could spend only a short while at the fountains, so we tipped our hats to the water-lilies, which seemed to return the salute by allowing the gentle zephyrs to bow down their little heads to the very ground. What music to listen to the play of the fountains! what delight to see the lilies kissing their mother earth, tossed hither and thither by zephyrs so gentle as would scarcely move the leaves on the giant oak! The music is so Siren-like, that one is made to almost forget himself. We go a little farther. Just to our right rises a mighty shaft, beautiful, grand, magnificent, marking the resting place of some hero, perhaps. To our left, and a little farther on, rises another, piercing, as it were, the very cerulean dome of heaven. To stand and gaze upon it, one can but exclaim: "Beautiful, because grand; grand, because magnificent." Magnificent? Ah, *magnificent*, because it marks the resting place of a truly great man, a man who was *great*, because *good*. The simple epitaph struck me very forcibly. It was this: "God's first gift, life; His second, Christ; His last, Heaven. He so used the first, that through the second, he obtained the last." We turn from this grand structure, and an entirely different scene meets our eyes. Only a short distance in front of us are seated a lady and a young man. There on a rustic beneath the shades of a little clump of trees, so thickly encompassed by honeysuckles that it takes many a struggle for a ray of sunshine to get through, and then it seems to be so much out of place in the midst of so thick a shade that it soon retreats. In this lovely place, this young man has been pleading for the love of this fair young creature by his side. An excellent chance to "eavesdrop" I thought, so at my suggestion, my friend and I drew nearer. In a moment or two we were listening to words meant for "only you and me," and as the young man thought that no one else was near, he made pretty free use of his adjectives. Upon the lady's face could be seen the expression of *earnestness*. The young man had evidently now her heart, and she loved him as only a *true* woman can. All her happiness—her whole life—was in his hands. What a responsibility! Would that the picture was finished now! But such is not the case. When the good-bye was to be said, they went through with that *osculatory* programme which is almost a *sine qua non* in such cases and they parted, she, loving and trusting; he, rejoicing within himself because he had added, to his already large list, another noble and sweet-spirited girl, "who loved, not wisely, but too well." Yesterday, we see her a lady pure, gentle, loving, her whole soul wrapped up in the man whom she thought was true. *To-day*, on that face which only but yesterday was so bright and full of hope, can be seen only disappointment, gloom. A life, which yesterday bid fair to be so

happy, to-day seems blighted forever. Why was all this? *He was a flirt.* The words' true meaning applied once, for the most part, to females, but man, never satisfied with what he has, has taken this title upon himself. Don't understand me to say that there are no ladies who flirt, for there are many, sad to say. Ladies did I say? No, Sir, they who will deceive and lie, both by word and action; who are guilty of such a crime, are not *ladies*, neither are they *gentlemen*. I use these terms in their *true* meaning. Flirting is only a synonym for deceiving and lying, and I think all will admit that no lady or gentleman is guilty of such things. Do you tell me that a man who will sit down and deliberately plan how he may get some young lady in love with him, merely with the intention of deceiving her, is a gentleman? He cannot be. Neither is a woman, who will act thus, a lady. I think it is worse for a young man to flirt, than it is for a young woman. Indeed, man has won for himself such a reputation in this "fine art," if I may call it such, that it is extremely difficult for a young lady to know just when he is telling the truth, and, in a great many instances, it is doubtful whether a young lady is telling the truth or not. What a sad state of affairs, this! Very sad, because very true. There is one other fact I wish to notice in regard to flirting, viz.: ministers of the gospel are sometimes guilty of this detestable crime. Sometimes? Ah! oftentimes, I fear. In proportion, I believe there is a greater number among them than any other class. It is worthy to seek to be loved, when the right motive prompts; otherwise, it is disgraceful. Tell me how it is that a young minister can preach to his people, admonishing them to do right, and then deceive some one, perhaps of his own congregation, by making her believe that he loves her, when, in reality, he is only trying to dupe her? I think such a minister must have missed his calling or else have been called by the wrong one. The flirt ought to be frowned down upon, countenanced by no good people; but such is not the case. Some ladies seem to be special favorites from the fact that they have had more beaux than their *more* fortunate neighbors. In fact, they sometimes boast of how many young men they have "taken in" during one year. And oftentimes young men, who seem to make flirting their only study, are preferred to the man who is honest in his courtship. Would that things were not thus! HISTOS.

THE NEW SOUTH.

It has been somewhat fashionable among Northern journals in writing of the southern portion of the country, to call it "The New South." But this newly-coined phrase has met with no such favor in the Southern sanctum. In the opinion of the Southern Press, this period of the South's history can produce no grander minds than Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Lee

and Davis; can show no more brilliant array of statesmen, scholars, and patriots, of beautiful and refined women, than adorned the Old South. Be this as it may, a universal spirit of progress has been awakened, such as was never known before; and there has been an activity in every branch of life and business, which has well-nigh transformed the Old South into a New one, indeed.

It is my purpose to contrast the South in this new aspect with the South of pro-slavery days. That this recent revolution in her condition may be made more apparent, let us glance for a moment at the South of *ante-bellum* days.

We find the minds of the people not engaged in devising plans and enterprises for developing the resources which Nature has placed at their very doors, but on the contrary, absorbed in the enjoyment of a gay life of fashion and pleasure. We see the young man living a life of luxurious ease, surrounded by everything a wealthy and indulgent father can bestow; proud of his kennels and thoroughbred steeds; fond of riding and hunting, he leads such a holiday life as would furnish beautiful matter for the poet and novelist.

Education among the masses is unknown. There is no public school system worthy the name. Under the credit system now in vogue, there is little to incite the Southerners to activity in business. It is not a period of commercial enterprise and competition; things which are, ere long to characterize the New South.

The war comes on. Its close finds the South crushed as few countries in the world's history have been. The negro, accustomed during his whole life to work, and to subjection to the will of another, by a single stroke of the pen is made free. Uneducated, improvident, with no conception of the meaning of his intoxicating boon, he deserts the fields and crowds to the city. The white man is not only unused to out door labor, but ignorant of it; his agricultural implements have been swept away; many of his horses killed; the money and bonds which he has been hoarding, are worthless; the courts are demoralized, and there is no law, no government, no order. Cotton commands a high price and every one turns to raising it, hoping thereby to regain his former position of wealth and influence. Then comes the enormous fall in price, which brings utter ruin to many and loads the South with a debt that still overhangs her.

Let us turn from this brief picture of the Old South, and take a hasty glance at the New. Out of disorder and hopelessness, the flower of peace and prosperity gradually unfolds itself, until now, instead of an Old South, devoted to pleasure and enjoyment, we find a New South, wide awake to business, excited, and even astonished at its own immense resources in metals, marbles, coal, timber and fertilizers.

When the Northerner finds great foundries in Virginia using only the products of her own iron and coal mines; when he finds Alabama and Tennessee making such good iron, and so cheaply that it finds ready market in Pennsylvania; when he sees

hundreds of cotton mills receiving their full capacity of the annual production of this staple; when he looks over the 230,000,000,000 feet of pine timber awaiting the axe of the lumberman; when he learns that some of the largest engines and most important machinery for mills are made in Southern shops; when he sees the South manufacturing her own car-wheels, locomotives and iron ships; when he beholds loads of the most beautiful marble aboard the cars bound North; when he sees the many other developments—its milling interests, steel manufacturing, silk culture, stock raising, all furnishing employment to men, women and children who never before had any such work to do, well may he open his eyes in wonder, and exclaim: "This is, indeed, a New South!"

Since the war there has been a steady, healthy growth in educational interest. One of the wisest steps the South has taken, is the establishment of Industrial schools where all the trades are taught in a scientific manner. Every State now has a free-school system, and the taxation is cheerfully borne, except by the few. The young American with his push and self-reliance has developed resources hitherto unknown, and the capital of the North is finding lodgement in the various industries.

I believe all thoughtful Southerners will admit that the institution of slavery was the millstone around the neck of the old South. Though as dear as life, and as sacred as honor, by its very overthrow the South has emerged from the state of lethargy in which she had so long been sleeping, and an era of prosperity and happiness has dawned. Who can picture the possibilities of this sunny land? Who can tell of the developments yet to be made in this

"—— fair clime, where every season smiles
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest."

J. H. GRANT.

FROM MOREHEAD CITY TO WASHINGTON.

Suppose, for the time being, we yield ourselves up entirely to the powers of imagination, and allow it to transport us back over this most delightful and invigorating season, which has been so enjoyable and so profitable to our people all over the State, to the hot and sultry weather of June and July. Come with me, then, and let us for the moment visit the little town that calls itself Morehead City. We will, if you please, consider ourselves teachers, or, if you prefer, "friends of education." Early on the morning of June 30th we find ourselves in the large dining hall of the Atlantic Hotel, with many of our fellow-teachers, hastily despatching our breakfast, in order to be on time for the train, for we, teachers, are surely going to Washington. Breakfast having been finished, and finding

that we have some little time before the departure of the train, we walk out in the rear of the hotel, on a raised trestle or "walkway" leading from the door of the hotel situated on the edge of the water to the boat landing, which we have lately visited so many times in going sailing, fishing, and to the surf, to take a long, last farewell of "The Rattlesnake," "Moccasin," "Louise," "Morehead," "Emma Dare Murchison," and a score of other "sharpies," as they are called, which have contributed so much to our enjoyment and pleasure since coming to this place.

They lie at anchor in the sound, looking like a flock of geese, as they gracefully ride the placid waters, their white sails furled, and clearly outlined against the dim line of sand-banks that skirt the coast, and the deep blue sky that lies beyond.

As we stand here we distinctly hear the roar of old ocean as it lashes the sand, and froths and foams because it is kept in bounds by those little insignificant grains of sand, standing one behind another in solid phalanx. If we had time, or were we in the mood, we would stop here to moralize and draw some useful lessons, such as, "In union there is strength," etc., for the place and surroundings are very suggestive, and calculated to bring to our minds much that is useful and ennobling. But you remember that we are school-teachers, and as such, we have been moralizing and drawing useful lessons for the last ten months; so, very naturally, we drink in the beauties of nature and store them away in the mind for future reference.

To our left, as we stand facing the rising sun, nestled down on the edge of the sound, stands the ancient town of Beaufort. It faces directly towards the ocean, and looks out upon it through an inlet. And here, too, several years ago, the water came rushing through this gap and carried away the old Atlantic hotel. To protect the town from these mighty inroads in time of storm, the government is now building breakers on either side of the inlet. In front of us and guarding the entrance to the inlet, is Ft. Macon, built mostly under ground, and whose top is just visible. The scene is made more beautiful by the rising sun sending his golden rays across the water and causing the sand banks to shine like long heaps of snow.

Ever and anon, as we stand here contemplating this scene so entirely different from what we inlanders are accustomed to, and so very pleasing to the eye, we hear the now familiar sound of the waves lashing the shore, and again we wish heartily that we could go across the sound to the surf just once more, and take one more delightful plunge in the mighty deep, even though we should freely drink salt water in the performance. All these thoughts have passed through the mind in rapid succession, and we are reminded that our time is limited, but before turning our backs finally upon the scene, let us take a farewell look at the pavilion out there on the water, where frequently at night, when the moon sheds a soft light over all, men and maidens sit and whisper soft words of love, as men and maidens

will, and, to be sure, teachers are not exceptions in this respect, and moonlight on the water ever inspires romantic feelings. But we say farewell and return to the hotel where everything is bustle and confusion, some going one way, some another, one calling for a friend, another looking for lost baggage. After watching these performances for a brief space of time, we board the train which has now arrived, and soon we see for the last time the hotel and surroundings, as we speed on our way to Goldsboro, thence via Portsmouth to Washington. There is little that is of sufficient interest along this route to attract our attention, and being rather tired we for the most part had an uneventful ride, passing through low and level land, much sand, no hills, many swamps, until we arrive at a considerable distance inland.

During our long and dusty ride overland, we had ample time to reflect upon the great success of the teachers' assembly, the very pleasant time we all had, and other themes equally pleasant. Our train was crowded, and it being very unnatural for such a party to long remain quiet, ere long all were astir. At Goldsboro, the report somehow spread among us that we would be left unless we hurried, and so, when the train stopped, every body was in the aisles at once, and a flea would have stood a poor chance of escaping with his life under such pressure. Out went some of the party in search of the other train, only to find that they had to wait about half an hour for its arrival, and then they had time to collect themselves, but it was altogether too late to collect those umbrellas, parasols, etc., that were left on the other train. When the train arrived another break was made, and every one tried to enter the doors of the cars at once. Everything was so crowded that we considered ourselves fortunate if we got a seat on the brakes or the steps, but notwithstanding all this, we were a jolly crowd and had much fun. But if you opened your eyes to see what was going on around you, or tried to say anything, you were rewarded by having your mouth filled with cinders, or your eye damaged for the rest of the trip. But despite all this we were ready for any fun and enjoyed it immensely when, having passed Weldon, the big fat conductor on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad came around, the great big drops of perspiration dropping off of his face. It was quite amusing to hear him puff and blow, and wonder where all this hard-looking crowd came from, and where they were going. It is not at all surprising that he considered us a hard-looking crowd if dust and cinders and disordered toilets would have any damaging effect. And so with its passengers in this plight, the train ran up alongside the wharf at Portsmouth. We had only to get out and pass through a house to find ourselves about to tread the gang-plank of the handsome steamer, George Leary, which was waiting to carry us up Chesapeake bay, and the Potomac, to Washington.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon. We all were rather tired of the noise, and din, and dust of the overland ride, and so went on board

the steamer, thinking perhaps of rest and quiet, it may be of peaceful slumbers and pleasant dreams, but whatever may have been our purposes it is needless to tell one who has taken a trip up the bay under such circumstances, that there could be no slumbers nor dreams. For after we had removed by steady and persistent efforts, with the aid of exhaustless supplies of water and soap, some of the dust of the day's gathering, and then had gone on deck again, much to our surprise, we found that since the "black" had been removed we could again recognize each other, and many a heart began to beat with renewed energy, and new life and joy seemed to come to all.

The steamer was a very pretty boat, and looked very stately as she rode gracefully at anchor awaiting the time of departure. She was complete from cabin to dining room, from upper to lower deck, with excellent state rooms, a fine piano, and in fact all modern conveniences, but we soon had reason to beleive that it was not built to accommodate quite so large a party. We gathered in little social groups here and there on the upper and lower decks, some discoursing sweet music from the piano, some singing, many talking, a few trying to get off to themselves with their fair partners to relieve their hearts and minds of some of the great load that was lying there. Some of us watched the ferry boat as it crossed to Norfolk and returned; some observed the little tug boats as they came and went furrowing their way in the trackless deep, ever sending up a signal as they passed another boat, and reminding us of a crowd of college boys on a holiday, full of life, running here and there, and always keeping up a din and uproar.

But not long were we left to feast eye and ear on these things. The captain shouts all aboard, the gang-plank has been hauled in, the steamer is loosed from the wharf, the great engines begin to throb, the paddle wheels move, the water is violently disturbed, we feel ourselves moving gently, and we are off for a delightful sail up the bay. Faster and faster breathes the engine, round and round go the propellers as we are gliding well out into the bay. We are really moving, but where is all that clanging and rattling of wheels and of cars? Where are those annoying cinders that forever worry the modern traveler! And more than this, there is really no dust here, but in its stead a pure and refreshing breeze, so pure indeed that one would think it came directly from the cave of old Æolus himself, and that he had manufactured specially for this occasion one of his best breezes and flung it out directly from his abode across the bay to cheer us on our way. Under such pleasant circumstances we passed out from the harbor of Norfolk and Portsmouth. When we had passed from between the walls of houses on either side belonging to the two towns, and had come out to where the bay begins to stretch out in a vast expanse of water, it fell to our happy lot to see the king of day go to rest in the rippling bay. Everybody is on deck with hats and bangs flying in the breeze, (and by the

way salty breezes have a wonderfully limbering and straightening effect upon bangs). The calm waters are rippled by the wind as they stretch out in a broad silvery sheet as far as the eye can reach. Beautiful blue hills rise one above another on either side, and are interspersed here and there with green fields, upon which you can see fine herds of cattle grazing upon the rich pasturage, and there nestled upon the hillside, in that clump of trees, is a neat, white farm house, with white palings; the elms are whitewashed. It is altogether an attractive and neat home. One might well think that it was in this country that Grey was inspired with the beautiful sentiment, and derived the pictures for some of the world renowned lines of his "Elegy."

All the beauties of this scene are enhanced by the mellow light of the departing sun, and we withdraw our attention from the landscape to direct it toward the departing luminary to find that he is already beginning to bathe in the clear water. He slowly descends deeper and deeper until he is entirely submerged. He has gone to rest on the bosom of the deep, and we turn to our companions and give vent to our feelings as best we may. The twilight begins to come on, all is joy and mirth aboard. Hats are entirely discarded. Chairs and stools are provided, and we think of settling down for a pleasant talk, but our attention is called towards the stern of the boat, and on looking around to gratify our curiosity, imagine our surprise to see the eyes and nose of a man emerging from the water. (?) The waters seemed to be in a commotion. He rose a little higher, became a little more distinctly visible, and there before us stood the man in the moon. We were rejoiced that there would be moonlight on the waters, and so we anticipated a glorious night.

All on board were beginning to feel easy, and were preparing for much enjoyment, but how often are fondest hopes shattered? How often when everything seems propitious does some little trivial event steal in and mar our pleasure, and thus it was destined to be with several of our party. What was that little tickling sensation in the throat, hardly noticeable at first, at first low down, but gradually rising higher, with the fleeting moments asserting itself more strongly until it grew into a powerful sensation that almost made us *give up*. Here are a young man and maiden holding pleasant conversation and enjoying life finely, but gradually the lustre of the maiden s eye fades, the conversation lags, she begins to glance about her uneasily, and all at once the youth finds himself alone, for she has made a dash for her state-room ere it was forever too late. And thus it was that continually some were suddenly growing tired of life on the upper deck, and retiring to the cabin; sometimes, when they began to feel less "shakey," and their courage was renewed they would venture forth again, only to remain a short while, and then again afford amusement for the more fortunate by beating a hasty retreat to the state-room. These performances were really amusing to those who happened to not be attack-

ed by the dreadful malady, but the fun was all on one side, and the poor sea-sick creatures declared that it was not funny to feel that way. And just here let me add that it seems to me that there ought to be some law for the protection of passengers on these boats. For instance, it seems to me that if a man pays one dollar for his supper, and it is so very unstable as not to stay with him more than ten minutes after he reaches the deck, that the company ought to be prosecuted for giving him such unstable food, or else give the poor man another chance. Well it had now grown dark, so it did not make so much difference.

We were seated in pleasant groups of congenial companions, some singing, others talking, the moon shedding a soft light over the water. There, to our left is the grand hotel at Old Point. Through its glass side overlooking the water, we see a busy throng within. There, next to the hotel is the fort, and on the other side rising up from the water is the Rip-raps, these two guarding the entrance at this point. But we pass on into darkness, while here and there on either side in the dim distance can be seen the clear light of a lonely lighthouse enabling the pilot, as he sits aloft in his apartment away from the glare of the lights on board, to penetrate into the dim distance and guide us safely past dangers on the safe and accustomed path. And on board the only sound save that of music, and conversation was the steady beat of the propelling wheel as it rolled on and on towards our nation's capital. Truly sailing is delightful, but we have been dissipating considerably of late, and the time has come for us to turn in, which we do reluctantly. And truly we were rocked in a cradle of the deep that night, only to awake next morning with renewed vigor, ready for another day with its pleasures, and then, too, we will arrive at Washington this morning.

On looking around we see that the expanse of water is not so vast. We are on the Potomac, and on our right is "My Maryland," and on the left "The Old Dominion," two fair sisters of a most noble republic.

We enjoyed a delightful sail in the fresh morning air, and were enjoying it to our fullest capacity when the stillness was broken by the solemn tolling of the steamer's bell. We are passing Washington's home. Silence settles upon all. Every one is impressed with solemnity for the moment. Every breast fills with emotion and swells with patriotism as we pass the former home, and the present resting place of America's great captain. Our attention is called to Virginia's shore, and there upon the top of a cliff that breaks off suddenly at the river's side, with a sloping lawn in front, covered with green grass and dotted here and there with stately trees, stands Washington's home. Like its former owner, it stands above all and looks down majestically upon all its surroundings, but we only have a few minutes in passing and we are gone. We now frequently meet steamers like our own, and the river seems alive with boats, so we infer that we are nearing our destination. After sailing quietly for some time

and coming round a bend in the river, Alexandria is disclosed to view. But look! Five miles further on is the dim outline of our hero's monument piercing, as it were, the very skies, a monument in which our people vainly strove to make its height proportionate to the fame of the hero to whom it was erected. The city gradually discloses itself to our wondering admiration as we approach nearer and nearer. All is life, whistles are blowing on every side. There, in plain view, stands the capitol with its lofty dome, and there the White House, the Treasury building, and here and there and everywhere magnificent public and private edifices. But our boat is nearing the landing. Luggage is being gathered up—confusion reigns supreme. The wharf is a picture of life and confusion. We touch the landing. The boat stops. The gang-plank is stretched across. A rush is made for *terra firma* and our delightful ride is at an end.

W. C. Dowd.

EDITORIAL.

CATS.

Viewed from a zoological standpoint, the cat stands high in the scale of being—in fact, having his station next that of the monkey and man. And if it be true as some claim it is, that honor and rank are but synonyms for length of lineal descent, then the cat is entitled to far more respect than all the kings that ever graced the throne of Britain. For he dates his ancestry back almost with the beginning of civilization. He has played, too, an important part, in some countries, in the making and disintegrating of kingdoms; in the formation of human tastes, pursuits and legislation. In fact the whole Egyptian idea of God and creation, of grandeur, sublimity, pomp and power was tinged by and, to a great extent, based upon their conception of a cat. As a matter of fact—and for example,—Cambyses once won a very important victory over the Egyptians by simply placing a line of cats and dogs in front of his army. He knew of course that they durst die sooner than injure one of these sacred animals.

But I have said as much as space will allow me about the history of the cat, and will now pass to the psychological phase of him. (I believe these two qualities are always brought into the full understanding of the higher specimens of the being called Animal.) Well, then. The expression "as playful as a kitten" is a universal phrase for conveying our idea of anything that has life, joyousness, and vivacity about it. Nor is the epithet misapplied; for to me there is nothing in the whole range of being that bodies forth more clearly the real charms of Nature than a kitten playing with his Mistress' ball of thread—catching it in his paws, dropping it and as quickly bouncing for it again. But 'tis not always May—pinch his tail, and in a minute you are rubbing your hand and breathing vengeance on the whole cat tribe. Thus we see a cat will play, and a cat will scratch—and that too sometimes when there is no need of it. For instance, when you are playing with him; or more strikingly when he is at dinner with another cat and there's food enough for both. He wants it all, you see, although with it all he alone cannot perpetuate the tribe, nor render himself or other cats half as happy as with only enough.

The cat though, has other qualities besides that of playing and scratching. He has duties, and right well he performs them too. And 'tis for this that we of modern times while not allotting him his divinity of former days, yet hold him in high esteem. Oh if he would only scratch at the right time! what might he not attain to!

I have said thus at length about the cat, because in general outline he suggests to me a striking analogy. Some may censure me of bad taste, and intimate that I have gone "around my elbow to get to my thumb"; but I don't care. If they'll only grant that I get to my thumb at last, 'tis all I ask. But now for my application. During the last few years the advocates of Chapel Hill on the one hand and of Wake Forest on the other, have been at loggerheads over absolutely nothing. They've done lots of scratching, and ruffled each other's fur without any cause whatever. They have contended and strained at gnats—made mountains out of mole hills. In fact, I know of no more fitting description of their strife than, "*Montes labunter, nascitur ridiculus mus*"—the mountains labor and a despicable mouse is born. All I believe admit that these are both venerable, both learned, both time-honored institutions; and that both are working for the same end, viz.: the education of Southern boys. Yet nothing will do but that they must try to scratch out each other's eyes. For some reason I know not why, such a phrase as the following is heard from a Chapel Hill man: "Wake Forest is no college—nothing but a one-horse school, a preparatory department." "'Tis not so," retorts the Wake Forest champion: "we are just as good as you are and better too." And from such trash contention have arisen hot, unfriendly words which never have done nor ever will do either any good; but instead, have led to much ill-will and downright hatred between some of the best people of the State. The different papers of the State, too, have joined the fuss and made matters no better, but worse, and it seems to me that it is time it should stop. We of the "STUDENT" staff for our part, here beg leave to pull out now and forever from all such carping and crimination. We've had enough of it and are heartily sick of such among those who should be brothers indeed. If Chapel Hill wishes a comparison, let her seek it with the Universities among which she is numbered. And if Wake Forest desires to measure herself, why let her go to the recognized colleges and not to the Universities. But I see no need of comparisons. To me they are always odious and egotistical. Honest rivalry is certainly honorable and has a tendency for good; but jealousy, harsh words and harsher feelings are neither honorable nor beneficial. Let both catch rats—there's enough and to spare; should Wake Forest prove unable to catch and hold rats, why give them to Chapel Hill, and let her go to catching mice; for the catching must be done by some one. Progress is the watchword, and let us all be loyal subjects, or leaders if you please, to the cause of Right, Education and the general upbuilding of the South and the world. By the above I mean to make no concessions.

G. C. THOMPSON.

IN THE READING ROOM.

The newspaper is one of the most potent factors in our civilization. Were some mighty Napoleon to stop every printing press in the United

States for forty-eight hours, the nation would be paralyzed. We have become a reading people, and the newspaper is almost as essential as our daily food. What a sumptuous feast is to the appetite, a well equipped reading room is to the mind—one feeds the body, the other the intellect.

We pity the man who does not read the newspaper. He does not belong to this enlightened age, but to mediæval times, when life was not worth living. We pity the home where newspapers and magazines are not read; where children grow up—live—die—with no knowledge of the world in which they live and the men who shape its affairs. Their horizon is circumscribed; they become narrow-minded, bigoted, hide-bound.

The best educator in our land today is the family newspaper. It is the harbinger of schools, railroads and other industries. Some wealthy philanthropist could do the State no greater boon than to flood it with good papers and periodicals. There is many a genius in our State whose brain would be set on fire by contact with other geniuses through the medium of the newspaper. The writer is deeply indebted to the *New York Herald*, whose every line he used to read, for an insatiable thirst for knowledge. While working on the brick yards of Illinois it was his only companion and friend, and a friend and helper is it still.

Wake Forest has a first class reading room, as the following list of papers and periodicals will show:

DAILIES.

N. Y. Herald, Atlanta Constitution, News and Courier, News and Observer, Wilmington Star.

SECULAR WEEKLIES.

Richmond Dispatch, Nation, Public Opinion, State Chronicle, Torchlight, Western Sentinel, Wilson Advance, Tobacco Plant, Gold Leaf, Nashville Courier, Lenoir Topic, Scotland Neck Democrat.

RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES.

Examiner, Watchman, Religious Herald, Central Baptist, Independent, Baltimore Baptist, Baptist Courier, Recorder, N. C. Baptist, N. C. Presbyterian, Christian Sun.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLIES.

Harper's, Leslie's, Youth's Companion.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Forum, Century, N. A. Review, Nineteenth Century, Princeton Review, Lippincott, Contemporary Review, Blackwood, Atlantic Monthly, English Illustrated, American Naturalist, Book Buyer, Harper's Monthly, Nature, (weekly), *Polit. Science,* (quarterly), *St. Nicholas, Old Testament Student, Musical Record, Baptist Teacher, Baptist Missionary.*

The readers of the above can be classified almost as easily. The future Governors, Senators, Presidents, eagerly devour everything that has the semblance of politics. The Spurgeons, Beechers, Talmages, of the 20th century, read the religious and semi-religious news. Sportsmen make a specialty of base ball items. They know

the names, members and records of all the clubs far better than they ever knew their lessons. Some of them could not say whether Cleveland had been to Atlanta or not, but they could tell you at once how many "home runs" John Smith, of the "Mets," made at Detroit. *O tempora! O mores!*

Another class cannot properly be called readers—for they never read. They are *artists*. They visit the reading room to see the pictures, and this done, they go away as empty as they came. They even tear up the old files that have been carefully put away—*to look at the pictures!*

The last class, and the meanest of all—mean because they wrong themselves,—are those who never read at all. Friend! be you professor or student, senior or prep, you cannot *afford* to stay away from the reading room. You may be able to think Latin, talk Greek, and whistle Sanscrit, but unless you know something of what is going on in the world, you are a narrow-minded man.

In closing this article, we cannot forbear to add our testimony to the excellence and value of some of our best papers. The *News and Observer* has a warm place in our hearts, not only because it is the first to bring us news, but for the prominence it gives the college. As for the *Wilmington Star*, it is without a peer in the State. Its editorials are the most scholarly and classical that come to our reading room, and the boy who fails to read them misses much that is good. This paper has greatly endeared itself to our boys because of its kindly notice of the *Student* from time to time. Long live T. B. Kingsbury and the *Wilmington Star!* The *Chronicle* deserves to be noticed in this connection for the good it is doing the State. It has a future before it, as has its young editor, Josephus Daniels. Our notice might be extended to many others of perhaps equal merit, but time and space forbid. J. W. LYNCH.

A GLARING MISREPRESENTATION.

In a recent issue of *The Independent*, the author of an article on "Prospect for Mixed Schools in Virginia" represents public sentiment on the race question as being so much modified in that State, and indeed, in the whole South, that in the near future "we shall see a school house on every hillside, 'and the gates thereof shall not be shut at all by day' but shall be opened to all who wish to enter."

How any one who professes to understand public sentiment in the South can so misrepresent it, we can scarcely conceive, unless he has been under the tutorage of that class of Northern fanatics who pretend to know no difference between the races.

The white people of Virginia and of the whole South are as much averse to mixed schools now as they were when the negro was emancipated. The time never was, and never will be when they will acquiesce in such a system. Let Northern writers say what they may, the South will ever protest against such as being not only unnecessary and unwise but also as degrading to the white race and un-

worthy of its high civilization and character.

The advocates of co-education of the races seem to think our objection is a mere matter of prejudice and will soon pass away. Suppose it is a matter of prejudice; history and observation alike attest that mankind cling with undying tenacity to honest prejudices. But this prejudice, if prejudice it may be called, arises from the irrepressible feeling of superiority implanted in the white man by his Maker, strengthened by his observation and judgment.

It seems impossible for some of the Northern people to understand the relation between the races in the South. The Southern people are better able to judge of the effects of a commingling of the two races than the people of the North, where the opportunity to form a correct opinion as to the effects of this admixture is quite limited. But some one has asked: "Why this prejudice?" In reply we would say, it has its origin in the very nature of things. Why is "man" divided into races, tribes and nationalities? Why this peculiar love of race, tribe and nation? Why does the American Indian love his own tribe and is not happy unless he is associated with his own race?

In natural history differences of structure, habit, &c., have led scientists in their manuals of description to divide animals and plants into different groups, which groups in actual life maintain a more or less complete isolation from one another.

Let those who do not see any difference of feeling and association in the white man and in the negro account for these things, and with the same reasoning will we tell them why the white man likes the white man better than the negro and vice versa.

Public sentiment of the Southern white people will never be so depraved as to allow the negroes to patronize their schools. That this law of nature is inviolable, even with the better class of Northern people, was well attested by the recent action of the white people of Ohio, when they openly resisted the laws providing mixed schools for that State. The white man who ignores this great natural law and asserts that it can be violated with impunity, resulting in good to both races, stultifies reason and libels his race.

D. T. WINSTON.

THE YOUNG CLERGY.

We have always felt somewhat diffident in advising any one, and never has it once entered our mind to advise the preachers. The province of advising young ministers is generally accorded to older ministers and to the deacons of the church, and far be it from us to usurp their right. But it is our privilege, as a young layman, to criticise the young ministers, not the old ones, and this we propose to do in a kindly spirit.

The clergy in all countries and in all ages, have exercised preëminent sway over the lives and action of men. The Egyptian priesthood held the key to all learning and progress as did the Brahmins of Hindoostan and the Druids among the ancient Britons. The clergy of the present day exert

an influence not inferior to that exerted in the priest-ridden days of old, but it is, in the main, a wholesome, salutary influence. In certain rural districts in this country and elsewhere, the preacher is looked upon as an infallible, oracular being, incapable of erring. His judgment is implicitly relied upon, not only in gospel, but in philosophy, in science, in art, in literature, and in whatever else he may choose to interpose it. In that district where the local preacher gravely tells the people the Earth is flat as a slapjack and supported at its four corners on the shoulders of four tall archangels, all the philosophers in Christendom could not disabuse their minds of the erroneous impression. And this is as it should be, for if we have any good men in these latter days the preachers are supposed to be such. While the preacher thus exerts a peculiarly active influence on his fellowman, he is at the same time different in no essential respect from other men. He is greater than other men only as his divine calling makes him greater. He is hedged in by no divinity separate from that which hedges in other men's lives. He has the same whims, the same prejudices, and the same weaknesses that characterize other men. He is dependent upon the same means for his mental and moral culture that other men are dependent upon. The same thing is elegant in his style that is elegant in other men's styles, and the same thing is not less a fault in his style because he is a preacher than it is in other men's styles. And this leads us to certain observations which have been rather forcibly impressed on our mind since we have come into personal contact with a great number of young ministers at college.

In the first place, when new students join the societies and come on for duty, an old member is usually able to distinguish the preachers among them by their peculiar drawling, sing song style of speaking. This fault is more especially noticeable in those who have been preaching for some time prior to coming to college. This style of preaching, to say the least of it, is ridiculous, and good commonsense will always condemn it. It is unnatural and every preacher who adopts it must force himself into it. It is sometimes difficult for one outside of the church to tell whether the preacher is singing the "top line" of Old Hundred or preaching on "salvation by grace." This style is found in its purity (?) among the Hard Shells. These brethren frequently indulge in another ridiculous habit popularly known as "milking their ears" during their sermons—a habit which is too generally noted to need description here.

We believe that no greater mistake is made by young ministers at college than their indifference to current literature. While many of our young ministers are among the best informed boys at college, others are woefully ignorant of what is going on in the world around them. During the last presidential campaign a young minister entered the room of the writer and upon observing Cleveland's picture on the wall, enquired of a young man from Yadkin county if Cleveland did not live in his county. On elec-

tion day, another young minister who lived in a remote part of the State, enquired of the writer if the election would also be held in his county on that day. We once heard a young minister in his graduating year boast that he had never read a novel.

Now such indifference to current literature and consequent ignorance in matters of public importance and general interest, are inexcusable in a young man fitting himself for public life in any capacity whatever in the closing years of the glorious nineteenth century.

We have no doubt that if the Apostle Paul lived in North Carolina at the present day he would be a constant and devoted reader of some of our State and National newspapers that some of our young preachers seem to feel themselves too *ecclesiastical* to read.

If every young minister in college would spend only one half hour each afternoon in the reading-room, judiciously reading one or more first class newspapers, and occasionally a magazine, he would leave college at the end of his course, while in no degree a worse preacher, a well-informed man, and in every way, more acceptable to any intelligent community in which his lot may be cast.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

THE crown prince of Germany is said to be suffering from Smoker's cancer. It will be remembered that the late Gen. Grant died from a like affection. The prince's recovery can scarcely be hoped for. Not only Germany, but Europe at large feel a deep solicitude in his condition, as the next in succession is a young man of rash temper and boundless ambition like his illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great.

THE President and Mrs. Cleveland spent three weeks during last month in a tour through several of the Western and Southern States, visiting a number of the principal cities on their route, Atlanta, Ga., being their objective point South. The South accorded to the president and his lovely wife such a welcome as only the South can give. In the early years of the Government the South was peculiarly the home of presidents; now she contents herself with a presidential visit once in twenty years. The president's visit to the Great West and New South has strengthened his hold on the affections of a large number of people in our great Republic.

GERMANY, AUSTRIA and Italy have recently formed a triple alliance, or rather renewed the terms of a tripartite treaty which has existed for some months and which would have expired at an early day. This move is thought by many to have an important bearing on the present state of European affairs.

A general war in Europe is certain to occur sooner or later. France and Germany have maintained a semi-bellicose attitude towards each other for several years and the slightest rupture in their diplomatic relations would precipitate a war in which it is probable that a number of the continental powers would eventually be drawn. In case of war between these two powers, Germany, by the conditions of the existing treaty, might rely on the aid of Italy only in the event of Russia's joining hands with the French.

The Bulgarian question is not yet settled and might almost at any time be made a pretext for war. Russia has long since declared her intention of pushing on to Constantinople, and it may be conjectured that she only awaits her first opportunity. Italy and Austria will use every means in their power to prevent her further approach towards Constantinople.

OF ALL the social and political evils that exist at the present time in our country, perhaps none is so disgraceful and loathsome as Mormonism. It has had a growth within the last quarter-century almost commensurate with the growth of early Christianity. And it still grows despite the efforts of the government to suppress it in its worst features. The church has scores of missionaries in nearly every European country, and it was only a few days since that a cargo of converts numbering about 300 was landed at New York. It is said that there is not in the Mormon church a man worthy the name of scholar, yet the church numbers among its supporters many men of strong native intellects possessing a degree of earnestness amounting to fanaticism.

Mormonism is an eye-sore on our body politic and should be crushed in its more offensive practices by federal legislation before Utah is admitted into the Union as a State. The leaders in the church are striving to bring about the admission of the territory into the Union so as to bring Mormonism, with all the word implies, under the protection of State sovereignty. The population of the territory being largely Mormon, of course the State government would be controlled by them, and thus would the church not only be protected but fostered and nourished.

A DEPUTATION of distinguished English gentlemen, representing the British Society formed to substitute peaceful arbitration instead of the "arbitrament of arms" in all international troubles, recently arrived in this country and waited upon President Cleveland and other authorities at Washington. In behalf of the deputation, Rt. Hon. Lyon Playfair presented to the President a Peace Memorial signed by about one-third of the members of the British House of

Commons besides many other persons. The President expressed himself highly pleased with their mission and promised to give the matter his careful consideration. The idea, we doubt not, will receive the sanction of all peace-loving Americans.

A COMMISSION on the part of the United States, Great Britain and the Canadian Dominion will soon meet for the consideration of the Fishery troubles between the United States and the Dominion government. Mr. Chamberlain, one of the most distinguished members of the British House of Commons, is one of the commissioners.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

COLUMBIA has been refused permission to participate in the Yale-Harvard boat race.

EVERY candidate for the Yale team is required to practise batting for ten minutes every day.

RICHMOND COLLEGE has a new Museum and Art Hall, erected in memory of James Thomas.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE has an endowment fund of $115,000.

IT IS said that one tenth of Yale graduates become ministers of the gospel.

THE University of Virginia enrolled 301 students last term, of whom 14 were from North Carolina.

THERE are now in New England 191,000 people who can neither read nor write. In the State of Pennsylvania there are 222,000 and in the State of New York 241,000 who can neither read nor write.—*Ex.*

IN THE United States every two hundredth man takes a collegiate course, in England every five hundredth, in Scotland every six hundredth and in Germany every two hundred and thirteenth.

WITHIN the last five months Harvard has received gifts amounting to $3,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE public schools of Richmond have 1,392 more pupils this year than last. The enrollment now is 9,656 pupils.

THE members of the Chicago and Western Vassar Alumnæ Association are to be congratulated on their success in endowing a scholarship for the education of Western girls. They have also given largely for the endowment of the observatory and gymnasium.

A PERFECT recitation is called "teat" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at

Williams, and "cold rush" at Amherst. A failure receives the title of "slump" at Harvard, "stump" at Princeton, "smash" at Wesleyan, and "flunk" at Amherst.—*Ex.*

BROWN UNIVERSITY, the oldest of Baptist colleges, opened a new year of labor with highly encouraging prospects. A larger number are taking post graduate courses than usual.

THE University of Virginia opened with a largely increased number of students. The increase in the Medical department over last year is forty per cent., making the number the largest since 1867.

THE ninety-third annual meeting of the Rhode Island Baptist Education Society was held at Providence on October 3d. It supports thirteen beneficiaries, who are preparing for the ministry.

A SCHOOL TEACHER in one of the interior districts of Kentucky says one of his pupils was taken from school because he was taught that the world is round—his father thought he would drift into infidelity by being taught such nonsense.

THE friends of higher education should be greatly encouraged, when wealthy men are contributing so liberally to the interest of higher learning. The University of Rochester, in this connection, has especial reason for gratitude. Mr. Don Alonz Watson, of Rochester, has recently given $50,000 to the permanent University fund.

THE friends of Richmond college, too, are now rejoicing at Mr. Bostwick's recent gift of $50,000 to its endowment fund. His gifts to that college aggregate $77,000.

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE, the pride of the Virginia Methodists, has 144 students, and is reported as doing excellent work.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is reported as now having the largest Freshman class that has ever entered any American University at any time; it numbers more than four hundred students. Numerous accessions have been made to all classes, thus making the whole number of new students more than five hundred.

A RECENT compilation of official reports shows that the number of public schools in the South has increased 21,583 since 1880. This is encouraging and shows the strides the New South is making towards educating its citizens.

WOMEN have the same privileges in the University of Michigan as men have and they avail themselves of them to the same extent. There, no discriminations are made on account of sex. Women study literature, languages, science, pharmacy, dentistry, medicine and law. They take the degrees of A. B., B. S., B. G., M. D., Ph. D., LL. B., D. D. S., etc. They study for advanced degrees, and get them. They earn equal honors with men. In some medical courses they have separate instruction and demonstrations.

STEPHEN GIRARD gave the bulk of his $7,000,000 estate to Girard College. Johns Hopkins gave $3,000,000

to found the great school that bears his name. Leland Stanford gave $10,000,000 for a similar purpose. Ezra Cornell gave $2,500,000 to Cornell University. Asa Packer gave $3,000,000 to Lehigh University. J. C. Green gave $1,500,000 to Princeton College. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $1,000,000 to Vanderbilt University. E. Price Greenleaf, of Boston, gave Harvard $500,000. Jonas Clark, of Worcester, gave $2,000,000 to found a University in that city. W. C. DePauw gave $1,250,000 to a school in Greencastle, Indiana.—*Christian Standard.*

OUT OF 1,000 Indian children of school age in Michigan, only 160 are reported in the Government schools, of which there are now eight in operation. Mark W. Stephens, the State Indian agent, in dealing with industrial education, says: "I believe if an industrial school were to be established in one agency from 300 to 500 Indian children would attend, and, unless some such method is adopted, the future education of Indians in Michigan, outside of those in reservations, in my opinion, is very uncertain."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

=198!

=Soph caps!

=Junior beavers!

=Little hat, little wit,
Big hat, not a bit.

=Prof. Wilson has been here teaching the boys to sing.

=Here are the marshals for anniversary: Eu. Society, H. M. Shaw, H. A. Foushee, R. W. Watson; Phi. Society, W. C. Dowd, G. T. Watkins, C. J. Thompson.

=The summer is past, vacation is over and gone, the time for orations has come, and the voice of the senior is heard in the land.

=Since our last issue Prof. E. H. Hilliard, J. E. Vann, J. D. Boushall and W. W. Kitchin have been on the Hill. They wore broad smiles on their faces and carried the lawyer's "sheepskin" in their pockets. The STUDENT wishes them much success.

=We have some good *riders* in college, but Prof. Manly is the champion walker. He recently accomplished the feat of walking from Raleigh on Sunday. Strapped, eh? Since writing the above we have learned that it is only sixteen miles to Raleigh when the Professor is going, but twice that far when he is coming away. Will the Professor of Mathematics please explain and forward solution to this office?

=Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, D. D., of Rome, Italy, was here last month, visiting his brother, Dr. C. E. Taylor. On Friday night he lectured on "Rays from Rome" in the big chapel to a large and appreciative audience. Dr. Taylor has been a missionary at Rome for a number of years, and is well acquainted with that historical city and its interesting people. The lecture was beautifully written, admirably read, and greatly enjoyed, as it contained much we do not get from books and was interspersed with racy anecdotes and rich veins of humor. On Sunday he preached an appropriate sermon on "Influence."

=Since our last issue Business Manager Kesler resigned, and J. J. Farriss was elected to succeed him.

=We clip the following from the *News and Observer:* "Wake Forest College has 193 students, not including one girl, who equals seven boys, making just two hundred even. The new laboratory is nearing completion, and when finished will be one of the best constructed and handsomest buildings in the State."

=Our remarks on compulsory attendance at religious exercises have excited considerable comment by the alumni and friends of the college. We should like to publish a symposium on the subject, and so offer our columns to Faculty, alumni, old students, new students, and friends who may have any thing to say for or against.

=Dr. Taylor went to New York last month, in the interest of the college, we presume, and also to be present at the departure of his brother, Dr. Geo. B. Taylor, for Italy.

=We omitted to announce in our last issue the discovery of a mineral spring about one mile and a half southeast of the college. Its waters are thought to contain medicinal properties, containing a good per cent. of iron and sulphur. It is a favorite resort for the students and citizens.

=At the October meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society, F. B. Hendren was elected President; C. G. Wells, Vice-President; W. C. Dowd, Secretary; C. J. Thompson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. V. Purefoy, Treasurer.

=Misses Lizzie Savage and Bettie Maize have recently come among us, the former visiting Mrs. R. T. Vann, the latter teaching school not far from the village.

=Mr. A. C. Livermon, now of Baltimore Dental College, also paid us (?) a visit last month for a few days. Craige will soon be qualified to inflict indescribable tortures upon the human family.

=This journal, ever alive to the business as well as the educational interests of Wake Forest, notes with pleasure the new millinery establishment over the store of Wingate & Co. Miss Emma Martin is in charge of the establishment. If the firm will keep on hand a supply of ties, collars, cuffs, &c., we will insure a profitable trade. No charge for this advertisement or suggestion.

=At the conclusion of Dr. Taylor's

lecture, the president announced lectures to be delivered in the immediate future by Revs. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro, and Thomas Dixon, Jr., of Raleigh. Both of these gentlemen are gifted speakers and we anticipate something good.

=The following is a little girl's composition handed us by a teacher on the Hill: "A squirrel is good to eat And a squirrel has a bushy tail Write ful of hair and head and ears. and eyes and noes and mouth and feet, and they can run up trees and cum down tress and they are write full of hair."

=We regret to call attention to the rude and ungentlemanly behaviour of some of our students. It is next to impossible for a lady to pass through the campus, by the college, or along certain streets, without being greeted with such cries as, "heads out," "angels in the campus!" and other words of like kind. Gentlemen, if it be not a misuse of the word, let's have an end of this. How would you like for *your* sister to be insulted in this manner? If there's any man in you, you'd knock down the first man who attempted it. Even a gentleman does not like to be treated in this way; how then must a timid, refined, modest lady feel?

=Some of the new students stand high in college. One is an inch and a half taller than W. J. Wingate. We've never seen a taller of *Adams* race.

=On Tuesday, October 18th, Dr. J. R. Duggan, Professor of Chemistry, was married to Miss Jane Pritchard, niece of President C. E. Taylor, Prof. Taylor officiating. Profs. Coale, Univ. Md., and Bell, Johns Hopkins, were among the attendants. The happy couple immediately left for a few days' stay at Old Point, Va. "Still there's more to follow."

=The Faculty have offered to light the dormitory building, provided the students will extinguish the lamps. The two societies have accepted this proposition, and hereafter the passages will be lighted until eleven o'clock at night.

This proposition of the Faculty reminds us of an incident that happened a few years ago, which, for aught we know, suggested this plan. As we are in want of items and have no alumni editor to clip, change and throw out, we will tell the story.

When the good news came that Cleveland was elected, the boys determined to give vent to their feelings by painting the town red. They formed a procession, hoisted a sheet for a flag, and serenaded the town. This done, the procession started through the dormitory building. Now the Faculty were in session—actually at work on this night, when twenty millions of people were shouting themselves hoarse and twenty millions more were too sick to live,—and when one of the boys accidentally (?) knocked against their door, they poured out like bees. The standard bearer dropped his flag and took to his heels, followed by all the rest. Here they went, up-stairs and down stairs, the Faculty in hot pursuit. One of the professors stationed himself in the north end of the building and patient-

ly awaited the retreating host; whereupon one of the advanced guards thinking him to be one of the students, gave a tremendous yell, leaped into the air, came down across the supposed student's neck and bore him to the floor. Imagine the fellow's horror when he recognized the familiar features of Professor C.!

J. W. LYNCH.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

[Reported by E. C. Robertson.]

The class of '88 made their *debut* before the public on the gloomy evening of Friday, the 27th of October. An appreciative audience crowded the college chapel to its utmost capacity, while the inauspicious skies kept many from attending the first social entertainment of the session. After a few pleasing words of welcome by President Taylor, the following programme was announced. Ten gentlemen of the Senior class submitted Theses, namely:

Mr. T. C. Buchanan, Wake Forest, N. C. Subject—*Moral Heroism—Practical.*

Mr. W. L. Carmichael, Franklin county, N. C. Subject—*The Political Demagogue.*

Mr. F. B. Hendren, Wilkesboro, N. C. Subject—*The Negro—His Present Condition and Future Prospects.*

Mr. T. E. Holding, Wake Forest, N. C. Subject—*The Basis of all High Character—A True Heart.*

Mr. A. T. Howell, Gates county, N. C. Subject—*Our Day.*

Mr. C. Kitchin, Scotland Neck, N. C. Subject—*Who Shall Wear the Breeches?*

Mr. J. W. Lynch, Leaksville, N. C. Subject—*Introduction of the Negro.*

Mr. J. R. Pendergrass, Old Fort, N. C. Subject—*Intemperance.*

Mr. W. J. Ward, Bladen county, N. C. Subject—*Integrity—The Basis of American Liberty.*

Mr. S. S. Woody, Wilmington, N. C. Subject—*Forgotten Worthies.*

The remaining six delivered orations in the following order:

Mr. J. N. Booth, New Hill, N. C. Subject—*Christianity—Woman's Emancipator.* Woman has been freed by the gospel. To appreciate the benefits of christianity to woman and to better understand the value of her position in this and in all christian countries we need only to consider her condition in other nations, both in ancient and modern times. Among savages her condition is one of abject slavery; among semi-barbarous nations, little or no better is she. In ancient Greece she was not the chooser of her husband, but could be turned over at will by her husband to a friend. In Rome she could not testify in court, and had no voice in marriage, the husband having absolute control of the wife. In Asia she has likewise been oppressed. Even among the Jews she was held in low esteem. And the same must be said of all but christian countries. How different is her condition in our own sunny South! Here her rights are respected and her worth recognized. Here she is the companion of her husband, not his slave. All the enjoyments of home are hers. Here she is a child petted

and indulged; a sister loved and defended: a wife cared for and supported; a mother honored and protected.

The next gentleman was Mr. R. B. Linebery, Chatham county, N. C. His theme was "No." The little word *no* means much. The ladies are much skilled in its use and have nicknamed it "kicking." History teaches us many important lessons about the use and abuse of no. Noah said no to the urgent requests of his wicked neighbors to cease building the ark. Abraham obeyed the voice of God which demanded a firm no to his own inclinations. John Bunyan would not deny his Master. Robert Fulton said no to his anxious friends. Henry Clay rendered his name immortal by a single sentence beginning with no. Robert E. Lee would rather suffer defeat as a Confederate than be a U. S. General. Many have suffered because they had not sufficient courage to say *no*. Eve could not say no to the tempter, neither could Adam refrain when handed the apple. Alexander the Great died a drunkard in consequence of not saying no to his appetite for drink. Napoleon Bonaparte could not say no to his ambition and Waterloo and St. Helena tell the sequel. We need Presidents, Governors, lawyers, teachers, who can say *no* and dare maintain it.

Mr. G. C. Thompson, Apex, N. C., selected as his subject—*My Reason*. My reasons why I am what I am: why I am *a Southern Boy*. It is not pomp, wealth, progress, pageantry, but something above and beyond these, namely: *Worth*. This means not only doing great things, but doing noble things nobly. All worth may be traced to the spring of action, the mind. I love the Southern mind, the Southern heart. The late war gave to the world men who could not have sprung from any other time or place. We admire their worth and love their true hearts—men of principle and convictions. Give me knowledge, but with it give me right knowledge, loving-knowledge, heart-knowledge. The most typical lines of the Southern idea and character are these:

> "Howe'er it be it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

If these lines be true, then we are not surpassed by the world in greatness. I am proud to be a Southern boy—even if I saw her now crushed. But such is not the case, nor can be. You can't kill goodness, you can't kill worth, you can't kill hearts—hearts full of love which smoothes all the rugged steeps of life and death. Must we not therefore be a nation of heroes?

The fourth speaker of the evening was Mr. D. T. Winston, Granville, N. C. His subject was *Public Spirit*.

No man can live to himself. An intelligent love of home must include a love of the neighborhood, the schools, the churches, the State, and the nation. This love of self, home and country, is the true Public Spirit found in all ages. You may date the downfall of any nation from the decline of Public Spirit in that nation. It makes better citizens of men. I pity the man who heeds no call of private charity: sends the starving away

hungry—the naked away shivering—the homeless away destitute—and the contribution box away empty. Shame be upon the man who aids not his neighbors in overthrowing the strongholds of vice and ignorance, who at the same time enjoys the benefits of public institutions with an ungrateful heart. I hold in contempt the man who sends not his children to school, never attends church, darkens the door of no hall, works no roads, pays no taxes, and entirely disregards all rights of others. The ballot is a privilege equal to those kings enjoy. A lack of public spirit abuses this privilege. We owe the establishment of Wake Forest College and other similar institutions to public spirited men. Give us more Public Spirit!

Mr. F. T. Wooten, Wilmington, N. C., spoke on the affirmative of the question—*Ought Immigration to be Restricted?*

For many years Congress discussed the matter of Chinese immigration for the purpose of presenting it before the people in its true light. Finally the Chinaman was prohibited from coming among us because he was not in sympathy with our government, our religion, or anything that is American. We are threatened by the heterogeneous mass of worthless vagabonds who are so constantly being emptied upon our shores from every nationality with strange characters, customs, habits and religion. Ought we to let people come among us who are utterly devoid of all that is pure and commendable? I claim that no country is under obligation, however humane its purpose in doing so may be, to foster an institution which is not only not beneficial to its people, but an actual curse. A man must be a faithful, law-abiding citizen to be useful to his country. The majority of foreign immigrants are not useful citizens, rather the outcasts of society. At the North these worthless creatures are seen in their worst condition. They are fast coming South. For the sake of our country, our homes, our mothers, our God and our religion, let America be more careful in receiving immigrants!

The last speaker was Mr. W. L. Kesler, Statesville, N. C., whose theme was—*Reverence the Past.*

One has but to recite the wondrous adventures of science and the arts, and the rabble runs wild in extolling our times over the past. There is much said about new science, "new theology," and advanced thoughts so broad and liberal and new. It may not be necessary, but it would certainly be interesting to take the other side of the question. Where the forest once stood, now stands the city full of rush and restlessness. This cramming and packing into cities is one of the marks of this progressive century. Says one, "The city is the nerve center of our civilization. It is also the storm center." The inventions and progress of our age may carry blessings and curses with them. Young people are not wanting who think lightly of their grandfathers, grandmothers, and make fun of their notions and manners. The past and present can well stand and laugh at each other. We are too apt to ignore the education and wisdom of our

ancestors. It is the tendency of this age to be restive under restraint and not to respect superiors. We are heirs of all the glory of the past. A great present then is the child of a great past.

The exercises were interspersed with fine instrumental music rendered by the "Hill band" and assisted by Prof. Gruber and son, of Raleigh. The young gentlemen of the band deserve a vote of thanks from all present for their efficient service.

The social gathering in the halls of the library building were well filled with gallant lads and bonny lasses and merry married folks. The charming young ladies of the village were there with their smiles and sweets, delighting and decoying all around them. The fair faces and fashionable forms of many damsels from a distance were there, winning hearts and watching Sophomore caps and Junior beavers. The dignified Seniors, in honor of whom the entertainment was given, were there conversing on matters profound, and often stood puzzled at a "Prep" stealing his girl and making other engagements. We can score one more day of delight on memory's pleasant scroll, and say with all present that it was indeed an enjoyable occasion.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

—SHAKESPEARE.—It seemed (did it not?) for a time that we were about to lose our long idolized dramatist and poet, or rather to find out that he never existed, and have substituted in his stead the great philosopher, Bacon—Bacon who until of late never had ascribed to him a single couplet. We are glad, however, to know that 'tis not in the power of one fool, nor of two, to convince sensible men that he who wrote the *Novum Organum*, was no other than he who penned the magic lines of Hamlet, and that the servile and not over-scrupulous courtier of kings was the same about whom Johnson said, "He was indeed *honest* and of an open and free nature;" and whom Spencer characterized as,

"* * * the man whom Nature's self had made
To mock herself and Truth to imitate."

We are glad, I say, to know that not all men are so silly as to give credence to the splutter of a blatherskite who forsooth cannot rise by his own efforts, but must needs conjure up some fancy tale about the grandest poet of any age—I say fancy tale, for to me the idea that Bacon wrote the Shakesperean dramas is fancy, and fancy only—yea, the distorted fancy of one more incongruous than even Baron Munchausen in his meaningless gab.

—The October number of *Harper's Magazine* discusses the extensive popularity among us of the English novel, as compared with the American; though the American be of the highest, and the English of a second class type. It claims as the most obvious reason, the intellectual effort required to appreciate what is new. America is comparatively a new country, and fiction produced in it and pertaining to it likewise smacks of the new; and the multitude are not prepared, or are not willing to put forth the necessary labor to enjoy it. Another reason is that the people of America see in the American novel their own immediate ancestors—men like themselves, and that is exactly what suits them not. They must have the conventional, the stately, the grand. The scenes must be those through which the Thames or the sweet Avon wind their courses, with old castles and keeps frowning in silent majesty from their banks. For them there must be the remote, the romantic: and nothing seems true literature save what comes from the pens of men who have dwelt in ivy-grown mansions surrounded by spacious parks. We come by it honestly, though, if we can't yet appreciate our own literature as we should. It takes age to give to anything its brighest charms. We are all to a certain extent citizens of the Past, and what one age gives to the world of greatness must necessarily wait till another for its just reward.

THACKERAY.—"A collection of Letters of Thackeray", is now in print, published by Charles Scribner & Sons. In the *Baptist Quarterly* occurs the following criticism: "The remark has often been made, if we mistake not, that letter writing has become a lost art in the nineteenth century. Whoever said that, had not read Thackeray's letters. * * * They are unpremeditated art: they are the outpourings of his soul to an intimate and congenial friend, to whom he could venture * * to show his mind in undress without danger of misunderstanding or ridicule. * * * Very few men could bear such a revelation and not lose something of our respect. * * * Many have drawn the impression from Thackeray's writings that he was a simple man of the world, who took the worst view of human nature, and had faith neither in man's truth nor woman's purity. It is true that he described men and women as he found them. He refused to draw the one as heroes and the other as angels. It is true that he attacked vice with the rapier of satire * *; but shall we therefore condemn him as an unbeliever in goodness? We cannot credit that any man has failed to be made a truer gentleman after he has formed the acquaintance of Col. Newcomb. * * * The burden of Thackeray's novels is that there is a power which makes for righteousness and against wickedness. Still one would never infer from them that he was a man of deep religious feeling. These letters reveal a new side of his nature which possibly he concealed from the world not so much from fear of ridicule as from dread that he might be suspected of cant and hypocrisy. Perhaps in this connection it will not

be uninteresting to see how Thackeray stands among us in general as a novelist and a man, after he has been sleeping for a quarter of a century. The world's estimate of authors is so diversified and changing, that 'tis well to review now and then what is being said about them, and to keep separate the gold and the dross. Every one now I believe is ready to pronounce Thackeray a great novelist—great because he sticks to nature. But why should I attempt to say what I could never express half so well as Andrew Lang whose universally accepted criticism is before me. Let's hear him, for he speaks well among men. "You (Thackeray) above all others, were and remain without a rival in your many-sided excellence. * * In what other novelist since Scott was worn down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor and died for honor's sake, has the world found so many of the fairest gifts combined? Who that was less than a poet ever saw life with a glance so keen as yours, so stately and so sane? Your pathos was never cheap, your laughter never forced, your sigh was never the pulpit trick of the preacher. Behind each the human heart was beating. * * * There are some honorable women and a few men who call you a cynic; who speak of 'the withered world of Thackerayan satire.' The quarrel of these sentimentalists is really with life and not with you; they might as easily blame Monsieur Buffon because there are snakes in his Natural History. * * * 'Tis Heaven, not you that made them so, and they (your men and women) are easily pardoned, both for being a very little lower than the angels, and for their gentle ambition to be painted with wings and harps and haloes. * * * * And when you speak for yourself and speak in earnest, how magical, how rare, how lonely in our literature is the beauty of your sentences!—you must survive with Cervantes and Shakespeare in the memory and affections of men."

—"Etowah: A Romance of The Confederacy," is a novel of recent composition by Francis Fontaine, the advance sheets of which are before us. The intent of this novel is to give a correct representation of Southern life during slavery—the manners, customs and characteristic features of "both white and black, both slave and free;" together with a true account of the late war "with malice to none and charity to all." Judging from what we have seen of it, we should say that the author has come pretty near his mark. Works like this are needing to the world; for too long already has Uncle Tom's Cabin been wept over by sensible men and the South been misunderstood and cursed by brothers as well as by aliens. We haven't space to review fully the work; but we think it can be safely asserted that there is no sentimentality in it, but good sound sense without pedantry. The chapter headed "Old Zeke" is a model one,—in fact it is about the best portrayal of the negro character I have ever seen. 'Tis as true as life. You feel as though you saw the old man as he was hoeing in the garden and silently smacking his lips over the nice fat pig which he had

stolen from his master and concealed in the kitchen loft. It is to be hoped that this book may have a wide sale both for its literary charm, as well as for the good work the author proposes by it of giving half the proceeds resulting therefrom to the building of a Veteran's Home in Atlanta.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A NORTH CAROLINA DIAMOND.—Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert of Tiffany & Co., gives in *Science* the following account of it: A diamond weighing 4⅓ carats and 873 milligrams was found on the Alfred Bright farm in Dysartville, McDowell county, N. C., in the summer of 1886, by twelve year old Willie Christie, the son of Grayson Christie, who was sitting on a box at a spring, and saw about two feet from him what he termed 'a pretty trick.' He picked it up and carried it home, where it lay on the shelf two weeks before he gave it another thought. It was then taken to the village grocer's, John Laughridge's, where various opinions were passed upon it, until at last the conclusion that it was a diamond was reached. It was then sent to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., for valuation. It is quite perfect, but not pure white, having a faint grayish-yellow tint. In form it is a distorted hexoctahedron with partial twinning. Its specific gravity is 3.-549+, and it measures 10 millimetres in length and 7 millimetres in width. The stone being more than an average find, the writer thought it would be of interest to visit the locality, and while there in June, 1887, he fully authenticated all the facts of the finding. * * * No trace of garnet, peridotite, or any of the associations of the diamond were found near the spot. * * This diamond must therefore have been transported in decomposing soil from distant high ground in the vicinity during a heavy freshet. Its value as a gem, not counting any value its American origin may attach to it, would be from about $100 to $150.

W. L. POTEAT.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { FRANK B. HENDREN, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

—A Tennessee Ex-Judge, Rev. Henry B. Folk, will preach in the First Baptist church to-night. This honorable gentleman was born in Bertie county, N. C., graduated at Wake Forest in 1849 in the class with Dr. Wingate, read law and removed to Brownsville, Tenn., where for the past fifteen years he has been the attorney for the Louisville & Nashville R. R. He has recently been ordained to the work of the ministry, and by invitation filled the pulpit of the Jonesboro Baptist church last Sunday. He expresses a desire to return to North Carolina, and it is quite probable he will be called to the pastoral care of the Goldsboro church.—*Wilmington Star.*

—'80. Mr. W. H. Ragsdale's school for boys and girls, at County Line Academy, opened the present session with flattering prospects. Mr. Ragsdale is a born teacher.

—'80. Mr. C. J. Hunter we learn is located at Atlanta, Ga., where he is succeeding splendidly in the insurance business.

—'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon has recently received two calls—one from a Boston church with a salary of $5,000, and the other from a Philadelphia church with the same salary.

—'83. Rev. C. G. Jones, of Martinville, Va., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Second Baptist church of Lynchburg, Va.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick, of Concord, N. C., recently married a young lady in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky.

—'84. Rev. D. M. Austin, Superintendent of Education for Union county, has been unanimously recalled to the pastorate of Monroe Baptist church.

—'85. We learn that Mr. J. R. Hunter has a very flourishing school at Rutherfordton, N. C.

—'86. Mr. J. Stewart successfully passed his examination before the Supreme Court last month, and obtained license to practice law. We predict for him much success.

—'87. Rev. L. R. Pruett is pastor at Harrellsville, N. C. He also has charge of two or three country churches.

—'87. Mr. D. O. McCullers has connected himself with the firm of Messrs. Burwanger Bros., Raleigh, N. C., where he proposes to learn the mercantile business.

—'87. Mr. H. E. Coppel is teaching at Rock Rest Academy, Monroe county.

—'87. Mr. D. A. Pittard has charge of a flourishing school in Person county. We learn that he is doing well.

—'87. Mr. E. F. Tatum is at the Seminary at Louisville.

—'87. Messrs. J. M. Brinson and E. J. Justice, we learn, are reading law.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson is pastor of the Baptist church at Carthage and at Jonesboro. He has recently moved into the new parsonage at Jonesboro.

—Mr. J. F. Spainhour, a former student of this institution, received license last month for the practice of law, and has located in Boon, N. C. Mr. Spainhour is also one of the leading educators in the Western part of the State.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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RANDOLPH ABBOTT SHOTWELL.

Two years ago America's great military chieftain lay dying. The whole country was in suspense. Prayers that his life might be spared were offered up daily from all sections of the Union, even from the South—that section which had been the especial object of his hatred while President, whose laws he had overridden, whose citizens he had imprisoned, and whose governors he had deposed by the strong arm of might. But to no purpose. Grant's days were numbered, and ere long the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken. Then came such an avalanche of praise as never was known before at the death of one man. Men who had hated and defamed the living Grant hastened to seek popularity by masquerading as his bosom friends and lauding his memory to the skies. 'Tis indeed right and noble that:

> "The good which men do lives after them,
> While the evil is interred with their bones;"

but never should the dead be praised by the disparagement of the living. But there was, apart from this sycophantic throng, one who dared to differ from their decision and express an opposite opinion of Grant's merits. For this he has been censured, as if this were not a free country; for this he received only blame during his lifetime; but posterity will surely reward him for so boldly stemming the tide of popular opinion in behalf of truth.

But what is his name? Let us take a brief glance at his life and character.

Randolph Abbott Shotwell was born in West Liberty, Va., Dec. 13th, 1848. His father was a native of the

Old Dominion while his mother was reared among the bleak hills of Massachusetts. Thus in his veins were united the warm blood of the Southern cavalier and the cold, calculating conservatism of the Puritans. Reared in a religious home by devout parents, his character was early cast in the ways of honesty and rectitude. Sent to Media College, Pennsylvania, in early youth, he was still there when the storming of Fort Sumter heralded the beginning of the war between the States. Though his schoolmates and friends sympathized with the Union, yet his young heart espoused the cause of his native State. With only two dollars in his pocket, he started South. Stealing a boat from Union pickets, he crossed the Potomac, but was discovered, his boat shot to pieces, while he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Still undaunted, he continued his journey till he reached the Confederate lines. Here his courage and intrepid daring gained for him a most enviable reputation, and he was appointed to lead the sharpshooters "into the jaws of death" upon the deadly heights of Gettysburg; and with so much bravery did he do it, that President Davis tendered him a special commission "for valor and skill." Such was the conduct of this gallant young officer during seventeen pitched battles—up to the time he was captured. Not then was he subdued, for he escaped and was making his way back to Lee's headquarters when recaptured. Many were the heroic men who fought on both sides; but few, very few, were more willing to follow that beautiful maxim of Horace: "*Dulce et decorum est mori pro patria.*"

But it is not as a soldier that Captain Shotwell will be longest remembered, however distinguished that career was; but it is in the "so-called piping times of peace"—when red-handed Republicanism ran riot in the land and tyranny usurped the prerogatives of right—that we see him standing in all his honesty and purity, nobly contending for the rights of our people.

Up to the time he left Fort Delaware prison he had not set foot on North Carolina soil, where he was destined to do his life's work. In 1866 he established the Newbern *Journal of Commerce*, and then moved to Rutherfordton where he published the *Vindicator*, and thence to Asheville where he decided to study law, and again returned to Rutherfordton. Here came the trials that shortened his life and ruined his prospects. It was said that he belonged to the Invisible Empire—he never denied it, and for it he was made to suffer. But what did this signify? In these days when Ku Klux is supposed by many to be a synonym for cruel and ghastly crimes, it may be of interest to take a brief glance at the origin and work of the Klan.

After the war many hitherto wealthy men found themselves without occupation or property, and no capital to start new industries. A group of such young men were seated in a prominent lawyer's office at Pulaski, Ga., in the fall of 1866 discussing the general dearth of amusement, when some one proposed that they organize a club

and have some fun. The suggestion was received with delight. The club was organized at once, and one committee appointed to select a name, and another a constitution. At the next meeting the committee on name reported as their choice "Kukloi," when some one suggested Ku Klux, which was lengthened to Ku Klux Klan, which in itself has no meaning whatever. The organization was completed by the adoption of by-laws and a constitution.

Thus was the Klan organized, not to terrify and murder innocent men, but simply for the amusement of these young men. The fact that their meetings were secret and they dressed in peculiar disguises, excited much curiosity among the town people, and great was the desire of the uninitiated to join. As soon as the eligible young men of Pulaski were admitted, those from the country began to come in, and on their return carried permission to establish "dens" of their own. They in turn would give permission to members to form other "dens," and in this way the order spread rapidly. In some old moss-covered house or a secluded spot in the woods at the dead hours of the night their meetings were held. Add to this the fact that nothing was known by outsiders of their purpose or proceedings, and we can account for the terror they inspired in the negroes and ignorant whites, and even the intelligent could but poorly resist this vague and mysterious fear.

Suddenly the Klan found that the greatest power over the unruly was now in their hands. The South was utterly demoralized, judicially as well as financially. Though the better class of her citizens had accepted the result in good faith, yet there was one class, the scum—some of whom come to the top in every revolution—who, taking advantage of the laxity of the laws, were robbing, pillaging, and stirring up enmity between the races.

The second source of discord was the negroes themselves. As a recent writer expresses it: "They were not only not fitted for the cares of self-control, so suddenly thrust upon them, but they entered their new role in life under the delusion that freedom meant license. They regarded themselves as *freed* men, not only from bondage to former masters, but from the common and ordinary obligations of citizenship." But the main thing that called the Klan into politics was the existence of the Union League, a secret society for the protection and political advancement of "carpet-baggers" and negroes. "It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, led by white men of the basest and meanest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally 'breathed out threatenings and slaughter.' They uttered the most violent threats against the persons, families, and property of men whose sole crime was that they had belonged to the Confederate army, and in not a few instances their threats were executed."*

The Klan had as its fundamental principle: The protection of the weak

*Rev. D. L. Wilson in *The Century*, July, 1884.

and defenceless from the wrongs of the lawless, to succor widows and orphans, and aid in the execution of laws. To this organization Shotwell belonged, and who can blame him? Who can wonder that his noble, unselfish soul should grow sick with the cries of the weak and defenceless oppressed by brutal ruffians, and should attempt to relieve their sufferings at a time when the law was powerless to protect them? Some may wish to veil this part of his life, but to me it seems one of its brightest spots.

But the Klan fell upon evil days. Bad men got into it. A crime was committed by professed members of the order. Shotwell was absent and knew nothing about it, but his enemies determined to make him an example. Others were leaving the country, and his friends urged him to do the same. "No," said he, "I have done nothing to fly from, and I shall remain and defend my course, even if with my life." Their worst fears proved true. He was arrested without a sign of warrant and thrust into a cage (7 x 10 feet) with three negro felons and three white murderers. Here he was confined for two months in the very hottest part of the year, and suffered innumerable indignities. His jailor, not content with denying him the delicacies his friends sent, even refused enough water to quench his burning thirst. An opportunity for escape was offered, but he would not avail himself of it. But these trials were small compared with what followed. On the second day of September, 1870, when nature was just beginning to put on the russet and golden colors of Autumn, and the birds were warbling their sweetest songs—the very day on which, eighteen hundred years before, the Savior was born and the angels had proclaimed peace and good will to mankind—there was no rest for him. He was taken from the jail, and in spite of the tears of his white-haired father and the pleadings of the whole town, was handcuffed and chained with six others, and then marched over the rough, rocky, mountain road to Marion, thirty miles distant, while behind came a rough, howling, hooting mob of whites and negroes with instructions "to shoot and kill the prisoners" if overtaken by a rescuing party.

Thence he was taken to Raleigh, tried, and convicted, Judge Bond presiding. It mattered not that the ablest lawyers in the State appeared in his behalf, neither asking nor accepting pay, nor that the voice of the whole State went up as from one throat demanding his acquittal; the verdict had been predetermined, and he was sentenced to imprisonment at Albany for six years and to pay a fine of five thousand dollars. Here he suffered insults without number. For two long years he was compelled to march to and from his work with his hands upon the shoulders of a big black negro. When ill he was forced to drink acid from a tin cup which had been cankered by its presence—the drinking of which caused every tooth in his head to decay. And when at night the winter winds whistled around the cell of his northern prison, they al-

most seemed to be sighing his funeral dirge; for so poorly cl d was he that he had to wear his working clothes to keep from freezing. All this and more he suffered silently and without repining, because he would not turn traitor. Time and again he was offered his freedom if only he would betray the Klan; but his noble spirit recoiled from anything so base. Was there ever seen greater devotion to principle? When the soldier faces death on the battle-field, he is surrounded by comrades and inspired by a recklessness begotten by the surroundings, while he knows that his name will be honored though he himself should fall. But Shotwell, far from home and friends, had to bear his sufferings alone as best he could. Search the pages of history and find, if you can, a more quiet daring under adverse circumstances, and a greater devotion to Right.

Finally he was released with an unconditional pardon. But a cloud had come over his life, and he came from prison broken in health and embittered in spirit. Back to Rutherfordton he went, right where he had been arrested. Again he took up the pen, and devoted himself to the upbuilding of his adopted State. In 1876 the Democrats of Mecklenburg elected him to the Legislature, reversing a Republican majority of three hundred. Thus did the people vindicate his good name. But his sphere was not in legislative halls, and after this session he returned to the desk. Here he soon won the rank of a leading journalist in the State. But his prosperity was of short duration. Just as he was beginning to see some results from his labors, Death claimed him as his own, and he was ushered from the land of the living. The whole State was affected by his death as it seldom is by that of one man. The entire people sought to do him honor, and he was buried with the ceremony becoming a man of his character. His body lies buried in the Raleigh cemetery, marked by no monument. And, indeed, he needs not one to commemorate his name, for he will always be remembered for what he was. But the ladies of the States—the fairest and noblest in the whole land, ever angels of mercy and guardians of heroes' graves—will not allow his grave to be neglected. Already the funds have been collected, and a column will soon be erected.

Yes, let them build it. Let them construct its base of solid granite taken from the quarries of our own State, for this will represent the unchanging principles for which he fought and suffered; and then upon this base rear a shaft of purest marble, without one spot to mar its fair surface, for this will represent the stainless character he maintained under every and all circumstances, and write upon it this summary of his labors:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

HOWARD A. FOUSHEE.

ORGANIZATION.

This, by all odds, seems to be the age of organizations. All trades and professions are relying to an astonishing extent upon this for more influence and greater success. The lawyer has his association, the merchant his board of trade, the printer and mechanic his union, and the farmer and teacher are working away, the one for his alliance and the other for his Institute, and so on to the "end of the chapter." I suppose every one of these organizations is relying upon the universal acceptance of the doctrine: "*In union is strength.*" But this last is true only when the implied conditions of the proposition are realized. All depends upon the kind of material which is put into the union, as to whether strength, or *more weakness* follows the experiment. For any association of men to be strong, the men who make up the association must be individually strong, and not only this, but they must to some degree possess congenial opinions and dispositions; the laws of mechanics discover the greatest friction between bodies most unlike; the same is true among men whose thoughts and characters have little in common. This suggests that the getting of men together in a formal organization, is not the first nor the most necessary thing to be done, but antecedent to this must come some clearing away, some elementary work before the material is fit for the hand of the builder. To illustrate, we often hear from different individuals this question: "Why can we not do something, as a class, for our mutual protection and elevation?" This question is, I suppose, asked oftener among men who are following agricultural pursuits than among any other class. I suppose a score of plausible reasons might be given why farmers have never, to any considerable extent, been able to effect any good to themselves by organizing. But the reason most generally given is, in my judgment, not true, namely: "*They will not.*" The truth is, they *can not*, except in such a limited way as to be equivalent to no organization at all. And the reason for this is obvious. The difference between the *most* intelligent class of farmers and the *least* intelligent class is greater than that of any other class of people, and hence the grade to overcome, in order for the farmers as a class, to get to better things is fearfully steep, and is not likely to be changed by any amount of organization. Proficiency must come to all men very much in the same way; we must all have time and opportunity to learn what we do not know. I will, at a risk of being "called to the question," venture an opinion that our schools and colleges have made grievous blunders in magnifying the professions of law, medicine, teaching, &c., but never suggesting to a boy that farming would be a good profession even for a young man with a diploma. But it may be suggested that these organizations are

intended for the improvement, especially, of those who have been the least favored with opportunities. If that be so, the intention is good, no disputing that, but the man who needs instruction needs more than he is likely to get in this way. I think a "Teachers' Institute or Summer Normal School a very good thing, that is if you do not expect too much from it. The truth is, the most to be had from them is rest, recreation and a good time socially. Every teacher must have his own stock in trade. No man can tell another *how* to teach. Many, I know, do lay aside their own implements to do like some one else; these can learn a far better lesson from the Great Teacher, namely, not to put "new wine into old bottles," neither new cloth into an old garment. "Man was made to associate with his species." I believe in this doctrine, but he is benefited only to that extent, that his association stimulates him to put in hard licks, and a heap of them, for himself.

J. C. CADDELL.

Wake Forest, N. C.

THE JEWISH TRIUMPH.

The bright dawn of the historic era disclosed many venerable civilizations in the full bloom of their glory. Egypt was disclosed with all her ancient lore, Chaldea with her mighty cities, and Phœnicia with her extensive commerce; but nothing was there displayed so endurable and whose history has been so marvelous as the arrogant and despised nation in beautiful Palestine. Egypt has lost her former glory and is now groping her way in ignorance and superstition; the light of Phœnicia has gone out; the proud peers of Jerusalem lie entombed beneath a thousand feet of silt, but the scion of Israel has weathered the storms of fifty centuries, and is growing among us to-day, strong and hardy with green foliage and bursting petals. Fierce and many have been the winds howling through its lofty boughs, deep the snows, and long the summer droughts. Every nation has hacked at its trunk, and has even kindled the fire of persecution and hate around it whose flames enveloped its topmost branch; but it still lives, bidding fair to bloom in full loveliness again. It is an evergreen clothed in asbestos. It lives through the cold, while the hottest fire of persecution cannot change or consume it.

But that the rising eminence of the Jews may appear more wonderful and interesting, let us glance at their remarkable history.

We find them in the early dawn of history, standing out among their contemporaries invincible. They defied the Pharaohs, destroyed the Philistines, hurled back the dashing iron

chariots of the Assyrians, humbled and diminished, and stood forth in every encounter with the smiles of heaven upon them. Just here, how miraculous, too, their history. Beneath the uplifted rod of two of their generals, the floods of the Red sea and the Jordan stood upright as in heaps; at the stroke of the same wand, sweet, pellucid waters gushed forth from the rocks; at their command, Apollo even checked his fiery steeds, and the smiling goddess of the night stood still, looking serenely down upon them while they destroyed their enemies. Favored at every step by heaven, they overran their foes and reared their kingdom in their promised land. But they sinned, and Babylon tore them from the "hills of Zion" and carried them away captive. There they contributed to the glory of Babylon and Nineveh until the captor's grasp was weakened, when they returned and rebuilt their city. Not long did they enjoy repose. Titus demolished Jerusalem and sent them fugitives and captives to the farthest ends of the earth. They have wandered till the present, outcasts in every nation. No realm is exempt from them. Hebrew clans are found in China, on the steppes of central Asia, among Lapland's dreary frozen hills and on the borders of Africa's burning deserts. In every great thoroughfare they are found, living monuments to the prophecy and tears of the Son of man while weeping over the Jerusalem.

Now where is there a greater marvel in history than this little race, beset, despised and persecuted by all the earth, maintaining so long their identity and peculiarities? They have passed through the vicissitudes of nearly fifty centuries without losing a single characteristic, witnessing the rise and fall of the greatest empires. They saw their venerable peers who flourished with them in the historic morn pass away, their cities buried and inhabitants extinguished or amalgamated. They saw the "Hellenic flower bud, bloom and wither on the soil of Greece." They saw the "wolf of Rome suckled on the banks of the Tiber, then prowl, ravenous for dominion, to the ends of the earth until paralysis and death laid hold upon his savage sinews." They passed through the mediæval time, enduring fire and sword, persecution and hate, so black, so indescribably awful, that mortal pen cannot portray its blackness. They have witnessed the amalgamation of a hundred gentile hordes and the formation of the great European powers. They were present during all these political revolutions, and formed a part of all nations, but their blood is still untouched by intermarriage or conversion.

But let us turn from the sorrowful picture of the past and view the Jew rising from his long and deep humiliation. As he stands, with the pure blood of his fathers coursing through his veins, peering down the future, he discerns his coming triumph. The massacres and bodily tortures are mostly things of the past. A hundred nations are no longer upon his neck trying to stamp the life from him as

though he were a venomous serpent. His indomitable energy has free course and is everywhere asserting its sway, while he sees his brethren amassing immense wealth, grasping power, and rising to eminence. With his soul glowing with bright hopes he boasts that he has conquered the world. He believes that in a near future the Holy city shall be completely rebuilt, and they all shall return from the four corners of the earth with their wealth and power to make Palestine the garden of the world.

The gentile may laugh at the arrogance of the Jew, but still he cannot fathom the mysteries connected with his history. The more we study about it, the more complete is the mystery. When we compare his ancient history with the events of the present, still more are we involved. In what sense they are the chosen people of God, whether the sun and moon stood still at Joshua's command, whether their sufferings have been due to the crimes committed on Calvary, whether the special frown or smile of Providence rests upon them now, and whether the day is now dawning when their prophecy shall be fulfilled—are indeed themes of interest.

View their prominence in the business world. In all countries the sons of Jacob are stepping to the front and are becoming the kings of commerce. In many Southern and Western towns there are said to be scarcely any but Hebrew signs. In many European capitals, the great exchanges are abandoned entirely to the Jew. By the power of money they pave a way to places of honor and stop the persecution of their race. Mankind have never witnessed such an accumulation of wealth as that of the famous Rothchilds, nor so much power in the hands of a few individuals. The destiny of England and France has more than once been solely within their hands. Kings and princes have courted their favor, trembled at their displeasure, and bowed humbly at the shrine of their wealth. In the struggle with Napoleon, when England was sore pressed, she had to go to the Rothchilds to buy food and clothing for her naked, starving troops. When pay-day came, her treasurer had to purchase gold *from* the Rothchilds to pay her debt *to* the Rothchilds. Thus the sons of Jacob flayed the gentile with a two-edged sword. When the final struggle came at Waterloo, another hero watched the combat with all the interest of a Napoleon or a Wellington. From a shot-proof work on an impending cliff the eyes of Nathan Rothchild peered over the field, saw the gathering of the English and the French; saw the mighty hosts rush to the deadly conflict; saw the gathering of the Prussians, the immolation of the French, and at last the catastrophe, as the sinking sun threw the shade of the trees over the bloody field. When the decision came, the alert watcher cried out, "The house of Rothchild has won this battle!" Then mounting his waiting steed, he rode hard through the night with the swiftness of Paul Revere, until morning found him on the shores of the German ocean. The waters were

heaving and tossing angrily, and the old Jew, walking anxiously along the shore, could find no vessel to venture forth. But his Cæsarean courage knew not defeat. He bribed a hardy fisherman to risk his craft. Drenched by the splashing spray, he reached the English shore, and with whip and spur, London. The next morning found him at his post "as if borne upon the enchanted mantle of the Arabian Nights." Only gloomy reports had reached the capital. Stock had sunk enormously. The old banker, with lugubrious countenance, had his agents everywhere buying in secrect; and ere the courier galloped into the city with the news of Waterloo, his chests were full of paper. London flashed into bonfires and illumination, every thing advanced to fabulous prices. The face of the banker changed its lugubriousness for a dreamy, happy expression, as if beholding some beatific vision. He had made ten millions.

The five Rothchild brothers hold court in the five principal capitals of Europe as money kings. Their houses have stood the vicissitudes of a century. Parties and governments shift, revolutions come and go, dynasty succeeds dynasty, but still they float smoothly on every stormy upheaval, and every political turn drops gold into their coffers.

Two years ago the whole civilized world did honor to a Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore. At the time of his death no man was more widely known. Barbaric cities as well as the civilized world celebrated his hundredth birthday. His influence has been felt in St. Petersburg and Rome, in San Francisco and New York, in Timbuctoo and Pekin. The Bondein robber and savage, no less than the Czar and Pope, have found their ruthless hands stayed by his intervention. He was the means by which one of his race first sat in the British Parliament; he was the means, through his lordly travels, of stopping persecution. He has been again and again to Palestine, Northern Africa and all over Europe in behalf of his co-religionists, whose bonds he broke, and whose poverty he relieved more like a royal potentate than a British citizen. With his wife by his side, he traveled with a special coach or train by land, by sea with British or French ships at his disposal, displaying everywhere magnificent pomp. Barbaric princes yield to his demand and promise that humanity shall be respected. Sultan, Czar and Pope, all do him honor, and promise amends. Backed by his immense wealth he scattered largesses such as no prince could afford. Not only did he releive his own people, but his humanity was as broad as the world. His generous hand was a thousand times stretched out to the relief of the gentiles. He helped to build protestant churches, to found hospitals, and to raise up the fallen of every race and color.

Jewish eminence in the political world is no less striking. They are climbing upwards trying to grasp the leaderships in every country. The acknowledged leaders of the great parties of Germany, France, England

and Spain, are Jews. The diplomacy of Russia is guided by the same race. In 1870, the dauntless Gambetta stirred up a revolution in France, and had he lived, beyond a doubt, would have been ruler of the country. The finest debater in Germany is a Jew. This cultured nation with all its universities and higher education cannot find a single man to cope with the fiery Jew in the intellectual contest. The Germans are even alarmed at the aggressiveness of the Jews. With only 1½ per cent. of the population they are pushing themselves into all the best places. They are the best business men, they monopolize banking, they lead the political parties, and have a large proportion of the professsorships in the universities.

Let us notice, too, the changes going on in Palestine. Many Jews are returning, and the Holy City is fast being rebuilt on the modern style. Sir Moses Montefiore left a fund for establishing agricultural colonies and during the last two years nine have been established and are in a flourishing condition. The valley of the Jordan and the plain of Esdraelon which have so long been marshy, briery wastes are now in the highest state of cultivation. In less than twelve months the whistle of the locomotive will probably be heard for the first time, echoing among the sacred hills, while from over the blue waters of Tiberias the steam tugs will respond with the same wild cry. Its desolate shores will soon be adorned with beautiful villages, its adjacent plains, Genesareth, Capernaum and Bethsaida, where wild grass now covers the ruins of ancient cities, will ere long be clothed with the golden cereals. Palestine is fast donning her ancient glory, she is dispelling the dismal gloom which has so long been brooding over her plains, and rising abreast with her ancient masters. When the latter shall have surmounted every barrier in scaling the rugged cliffs to renown, and, standing upon its eminence, shall see their long cherished hopes in full bloom, the former will again be "flowing with milk and honey," the Eden of the world.

J. W. Oliver.

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS.

"But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing that I cannot have more of him."

There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, but the world has become so extremely worldly and men so much like machines, trying to run out their three score years and ten, that with reluctance we must acknowledge that the day set apart for peace,

gladness and good-will among men is not the good old Christmas of yore with its mirth, innocent happiness, and perfect peace. We do not lift the brow of care from our eyes long enough to see the stars shine as they shone in that night in which it was said, "There is a man child born in Bethlehem of Judea."

In olden time the memory of the saints was so fresh upon the minds of the people and the celebration of their several births caused nearly all the days in the week to be taken up with festivals in their honor. Now, of course, this was wrong. These festivals coming so often consumed their time, means, and caused the mind to become frivolous, unsteady, and thus they could not give that serious attention to the demands of business, for which our present day is noted. Well, these festive days have dwindled down, one by one, like golden apples, which are deprived of the shelter of the leaves, then dropped by the support of the sap-bearing limb. So St. Paul's day, St. John's, St. Peter's, and St. Nicholas' days, etc., have lost the support of the people, then of the clergy. But some pious old Cedric, an upholder of olden customs, has given the tree a shake and the mellow fruit lies on the ground for one feast, and so there is one festive day for all saints, or commonly called "All Saints' Day." But we can't group our day. The star that shone in the darkness over Bethlehem, was for one night. The light that came into the world on that bright, hallowed morn, dispelled the gloom and gave to man a better hope.

I know that we, like all peoples, must become less and less observant of the great events and characters of history. Crises and their great men are covered up with the gray mantle of age—tremble, turn pale, and fade away before progress and the future. But the hopes of all men, all nations, were born in one day. So why can't we be happy and rejoice on this day, even if the lapse of time and the advancement of thought forbid us to celebrate Christmas with simplicity and the open-heartedness of olden times. "Let us take what we can get, seeing that we cannot have more." Friends, look now, isn't there a joyous, happy jingle in the words, "Merry Christmas?" Don't they sweet memories bring? Haven't you heard them accompanied with the patter of little feet on the steps, galloping into the hall, into the kitchen, out into the yard, until every living being and creature feels and is under the spell of their joyous sound? What man is there who cannot say, Come back as in that Christmas night? For there are so many thoughts entwined around that night, and especially of a piece of mistletoe twined to the ceiling, under which his bride was first kissed. Yes, come back as in that Christmas night, when friends are friendly, neighbors neighborly, and the frown on the care-worn business face is smoothed with smiles! Man is made for association with his species, and these associations should be harmonious and pleasant, at least once in a year. So let our Saviour's birth-day stir the milk of human kindness. Let it flow from heart to heart, from rich to poor, from

the haughty to the humble, and then we shall be happy, for "surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence." Then,

"On this sweet day, so pure, so bright,
The bridal of earth and heaven,"

who could harbor malice or have an enemy? And I believe that even old Bob Ingersoll must fall under its influence and be happy too, that is, if his mother was a woman. Then the family reunions! Ah, how our minds wander back! Ye old men, while you sit in your chimney corner, with your children light-hearted and gay, enjoying their Christmas around you, don't the memory of the day come back to you fresh and green, as the mind wanders back over the labors and waste places of life? Don't you imagine you are among those with whom you grew up? The family from far and near, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, old friends, steadfast, tried and true, are here, and from the merry throng pick out the ones loved best. Of course you, mortal as you are, will think of—well, we all know, for you say she looked so pure, so everything that is lovely and fair, on that night. Then who is it with the fire-light playing over her gray hairs and wrinkled face? She looks happy, and is happy for your sake. But she can't join in with the pleasures around her. So with a trembling hand she takes the old Bible and turns to her Christmas reading, the Psalms, and is happy too. Yes, you remember him who sits opposite. Didn't he guide your tottering steps, cherish you in childhood and youth; and are not his teachings and precepts your guide? And so under the influence of these surroundings, you would take in the whole joyous throng. But you must mention one more character. He is not a relation. You have known him ever since you could remember. He hasn't changed one jot or tittle. But his gait and appearance are just as when you first saw him. He came around once every week; hardly ever said anything more than good-evening or good-night. But he was good-natured and true, and with all his oddities, I think your hand lingered in his longer than the ordinary friend's. Yes, my old friend, with all these memories flocking back, well may you say, "Come back as in that Christmas night!"

Now let us look on the bright side. Young people, don't you know that on this gloomy night, when all nature is so cheerless, uninviting, and dismal, the wonderful Cupid, with a small piece of withered mistletoe, can play as much havoc as on the brightest, sunniest May day? Why, you know, an ugly face with a pleasant smile on it, looks just as well as a pretty one. So Christmas makes us equal, and the hearty good-nature is at a premium rather than good looks. It brings out the better features of our nature. A man says what he thinks spontaneously, and under the present surroundings and influences his thoughts are better and purer, for

he hasn't had time for premeditation. Now, it is right to meditate and think over a thing, but you must remember the evil one always comes up during this discussion between the mind and conscience, and there are but few who can put him behind their backs.

The negroes, who have lost almost all their old time customs and have given up their plain cornfield garb for that of the red and white striped dude, throw off all their disguise, *gig*, shout, whoop and hollow on Christmas night just as they did in the good old *ante bellum* days. I always think that they are happy on Christmas, for they have so many petty little superstitions concerning it, and believe in them so thoroughly. They think the chickens crow all Christmas eve night, etc. Well, we explain it all away in a few words, and say they shout so loud that it would keep any respectable rooster from sleeping, and longing for the dawn he crows for it. So we knock the prop from all these negro beliefs —and it is cruel!

One bright Christmas morning, I met a negro woman coming from church, where they had been seeing "Christmas come in." She came along happy, clapping her hands, shaking her feet and head, and singing about the bright angels, all at the same time. Well, seeing her so carried away, I asked her something about the angels. She commenced telling about the pure, white angels that hovered over the Saviour's birth-place, and broke off into, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." Interrupting her, I asked if she had ever seen or heard of a black angel. She couldn't get over this; her laughter was changed to sorrow, and she went away like the rich young man in the parable, slow, sorrowful, and refused to be comforted.

So we see the happier a man is, the better off he is. I do not say make it a day for frolicking and carousing, but let us think of its origin, and of Him whom it commemorates. Let us think of the poor, of one another's burdens and cares, for they are hard to bear, and we all need each other's sympathy. Let the veneration of the day be pure, simple, and sweet. Let no wicked purposes or crimes come therein, but let the pure, sweet music of heaven fill our merry, happy souls. And so good-night, and a merry Christmas to you all!

L. ROYALL.

OUGHT IMMIGRATION TO BE RESTRICTED?

For many years the question of Chinese Immigration agitated the minds of American citizens. It was discussed again and again in Congress, speech after speech was made; volume after volume was written—all to lay the matter before the people in its true light. Finally, after many interesting and warm discussions, the doors were closed against the great

Empire. This was done because America saw the Chinaman not to be a fit subject to dwell among her people. He was not in sympathy with our government or our ideas of religion. Indeed, he was not in sympathy with anything that was American. This being the case his coming among us was decided to be so great an evil that it was forbidden by statute.

In gaining this important victory, were all the evils arising from immigration corrected or removed? All will answer negatively; for there are other evils arising from the same cause more threatening and more dangerous than the one already averted.

It is evident to every one who has given the matter thought that our government, our people, and our homes are being threatened by the heterogeneous mass of worthless vagabonds who are so constantly being emptied upon our shores. They are coming daily in vast hordes, men of various nationalities, characters, customs, habits, and religions.

The consequence is that America has a greater variety of people than any other country in the world, a people ranging in color from white to black, and in religion from a belief in the Christian's God to the heathen's idol. And you will at once see the reasonableness of our asking the question, Ought immigration to be restricted? Ought we to let people come among us who are utterly devoid of all that is pure and commendable? All know that a majority of these people are of this kind. They are as devoid of principle as heaven is of sin or hades of holiness.

Now I claim that no country is under obligation, however humane its purpose in doing so may be, to foster an institution which is not only not beneficial to its people, but an actual curse, and if I can show that unrestricted immigration is such, then I am sure I shall have shown that our people ought to take a firm stand against it. We have stated that the character of these people is diversified, some of them are honest, noble, and pure, well worthy of a home in a free land among a free people. To all such America would be untrue to herself if she should fail to extend a cordial welcome. Others, and these are the majority, are not honest and noble, but on the other hand are of the lowest classes of society, such as liars, rogues, murderers, lazy good-for-nothing outcasts, and outlaws—the refuse of society.

For a man to be useful to his country he must be a faithful, lawabiding citizen. This grand truth has been realized for thousands of years by all civilized people. The object of law is to prevent crime and in preventing crime we know that only good people are helpful to a country; all others a drawback, a hindrance, a *curse*. What means that grand and noble Queen sitting upon the throne of England, with the Houses of Lords and Commons? It means this: The people approving good and discountenancing bad have placed them there to defend that which is so dear to the heart of every Englishman, viz.: the *Magna Charta*. What means that noble, tried and true Democrat now occupying the Presidential chair with our

National and State Legislatures and Judiciaries? It means that they are there to defend the grandest invention of uninspired man. When I say the grandest invention of uninspired man, I only repeat what the greatest, noblest, purest, and most patriotic man on English soil, William Gladstone, has said.

Our patriotic fathers formed that Constitution because they loved their country, their homes, their wives, their children. From the foregoing we at once conclude that all are agreed that vicious men are a hindrance to progress and a source of danger to our best interests; and we must say that by so much as we allow vile, worthless immigrants to come among us by that much will be impeded the progress of American civilization, and the march of liberal principles. The South has suffered as yet but little from the evils of the foreign element. Only her cities can give you information concerning the evil, and this is meagre compared with the North. But to the patriot what these people are doing in our southern cities is alarming, though it be but little compared with what they are doing in Northern cities. Visit Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah and you will witness sights to shock and alarm you. You will find thousands of foreigners on the streets who look as if they are just from satan's domain, and the society of the fiends of the pit.

They are too lazy to work and hence flock to the cities where they can gamble, steal and sell whiskey. They care nothing for the Sabbath, for religion, or for anything which is right. On these lovely Sabbath mornings while you see the father and the mother with the family hastening along the street towards God's temple as the music from the ringing and chiming of the church bells greets their ears, and while you see hundreds of little boys and girls hurrying to the Sabbath school, at the same time you will see these strangers to decency congregated at the corners of the streets engaged in their usual occupations, such as cursing, swearing, blackguarding and all manner of evil.

Go to the North and the picture which I have just painted becomes blacker. There, not only have the cities become corrupt from the vicious elements, but the whole atmosphere has been poisoned. There they have sown the seeds of corruption which have sprung up and are bearing fruit a thousand fold, in the form of discord, disorder, malice, unbelief, skepticism, socialism, anarchism, nationalism, and every other ism calculated to ruin a happy, prosperous, and contented people.

Turn your eyes towards one of the Illinois jails and there you will behold seven condemned Anarchists whose foul and hellish deeds are fair specimens of the work of those destroyers of liberty existing in free America. Those are haters of liberty and on their banner is the inscription, ruin to our country, ruin to our homes, and degredation for our mothers.

Can America tolerate such? Justice answers no. Can America allow such people to swell her number?

People who are from the lowest levels of destitution and crime in other countries. The blood spilt by our forefathers, our grand institutions, our mothers, all answer in thunder tones, No! let not Europe which has become so sick with disease vomit her poison upon our shores, the blessed home of the free.

Then for the sake of our country, of our homes, our mothers, for the sake of our God, and the christian religion let America be more careful in inviting people from other countries.

F. T. WOOTEN.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

No man can live to himself. No man's home is circumscribed by his front gate. It extends, in spite of him, beyond his pigsty, ash-hopper, and potato patch, to the school-house, church, and neighborhood. The court-house is a part of it. The State-house stands sentinel over its sacred domain, and its hallowed precincts are ever overshadowed by the great dome of the National Capitol itself.

An intelligent love of home must include a love of the neighborhood which surrounds it, a love of the schools and churches which foster and purify it, a love of the State and Nation which protect it. When love of home is thus ennobled, we call it *Public Spirit*. Do not wonder when we call this passion divine, for from its impulses have sprung some of the divinest acts of heroism in all ages. Upon this sublime sentiment depend alike the happiness of households, the prosperity of communities, and the grandeur of national honor. It consecrates the altars erected to the household gods, restores the primal beauty of Eden to communities, and rears the countless temples of a nation's glory. Upon this sentiment was built the matchless glory of Grecian science, art, and arms, and this same spirit reared those magnificent palaces whose ruins along the shores of the Ægean Sea will ever fill the heart of the beholder with astonishment and wonder. It started that matchless eloquence and song which for thirty centuries have thrilled the human heart. It reared Rome and made her mistress of the world, and never, until luxury and sloth drove it from the hearts of that people, did vandalism raze her temples with the ground, and Gothic avarice sweep her treasures of art into the Tiber. And the day when our Public Spirit shall decline, the sun of our proud nation will set in darkness.

The condition of a community is indeed sad if it is destitute of public spirited men. Withering indeed is the blight of such a curse,

As ten Lots would have saved Sodom from a fiery tempest, so a community is not altogether lost so long as it has citizens properly infused with public spirit. In such communities, however, we see impassable roads, unpainted houses, unspanned rivers, rotting school-houses, and dilapidated churches. We also see dilapidated minds, dilapidated souls, and dilapidated bodies; for mental and moral wreck often means physical wreck as well.

Vice, fed in such communities, fattens, and soon drives any untainted and unpolluted element out forever. With no high and noble ideas and aims, the children grow up like the thorn or the thistle, the terror of those with whom they meet. Philanthropy assumes no nobler form than that of public spirit, for every public spirited man is a true lover of his race.

There are sacrifices for the public good which it is the duty of every citizen to make, there are contributions in means and labor which the social and moral public demand of every man. Every good citizen must contribute more than his share for this purpose, for the cipher never gives anything beyond what the law compels. The higher and grander law of public spirit is unheeded by too many. I am sorry for the man who has none, as well as for the community that has to tolerate and look at him, and the family which he represents, which must take him as their model for imitation. I am sorry for the man who heeds no call of private charity, who sends the starving away hungry, and the naked away shivering, and the homeless away destitute. I am sorry for the man who is oblivious to the urgent demands of public needs, who, as the contribution box passes around, squeezes the "almighty dollar" so tightly that the bust of Liberty on the coin shrinks through shame and anger from his polluting touch. Shame on the man who stops his ears against the calls of his neighbors for help to overthrow the strongholds of ignorance and vice. Shame on the man who reaps, day after day, the benefits of public institutions, and who has never opened his mean and stingy heart wide enough to unloose his pocket book for the benefit of that same public. I have no use for that man who feels that he has no part in the great public heart, whose throbbings are heard through the melody of the merry bells which summon the earnest student to the academy and college, or the patient and enthusiastic disciple into the sanctuary on Sunday morning. The man who is willing to shut himself up thus from the world--to see everything around him calling for his help and co-operation all in vain, is indeed a nuisance to any community. I have a contempt for that man who is too lazy to work the roads, too stingy to pay his taxes, and too worthless to vote. When a man has all the rights and privileges of citizenship, and is too worthless to exercise them, they ought to be taken away from him and given to his wife, or such women as Mrs. Lockwood, who would appreciate them. Give us 20 foot roads clear of

stumps and runners. Give us men who thank God for the privilege of paying taxes. Give us men who feel like kings as they march up to the ballot box and vote for the man of their choice. I dislike neutral men. They are, in most cases, destitute of either principle or patriotism, and in both cases are worthy of contempt.

Show me a man of no political principles, and, with few exceptions, I will show you a man of no principle at all. There are questions of vital importance ever pending upon the will of the people; there are questions now in agitation which must be settled by the great masses of the people at the ballot box, and every public spirited man, every true man, must make himself familiar with these questions, and tell this great nation what his decision is when an opportunity is presented.

There was a time when the king sat upon his throne and his subjects came and went at his royal mandate. But now, in the steady march of civilization, the subject sits upon the chair of State, and 50,000,000 kings have the privilege of saying "come" or "go"!

Yes, that man who labors to understand the great national issues, national ills and their remedies, and is willing to give an honest expression of his sentiments at the polls, is a king mightier than mediæval monarchs or modern emperors. Let us urge the necessity of more public spirit—a more wide-spread, hearty, self-denying public spirit. Mothers, chant it in your lullabys to the world's sleeping hopes. Fathers, teach it to your sons as you would the Golden Rule, for it is the golden thread to which we attach hopes of a golden future. Parents, teach it to your children as you would teach them the holy Decalogue, both by precept and example, and hold it up to them as the brightest star in the diadem of citizenship. Wives, teach it to your husbands as you would teach abstinence, for it is the grandest of public virtues. Young ladies, teach it to your sweethearts, for a young man who has no public spirit will have a private spirit so small and mean that you would be ashamed of it when you discovered it.

Men of North Carolina, teach it to your neighbors as your noble State is teaching it to her sisters by gallant example. We must have more public spirit. The public spirit of such men as Dr. Wait, Dr. Wingate--green be their memories—and many others whose heads are silvered, gave us Wake Forest College. Her past has been checkered, but with her record of 2,400 sons, an ample corps of professors, and an endowment of $165,000, she dates a new lease on life to fill the untold measures of that public spirit which founded her.

We need more public spirit. Our communities need it in their struggle for a higher and better life. Our State needs it in her efforts for purer and better laws; and our proud nation needs it to protect and preserve her, to prevent discord, to promote harmony, and to keep the stars and stripes forever waving in the breezes of liberty.

D. T. WINSTON.

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The Curator of the College Library has furnished us the following classified list of the books added since September 1. These accessions carry forward the total number of volumes to 9,250.

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The Eclectic, vols. 43, 44 and 45.
The Forum, vols. 1 and 2.
The North American, vols. 143 and 144.
The Atlantic Monthly, vols. 58 and 59.
Southern Historical Society Papers, vols. 13 and 14.
The Contemporary Review, vols. 50 and 51.
Nineteenth Century, vol. 20.
Blackwood's, vols. 140 and 141.
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Political Science Quarterly, vol. 1.

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Official Register of United States, 4 vols.
Report of Secretary of Treasury.
Poore. Congressional Directory, 1886.
Robert. Pocket Manual of Rules of Order.
Froebel. The Education of Man.
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" " " 1885.
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MEMNON.

Last summer while reading a story, the title of which has now escaped me, I came across a legend, or myth, or whatever you are pleased to call it, of a statue of Memnon, which is said to give forth at sun rise a musical sound; but at all other times remains seemingly cold and frowning; nor deigns to utter a sound in response to any other influence, be it of cold or heat, or the beating storms. At this suggestion the following lines were written, which I must confess, fall very far short of the beautiful idea the legend awakened in me.

In a city of Greece
There's a statue I'm told,
A mystical statue
Of Memnon of old.

The mystical sculptor
Of the mystical creature,
While assaying to copy
Each mystical feature

Of Memnon of old—
With mystical art
Within it has wrought
A mystical heart;

Or rather a harp,
With only one string,
Which only one power
Can conjure to sing.

Which power I'm told
Is the breathing morn
When the flowers are kissed
By the dew new-born;

When the slumb'ring sun
Awakes in the East
To bless the glad earth
With a jovial feast.

But then as if touched
By a hand unseen
This mystical statue
Of mystical mien,

Awakes with his harp
To music at last,
Unwaked by thunder,
Or hurricane's blast.

Perhaps it is true,
Perhaps it is not;
But the moral I'm sure
Should not be forgot.

There are natures as strange,
As mystical, cold,
As the mystical statue
Of Memnon of old.

And the world never dreamed
What melodies lie
In hearts that are closed
To its skeptical eye.

For there's only one way
To reach them, you see—
A word from the gentle,
And kindness the key.

G. C. T.

EDITORIAL.

GIVE US A WEEK.

Two days for Christmas! After four months of imprisonment, hard work and homesickness we are to have two whole days for Christmas! Come now, *conscripti patres*, let us reason together. You need to be reminded,

1. *That Christmas comes but once a year.* One would infer from your regulations that it came every month. But it does not—it never did, it never will come but once a year. Nay more, if something is not done to check the utilitarian tendencies of this age, it will not come at all. No Christmas? no family reunion? no Santa Claus? Better pull down the dikes civilization has raised and give the world back to barbarism, than to tear from our hearts all sentiment, all reverence for the past and substitute for it the cold, material, utilitarian notions of this practical age. Now gentlemen, you have an opportunity of showing your appreciation of the occasion set apart and celebrated by our ancestors, by giving us a whole week for Christmas.

2. *It is a universal custom to take a week for Christmas.* If there is a college in the United States, besides this one, that gives only two days for Christmas, we want to know it, inasmuch as misery likes company. We appeal to as many of our exchanges as may chance to see this article to answer through their columns, and if there be two in all the number, we promise to put something in the stocking of every member of the faculty who hangs it up in our room. Now gentlemen, if you do not give us a week, we will appeal to Congress to appoint a *college* commission whose duty it shall be to enforce a seven days' system in all the colleges throughout the Union.

3. *It has been a year of unparalleled prosperity and it is meet that we celebrate its close with due appreciation.* The crops are good, the new building is up, new professers are coming, the college is booming. There is but one thing needful —a week for Christmas.

4. *We have worked hard and need rest.* Four months are behind us, six ahead, examinations in the middle. Some of us are lean enough to make Prof. Poteat's skeleton ashamed of itself. We have often wondered that the Professor does not sometimes make a mistake in his lectures on physiology and take to pieces one of his pupils instead of his skeleton.

You will bear in mind that examinations follow immediately after Christmas—those days that try men's souls, when smiles fade into frowns and every body is low spirited, sour and cross—more to be dreaded these days than the horrors of Dante's Inferno. Then comes Anniversary, when the

spirit is willing, but the body weak—weak because worked to death. But enough.

"Ye know too well the story of our thraldom—we are slaves."

In the name of these lean bodies, sunken eyes and haggard faces we again ask you to give us a week.

5. *Some of us want to go home.* We have mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and we want to see them. We have sometimes thought that the melody of John Howard Payne, "Home! Sweet Home!" that sweet plaintive melody that finds an echo in every soul, awakes in the student's heart nothing but a ceaseless longing. Put yourselves in our places. Be boys again. Let memory lead you back to boyhood days—to the old home, the Christmas dinner, the family reunion, to her who now rocks the cradle as you read, and then make up your mind how you will vote on this question.

You are at home. You can kiss your wife, play with the baby and enjoy Christmas whether there be one or not, but it is different with us. Then, in view of all your happiness, is it too much to ask that you

"Let some droppings fall on us?"

But you, like Pharaoh of old, are afraid to let us go lest we will not return, at least at the expiration of the week. Try us. *Make* us return by giving zero for every day we stay over seven.

If ye harden your hearts and refuse to let us go, all the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians will visit you. We will vex you in the class room, we will *stick* on examination, we will *fall through* and haunt you with our presence for years to come. But if ye will hearken unto the voices of your servants and let us go, we will return strengthened in body, invigorated in mind, and our days will be multiplied upon the face of the earth. In the name of the old mother at home whose eyes would sparkle at the sight of her boy; in the name of good old Santa Claus, who always visited us there but never here; in the name of *her*, the prettiest, truest, sweetest girl in North Carolina, we entreat you finally to let us go. Will you do it?

J. W. Lynch.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, is no more of earth. Her pure spirit has taken its eternal flight from the storm-swept shores of mundane existence, and alighted on the silver dome of the musical pavilion beyond the skies.

We may well believe that henceforth her rapturous notes will commingle in sweet accord with the heavenly songs of kindred angel spirits in the magisterial courts above. These remarks might seem extravagant did we not keep in view the pure unblemished life of the subject. From her childhood to the latest hour of her life, never was aught justly said against the character of Jenny Lind. As the universally acknowledged queen of the lyric art during the score years of her public life and the most famous cantatrice the world has yet produced, a

brief sketch of her life may not be uninteresting.

She was born in Stockholm, October 6th, 1821, of poor but respectable parents, her father being a lawyer. She was a sickly child and passed the greater part of her time indoors, singing in childish glee as the weary hours went by. At three years of age, she could repeat correctly any piece of music she had once heard. Her sweet pure voice and wonderful skill and aptitude in acquiring knowledge, soon attracted the notice of a celebrated actress then living at the Swedish capital, and through her influence Jenny was placed in the Stockholm Observatory of Music under the tuition of Prof. Erasmus Berg. Here she received the most thorough training for the stage. At about the age of fourteen she went on the operatic stage. She had always fondly cherished the hope of one day winning a glorious name on the stage, but despite her transcendent genius and thorough training for her work, her *debut* in her native city did not give tokens of the splendid career which lay before her. It was about this time that her voice failed and she for a time almost despaired of success. Her parents actually recalled her from the stage. Many were the silent prayers she offered up for the return of her voice. She strove with noble energy and praise-worthy patience to overcome the defect. One day while sitting at her piano in her own home she felt her old voice coming back to her in all its thrilling and magnetic power. That night at the opera every one who saw her remarked her changed countenance and upon some one's enquiring of her the cause, she exclaimed, "my voice has come back once more and I am happy." Her voice acted like an electric shock on the musical world and her fame became established forevermore. She was speedily engaged in one after another of the great European capitals. One after another of the great musical artists surrendered to her all their claims to leadership and she was, in the concurrent testimony of mankind, the unquestioned leader in the world of song.

A few years of Jenny Lind's life were spent in our own country. She sailed from Liverpool to New York in the Autumn of 1850, under the management of the celebrated P. T. Barnum. Her manager had caused her fame to be widely heralded in this country in advance of her arrival. Her first concert was given at Castle Garden Opera House, at that time the best appointed and most fashionable opera in this country. It is said that ten thousand persons attended this concert, many of whom failed to get seats. The receipts of this single concert amounted to more than $20,000, single seats being sold at auction for $225. She gave 150 concerts in this country, and during the two years in which she was engaged she made a snug little fortune.

In the fall of 1852, she was married to Mr. Oto Goldschmit, of Boston, and soon after sailed for London, where she spent the remainder of her life in retirement. Her domestic life was

happy and she was a blessing to the community in which she lived. Never did she allow suffering to go unrelieved when it was in her power to offer succor. Her charities in this country amounted to over $10,000. Her gifts in her native country were most bountiful, and it would be hard to find a Swede who does not bless the name of Jenny Lind.

Though Jenny Lind ceased to sing before the public thirty years ago, faint echoes of her exquisite notes sometimes steal back and linger lovingly in the hearts of those who have once heard her, reminding them of the gentle singer who has so recently passed off the stage of human action.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

BENEVOLENCE AND EDUCATION.

To every one who feels an interest in the progress of learning, it is highly gratifying to witness the attention which is being paid to education in every section of our country, and among all classes of society. It is an indication that the people are beginning to appreciate it, that they are becoming sensible of its importance. It is encouraging to the friends of higher education when men of wealth are manifesting such deep interest in, and contributing so liberally to the interest of higher learning. Many of the Northern Colleges and Universities now have a special reason for gratitude in this connection, one of the oldest colleges having received within the last five months gifts amounting to three millions of dollars; the endowment fund of another has just been increased by one third this amount.

Both these institutions are said to have the largest graduating and matriculating classes in their history. "Students and money go together." Large endowment funds, increased facilities for teaching, bring correspondingly large classes.

The early graduates of Harvard would hardly recognize their *Alma Mater* in her present dimensions, her new dress, and her many added charms. The splendor of the new edifice, the number and richness of the cabinets of science and art, the spacious and well equipped laboratories, would excite their amazement. Some one has said "there is not a foot of ground on this continent that has not felt the influence of this seat of learning, and scarcely one that does not swell the number of specimens collected in its museums and cabinets."

Had we chosen Yale, instead of Harvard, as a representative of the beneficent influence of large donations on higher learning, we would have found a like expansion and growth. The same is true of many colleges East and West, North and South, and there is scarcely one in the whole country that is not enjoying the benevolence of public-spirited men.

Mr. George Peabody, believing that the happiness of families, the peace of society, and the prosperity of the State depend on a condition of general education, devoted successive millions of his money for the education

of Southern children; and that, too, at a time when our country was impoverished and devasted by war. To this great benefactor is due, to a large degree, the credit for the educational impulse which now characterizes our people. Thousands of Southern boys and girls have been made intelligent, useful citizens by his princely donations. D. T. WINSTON.

EDGAR ALLAN POE---A REGRET.

Whatever may have been the individual opinions of his contemporaries concerning Poe, the verdict of posterity, even of Mr. Griswold, is that he had the true spark of poetic conception, as well as the power of constructing tragic stories along a perfectly original line, and in a perfectly original style. In other words, that he had the indefinable quality of genius about him, though, for the most part, a weird, mysterious genius whose habitation was in the border realm between life and reality on the one hand, and death and supernatural dreams on the other. Even his foes, I say, have been compelled to go this far in praise of him. His friends, however, have of course gone a great deal farther; some of them, in fact, admiring him to such a degree that besides lauding his genius to the skies, they—wilder dreamers than he!—have tried to justify his morals. But a candid person, after examining the facts in the case, and giving the most charitable range to his imagination, could not, I think, find any thing in his practiced code of morals to admire. Farther, one might say, and with strict truth, that in his grown-up years, morality was to him a very different thing from what it was to the man who said, "I had rather be right than President." It seems not to have formed any active principle in his nature; but rather a subordinate, a variable quality, which could be made to vanish at his bidding. But I do not go farther here, and take sides with those who, though not exactly saying it, yet intimate that he was so absorbed in his dreams and worships of Beauty as not to take account of the still small voice of conscience. Nay, for he, too, was a man. I believe Poe had as much of the inworking principle conscience as he had of the inworking principle imagination. And on this account, I think he must have been, as 'tis claimed, though on other grounds, he was, one of the most miserable men who ever lived; for he had not the divine right of man, the Will, to be guided by the higher forces instead of the lower impulses.

With him self was all—self and Beauty—and any means to further either by honest processes his prime and only thought. These were, it will be remembered, the characteristics of his manhood. He was not always thus, however, and here is where I come with my regrets. Andrew Lang deplores the evil Fate that compelled a man of his talents to enter the stony ways of contemporary criticism. And well he may; for no man endowed with the poverty, pride, morbid sensitiveness, and rare qualities which Poe possessed, can hope to live at peace as

a critic among men who are his inferiors and opponents. His nature is always in revolt, his spirit forever vexed, and he strikes in his passion at both the good and the bad. The life of such a man should be not with the multitude, but apart from it: should not be its critic, but its ruler—ruler, not as tyrant, but as King. I do not think there can be found in all history an example better illustrating the sad effects of a genius misdirected. 'Tis a picture over which one could almost shed regretful tears. Especially so, when we come to see how it was brought about. I do not believe that Poe's misery was caused so much from the loss of station in life, as from the lack of some one to love. Mr. Allan and his wife, you say, were kind to him, and kept his pockets always full of money. True, and they did; and the greater calamity this. I have nothing to accuse them of directly; but one is led, by reading Poe's life, to strongly suspect that they tried to supply with gold a void which requires something far more precious than gold or anything it can purchase. His was the gnawing pain, "the hunger of the heart"—a hunger which nothing short of a mother's love can satisfy. It is not beyond reason, I say, to suppose that such was the case, for Edgar was a boy to himself—a boy who even in his earliest years dreamed and sung of forms from spirit lands which floated through his waking mind. He was not understood, and could not in consequence be loved as perhaps he would have been had his real nature shone out. It may be fiction: but I picture to myself Mr. Allan and his household somewhat thus as they are seated after tea on a quiet evening. Mr. Allan with his newspaper quietly reading, Mrs. Allan with her knitting, and Edgar over in the corner reading some story book, and pausing now and then to look up into his foster parents' faces to catch a smile or look which he feels should be upon them—which indeed were once upon them in his earliest remembrance, but which now have suddenly vanished. He looks in vain, however, and returns to his book with a sigh, the meaning of which he hardly knows himself, nor stops now to fathom. As days go by he feels more and more the absence of that mysterious something, and he comes to know what it is—he is not loved! Summoning all his pride, he makes the fissure between them wider and wider by becoming more than ever reserved, and thus is laid the foundation for all his after troubles; thus the twig is bent, and destined so to grow until, alas! it is too late.

Of course this is all imagination, but is it not plausible? Who can tell what a word in the right time and place may bring forth? Who can tell what love may not be the means of accomplishing? However wild the idea, I can fancy to myself an Edgar Poe under different circumstances, dreaming dreams which indeed "no mortal ever dared to dream before;" yet not hideous dreams, but dreams of light and beauty. And instead of creating guersome tales, peopling the world with ideal happy creatures. For he was born a poet—born with quali-

ties which force us to think of him as one formed by nature's most delicate touch, to sing her charms. Oh that the small link were not wanting—the link of early love—the one and only link which was needing to change the tenor of his life forever. A law of nature disobeyed, and she works her greatest tragedies; but obeyed, is wholly beautiful. So close is glory to the grave.

G. C. THOMPSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

POLITICAL affairs in France are in a state of grave uncertainty. What the outcome of the situation will be, the most far-sighted statesman would hardly dare to conjecture. The very existence of the Republic is seriously menaced. The trouble had its inception in the rejection by President Jules Grévy of Gen. Boulanger in the formation of his cabinet. Boulanger enjoyed great popularity among the people, especially in the army, and it was thought that he should have been included in the president's cabinet. Then came the "decoration" scandal in which the president's son-in-law was implicated and which seems to be the immediate cause of the present trouble. The "Legion of Honor" was established by the first Napoleon in place of the old "Order of the Holy Cross," and was at first a mark of military distinction. The emperor or king bestowed it on men who had performed some distinguished military feat. Later when the country became more peaceful, it was bestowed on men who happened to win distinction in any civic calling whatever. Under the Republic an officer called the Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor has the distribution of the cross. It is now sought and obtained by men in almost every calling of life, and has become a fruitful source of bribery and corruption in the French Government. Manufacturers, inventors, doctors, dentists and all other men greedy of distinction are willing to pay large sums of money to be allowed to wear the device. It was alleged complicity in the illegal and corrupt traffic in these decorations that brought disgrace on Wilson, the son-in-law of the president of the French Republic. Grévy refused to believe in the guilt of his son-in-law and public opinion turned violently against him. His old ministry has been overthrown and nearly all parties demand his resignation. Every attempt he has made to form a new ministry has been foiled and he will no doubt eventually be forced to resign. He is now eighty

years of age and has been a conservative and efficient ruler, but is now the unhappy victim of the instability of French public opinion.

That the monarchists will take advantage of the dissensions to attempt to re-establish a monarchy seems quite probable.

A riot between a mob of malcontents and the police recently occurred in Trafalgar Square, London, in which many persons were seriously injured. These men armed with clubs, knives and other weapons in the true anarchical style, attempted to hold a meeting in the square for the discussion of fancied social grievances, but after violent resistance were dispersed by the police. The leaders in the riot have been imprisoned in default of bail, to await trial.

One of the most gigantic enterprises undertaken in modern times is the cutting of an inter-ocean canal across the isthmus of Panama. The enterprise was undertaken several years ago under the superintendence of the French engineer, M. de Lesseps. One-fifth of the canal has been completed and has cost $63,000,000. It is estimated that it will require ten years in which to complete it and that it will cost $500,000,000. Its value to the commercial world when completed can hardly be estimated.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

MR. D. K. PEARSON, of Chicago, recently gave $50,000 to Chicago Congregational Theological Seminary, and the same amount to McCormick Theological Seminary.

AN unknown friend has just donated $125,000 to Yale, to be expended in building a recitation hall.

THE Baptist College at Arkadelphia, Arkansas, has 202 students. An addition is being made to the main college building to accommodate more students.

THE President of the Wesleyan Female College in Georgia reported about forty girls prosecuting industrial studies.

THERE has been much discussion recently as to the propriety of establishing a French Department in the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass. It is likely it will be established.

THE Trinity students are endeavoring to raise a fund to erect a building for the college library and the literary societies.

THE reports of the United States Commissioner of Education show that the proportion of female to male teachers in the public schools of the various States is rapidly increasing, and that the average pay of female teachers is also advancing. We believe this to be progress in the right direction. If a woman possesses qualifications sufficient to discharge the same duties as teacher that are performed by men, she is entitled to the same pay, and there is no justice in withholding it from her.

THE *North China News* has stated that a benevolent gentleman of the United States—his name not given—has subscribed $300,000 for the establishment of a University at Nankin. It is thought that the amount will be increased by contributions to $500,000. This completed, doubtless will give an impetus to the cause of missions in China.

Harvard is quite liberal to her needy students, having, during last year, distributed among them $53,000, and it is said that she will distribute $66,000 this year in the same way.

AT a recent Baptist anniversary held at Kalamazoo, Mich., $25,000 was raised to advance the cause of Christian education at Kalamazoo College. This will enable the college to employ two or three additional professors. The Baptists everywhere seem to be alive and active on the subject of education.

WEBSTER'S Unabridged Dictionary —almost a library within itself—has recently had added to it by the publishers a "*Pronouncing Gazeteer of the World*, containing over 25,000 titles, briefly describing the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of every part of the Globe." It covers a hundred pages in this work. See "ad.," and "*Get the Best.*"

MR. SPURGEON doubtless has done more for Baptist education than any other man in England. Rev. G. C. Williams, a former student of Mr. Spurgeon's college, writes that "more than 400 of the Baptist ministers in the United Kingdom have been through his college, and 67,000 Baptists are under their care."

AT the last annual meeting of the trustees of Princeton University, Dr. McCosh, who has been President of that institution for nineteen years, and is now "several years above the three score years and ten," announced his intention to resign at the next meeting of the Board. He congratulated the trustees, faculty, and friends of the institution that he will leave it in a healthy state intellectually, morally, and religiously. The number of students, when he entered upon the presidency, was 264; now it is 603.

THE Secretary wrote to Hon. H. N. R. Dawson, of Washington City, Commissioner of Education for the United States, proposing to have a meeting of all the State Superintendents of Public Instruction in the South before the next sessions of the Legislatures, the meeting to be held at Morehead City, in the Assembly Hall, during the session of the Teach-

ers' Assembly next June. It is a pleasure to know that Col. Dawson favors the proposition, also approving the time and place, and in a letter of October 24th to the Secretary, replying to an invitation to be present, he says: "The time is so distant that I cannot now make an engagement, but if I can so arrange it, it will give me great pleasure to be present and witness your proceedings."—*N. C. Teacher.*

WHAT in the college curriculum should be given to the study of the Bible is a question which is engaging much attention. Dr. Harper, in the September number of the *Old Testament Student*, has a series of editorial comments on this subject, together with a symposium from many distinguished college presidents as to the practicability of Bible study in the colleges.

EDUCATION is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. Men are often like knives with many blades; they know how to open one, and only one: all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been if they had been made with but one blade. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

PROF. A. W. MANGUM, of Chapel Hill, has recently given to the public a very lengthy and forcible article on the Relation of the State and Church to Education in North Carolina, in which he vividly presents their relative duties to the educational interest of the State. He argues that Denominational Colleges and the University are not antagonistic in interest, purpose, and effort, and that those unfriendly to the University should rather realize that in opposing the University they are opposing the interest of their church, and most especially an interest of their State. He closes his article with suggestions of what needs to be done to increase the number seeking higher education: "1. Let the endowment of colleges be earnestly pressed—the tuition lowered as rapidly as the endowment will justify—and free tuition granted as soon as practicable. 2. Let free tuition be given at the University, as the State is now able to afford it. 3. Let parents have all possible assurance that education at College and University will not make a young man ashamed of honest and useful labor, however humble it may be; that attendance upon courses in College and University shall not embrace exposure to the influence and actions of violent or depraved associates; and that the moral and spiritual interest of their sons, while at the college or university shall be guarded and fostered as their transcendent importance demands."

SAMUEL SMITH, M. P., who has been studying education in Germany, says: "The salient fact which strikes all observers is the universality of

good education in Germany. There is no such thing as an uneducated class; there are no such things, speaking broadly, as neglected and uncared-for children. All classes of the community are better educated than the corresponding ones in England; and this applies quite as much to primary as to secondary education. Nothing struck me more than the general intelligence of the humblest working classes. Waiters, porters, guides, etc., have a knowledge of history, geography, and other subjects far beyond that possessed by corresponding classes in England, and the reason is not far to seek. The whole population has long been passed through a thorough and comprehensive system of instruction, obligatory by law and far more extended than is given in our elementary schools. I went through several of these schools and observed the method of teaching, which is simply admirable. The children are not crammed, but are taught to reason from the earliest stages. The first object of the teacher is to make his pupils comprehend the meaning of everything they learn, and to carry them from stage to stage so as to keep up an eager interest. I saw no signs of weariness or apathy among either teachers or scholars. The teaching was all *viva voce*, the teacher always standing by the blackboard and illustrating his subject by object lessons. The illustration was through the eye and the hand as well as the ear, and question and answer succeeded so sharply as to keep the whole class on the *qui vive*."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

=Hurrah!

=Christmas is coming!

=So are examinations. Ugh!

=The one thing needful—a week for Christmas.

=Cheer up, boys, there are bright spots ahead—Xmas, Anniversary, Commencement, marriage, the millennium!

=Rev. J. W. Watson, accompanied by his wife, paid a visit of a few days last month to his father, Dr. Watson.

=Miss Aydlett, of Elizabeth City, has been visiting the Misses Dunn. Wake Forest is ever ready to welcome such a charming and beautiful guest.

=The friends of Prof. Simmons will be sorry to learn that he has had another severe attack of vertigo, and at the present writing is confined to his bed. Last month he went to Philadelphia, accompanied by his physician, Dr. Powers, to consult with specialists. Dr. Simmons has been one of

the pillars of the college, and even a temporary illness seriously affects the work of the institution.

=A "newish" having heard that Thanksgiving would be a holiday, wrote his father to come after him on the 24th, saying that he would like to spend Easter at home.

=It is reported here that the recent *Rains* swept the *Bridges* away, and no *Maske* can hide the results that are to follow.

=The following persons stopped over here while en route for the Baptist State Convention at Durham: Misses Mamie Kimball, Lizzie Hobgood, Sallie Devin, and Dr. John Mitchell.

=Observe that the paper on which the STUDENT is printed this year is thinner than formerly, which makes it appear smaller, when in truth it is larger than the average copy heretofore.

=*Professor of History*—"Mr. M., When was Jesus Christ born?"

Mr. M.—"In the nineteenth century, sir."

Professor—"Yes, sir, in the first."

=Nine of the students have organized a glee-club, who propose to amuse themselves and at the same time entertain the citizens of the Hill with songs comic, semi-comic, and non-comic.

"HER INVITATION.

"In the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the fire light's glow,
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go!

"With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear—
'Must you go so soon?' she muttered.
'Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?'"

The above is printed for the benefit of a young pedagogue now teaching in the eastern part of the State.

=Just as we are ready to mail this manuscript, we learn of the death of Dr. H. W. Montague. He was the oldest citizen of the Hill, being 85 years of age lacking one day.

=The following advertisement, posted on the gymnasium door, will likewise serve as an obituary:

SALE! SALE!!

At Two-and-a-half P. M.

Will be sold near where it stood in the College Campus, at 2½ p. m., the remains of a venerable old Red oak.

As this oak has heard the eloquence of "Sophs" and witnessed the trials and mischief of "Fresh and Preps" for 53 years, its value for fire-wood is not warranted. A tree will be planted where the oak stood and named after the purchaser of the wood.

Mr. G. W. Ward is requested to act as auctioneer, and to receive the money. Terms cash, and no grumbling.

L. R. MILLS, Bursar.

Mr. S. S. Woody, of the "Dixon House," was the purchaser, and the tree to be planted will bear his name. This in the fullest and completest sense of the word is *Woody* fame.

=Rev. L. R. Pruett, Harrellsville, N. C., stopped over on his return from the Convention and preached morning and evening.

=On our return from the Convention we found a letter from an old friend, who, after telling us all about his surroundings, concludes as follows: "But, Jim, old fellow, the best part of it is that I am going to be married on the 29th. Glory! Hallelujah!! Don't you say so, Jim? (Yes, glory for you, none for Jim—unless the Faculty give us a week for Christmas.) I will marry at C. on the evening of the 29th, about 5:30, and take the 7 o'clock train for D. The next morning we will go up to L. I suppose we will stay there about a week, and then come here. It is useless for me to tell you who the lady is. I suppose you know. Jim, this is the first time I ever was married, and I want you to write me a long letter of congratulation. Now, Jim, "do the thing up brown."

Yours truly, ------

Yes, we'll do it, provided the Faculty give us a week for Christmas; otherwise, we shall not have the time. We shall first, however, write your bride a letter of sympathy and condolence. In the meanwhile, you will have your glory, and a letter of congratulation isn't of much consequence.

=We hope the next donation Mr. Bostwick makes to Wake Forest will be given with the proviso, *that the students are to have a week for Christmas!*

=Our readers will be glad to learn that Prof. Poteat has consented to resume his former connection with the STUDENT as its Alumni Editor. As this manuscript will not meet his eye, we take the liberty to say that Prof. Poteat is one of the most accurate and versatile writers in the State, and his name on the staff can but add interest and value to the magazine. He will look over the manuscript before sending it to the publishers and make the necessary corrections and suggestions. The proof-reading will be done by the other editors.

=Our village was recently saddened by the death of two of its brightest children, Robert Caddell and Dora Neal. The former was a son of Mr. J. C. Caddell, the latter the daughter of Mrs. Z. G. Neal, who last year moved here from Reidsville. The remains of the little girl were carried to the old home, "Lenox Castle," in Rockingham county, and buried by the side of her father.

=When it was learned that the evangelist, Mr. Pearson, could not be induced to visit Wake Forest on account of previous engagements, not to be thwarted the boys chartered a train for $75 and went to Raleigh, leaving here at 5 p. m. and returning at 11.

=We regret to announce that Mr. C. F. Reid has closed his excellent boarding-house.

=Our pastor, Rev. R. T. Vann, commenced last week a series of prayer meetings preparatory to a protracted meeting. Thus far considerable interest has been manifested in the meetings.

=Miss Mary K. Walters is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rodgers, in Durham.

=Miss Lizzie Savage, who has been visiting relatives on the Hill, returned to her home on the 26th ult., much to the regret of some of our boys.

=A gentleman who lately had a conversation with Judge Dillard, of Greensboro, reports him as saying that, of the large number of young men who had attended his law school in recent years, the Wake Forest boys were more studious, more exemplary in their conduct, and better prepared than those from any other institution in the State.

=At the late session of the Baptist State Convention, Rev. R. T. Vann tendered his resignation as secretary of the Board of Education, and Rev. John Mitchell was elected to succeed him. He will make his headquarters here, and enter upon his duties the first of January.

=Rev. W. B. Morton had rather a funny (?) experience at the Convention. He was appointed to preach on Sunday night at a colored church in the suburbs of the city. After tramping two miles in the country through mud and darkness he arrived at the appointed place. The doors were closed, the lamps out, the church empty. With a sigh of disappointment he sadly turned back to the city. He had not gone far when he collided with a "brother in black." Hope revived, and the twain returned to the church together. After waiting an hour they were joined by five others, whereupon the young parson concluded that the audience was not equal to his discourse, so he pronounced the benediction, and came home—bereaved of a lost sermon.

=The business manager has a word to students. Read it, and govern yourselves accordingly:

A WORD TO STUDENTS.

When Paul was on a voyage towards Rome, there arose a great tempest, insomuch that the sailors feared for their lives, but Paul exhorted them to be of good cheer, for an angel of God had told him they all should be saved. A little later, when the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, Paul said, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

Now the Business Manager of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, considering the obligations of its patrons, feels safe in saying that the success of the STUDENT for this year is decreed already; and yet, unless you, the subscribers, and especially *students*, rally to its every interest, it cannot succeed.

The WAKE FOREST STUDENT belongs to you—the students of WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, and the great Baptist denomination of North Carolina which owns the college it represents. Now, students, you have selected editors to manage the STUDENT for you, but their success depends largely on you. You have responded nobly in subscribing—a larger per cent. of the students are subscribers than ever before—but another interest of the STUDENT is advertising, and, since a man who advertises expects it to profit him, it is your duty to encourage such with your trade.

If you will but remember that you

pay out here annually $35,000 or $40,000, a large per cent. of which, either directly from you, or indirectly from you through the faculty and boarding-houses, goes into the hands of the merchants on the Hill, you can but consider it

VERY UNGRATEFUL

in these merchants not to help you sustain your magazine; therefore, when you want goods, consult the STUDENT'S DIRECTORY, and govern yourselves accordingly.

R. B. L.

=The *Wilmington Star* has this to say about Prof. Simmons: "We sincerely regret to hear of the serious condition of health of Prof. W. G. Simmons, of Wake Forest College. He has been compelled to give up work for the present. An assistant professor has been elected. He is an excellent and most valuable man—a man of superior parts admirably disciplined. He is a native of North Carolina and has been a professor at Wake Forest for probably thirty years. We shall be glad to know of a restoration of his health at an early day."

=Wake Forest was well represented at the Convention. Profs. Taylor, Mills, Wm. Royall, Manly, Michael, and quite a number of citizens and students were there first and last. The weather was fine, the attendance large, the speaking good, and money plentiful. The college received its usual share of compliments and congratulations. The speeches of Drs. Pritchard, Hume, Dickinson, and Rev. Tom Dixon, Jr., on education were above the average. That of Dr. Hume was specially good. It was a poem in prose. The University is to be congratulated in the possession of such a refined and polished gentleman as Prof. Hume.

Dr. Hufham introduced a resolution commending the STUDENT to the Baptist denomination. Remarks were made by Dr. Pritchard and the writer. Business manager Farriss secured a good number of new subscribers and an advertisement from the Blackwell Tobacco Company.

The trustees of the college granted Prof. Simmons a leave of absence from the duties of his chair until June on account of failing health, and decided to elect an assistant professor at an early day.

It only remains to be said that the Convention was a success from beginning to end, and that Durham is the Hub of the State. Its hospitality is unbounded, its liberality unequalled, its prosperity without a parallel. Our home was with Mr. James Blackwell, and a good home it was—just such a home as a college boy knows how to appreciate and remembers with pleasure. The next session will be held at Greensboro, and we hope our successor will be there to enjoy himself as we have.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

Books ! books ! the only things in life I find
Not wholly vain.
Books in my hands—books in my heart enshrined—
Books in my brain.

My friends are they ; for children and for wife
They serve me too ;
For these alone of all dear things in life,
Have I found true.

They do not flatter, change, deny, deceive—
Ah no—not they !
The same editions which one night you leave,
You find next day.

* * * * * * * *

And yet this common book of Common Prayer
My heart prefers,
Because the names upon the fly leaf there
Are mine and hers.

It's a dead flower that makes it open so—
Forget-me-not—
The marriage service .... well, my dear, you know
Who first forgot.

Those were the days when in the choir we two
Sat—used to sing—
When I believed in God, in love, in you,
In everything.

* * * * * * * *

No—I don't blame you—since you only proved
My choice unwise,
And taught me books should trusted be and loved,
Not lips and eyes.

E. NESBIT—*In Book Mart.*

—In noticing the recent work of John Ruskin, 'Hortus Inclusus,' the Bookmart has some very clever, as well as some not very complimentary remarks to make. The uncomplimentary ones, however, are of no weight in making one think less of this grand old man-boy ; nor are they meant to be. In fact they don't amount to any thing more serious than an observation that he has a good share of self-consciousness about him—which indeed is all very true ; but which we almost forget to take account of, seeing it hedged about with so many other delightful criticisms. Among which is the following: "As he advances in years the old man eloquent talks more and more about himself, but the infirmity of his more youthful period is now only the grace of his age. In the present book ('Hortus Inclusus') he seems to lay even his correspondents under contribution for the development of this one important theme. The sole and sufficient excuse for the practice is that he talks so well. He takes himself for better and for worse, with all the frankness of a child. Most persons can only wish that they had retained the fearless *naiveté* of the nursery ; Mr. Ruskin has not to wish it, it has kept with him as our inalienable gift. He is fearlessly wrong and right by turns, wilful, petulant, prejudiced, boyish, in a word, for good and for ill. With the medium of genius and knowledge through which this quality is exercised, he produces the most astonishing results. The

boyish note is struck on the very first page. Mr. Ruskin is writing to a lady who, as he says elsewhere, is some thirteen years older than himself, but he confesses that he never knew his Susie 'could be such a naughty little girl before.'" This however is only one side of his character as we know and are further told. Hitherto we have only seen the boy—the Ruskin boy; but ere the short letter from which this is taken closes, we have the man, the Ruskin man—"the man of genius in his fine observation on the Pompeian frescoes." A criticism on Ruskin would not be in place here; but all who know him can see how that the above is characteristic of him, and will be eager to get a copy of the 'Hortus Inclusus,' 'the personal confidences' of this rare genius; for there is no better company than he—so fresh, so boyish, so entertaining, so artistic, so sensible!

SOUTHERN SILHOUETTES.—Among the many things that are being said about the "New South," I find the following healthy and sensible criticism in the *Eclectic*, on Southern Literature: The "New South," as it is called, has in some marked departures contributed the beginnings of a new literature. Before the late war, the intellectual life of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line found expression entirely in politics or professional life, and along the purely conventional lines. All the social conditions were fatal to originality or freshness of thought. The fatal blight of slavery in its ultimate effects extended in every direction. Literary culture for the most part confined itself to the older authors. Shakespeare, Addison, and Swift were familiar library companions, but a stare of surprise would assail him who dared to speak of Carlyle, Macaulay, Froude, Tennyson, Longfellow, or any of the recent stars in literature. * * * *. The "New South" has begun to develop writers of peculiar idiosyncrasy and brilliant freshness of talent. * * * * The field of study which so largely furnishes the material for this brilliant work is fertile and comparatively uncultivated—the reminiscence of the South, which has recently passed, seen from the standpoint of the present. Mrs. Walworth originally published the papers entitled "Southern Silhouettes" in New York where they attracted much attention. The purpose of these pleasant and suggestive papers is to furnish graphic sketches of characteristic types of Southern life, both old and new, and she succeeds in leaving a graphic impression of people, customs, and manners which are both just and spirited, etc., etc. * * * * We think the reader who has never been in the South will rise from reading this book with a fresh and lively appreciation of people and manners radically different in many respects from those of his own region.

—The two following anecdotes are told by Mr. Jonathan Bouchier on Walter Scott: "When Scott was staying with his friend and brother poet, Wordsworth, the frugal fare—at least in the article of liquor—at the bard of Rydal's table did not

quite suit Scott's less simple palate. He used, accordingly, to pay a visit to a neighboring 'public,' and have a quiet glass, 'unbeknown,' as Mrs. Gamp would say, to Wordsworth. One day the two poets were walking out together, and they happened to pass this same 'public,' when the landlady was standing at the door. Directly she caught sight of Scott, she exclaimed, to his horror, 'well, Mr. Scott, have you come for your morning dram?' thereby letting the cat out of the bag, and covering Scott with confusion."

"When Scott met Manzoni, the latter said he owed so much to the 'Waverly Novels,' that his 'I Promessi Sposi' might be considered Scott's own. To which Scott replied, 'In that case,' 'I Promessi Sposi' is my best novel. This, if true, is as graceful a compliment as was ever paid."

—What would the contemporaries of Byron and Shelly have said to the following: "From one standpoint of view Shelly had more love of humanity, more sympathy with nature, than Byron." I can imagine a look of surprise akin to horror overspread the countenances of the long-buried and forgotten critics of *Blackwood's*, could they suddenly wake to life and read the article from which this sentence is taken. And yet they would have to yield their opinions and search for an explanation of such discrepancy in the judgments of men, in the wonder-working power of time—

"O wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends with the Ocean of Years—"

A wonderful stream indeed it is. Not only Byron and Shelly are being thus talked about, but even Keats and Crabbe, and a host of other heretofore despised poets and men of letters are finding their way to the minds and hearts of men. Byron and humanity! Shelly and nature! Would any one a decade since have dared to intimate that there was the least spark of humanity or love of nature in either! It is interesting to notice how these men have been slandered and the causes of their remaining so long misunderstood. Says the writer of the article on "Shelly" from which we have quoted above, "In almost all cases political bias determined the attitudeof the critic toward his victim or his idol. It is safe to say that Lord Byron might have run away with anybody's wife in England and retained his popularity as a poet, if he had been a Tory, and the genius of Shelly would have been recognized at once, if he had not been a democrat." There now!

—Of all the marvelous changes either in nature, whereby the tender sprout matures into the full grown and golden grain; or in man, whereby he develops from birth to manhood, there is no more interesting example to be found than the process of his growth in letters, from the time when the "young idea learns to shoot" to that of elegant and well proportioned literary composition. One is made to wonder in looking at the crude way in which

an average boy puts his thoughts together, if order will ever be reached. For instance who would ever imagine, unless he knew that such things have happened, that the matchless prose of a Scott perhaps would be the offspring of such a composition as this: "*An essay on the Horse*—The horse is a useful creacher. It eats corn it is a sort of square animal with a leg at each corner and has a head at one end and a tale at the other." Yet such is the case—

> "Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
> Large streams from little fountains flow."

So sayeth the bard.

SCIENCE NOTES.

SIZE OF BACTERIA.—It may be doubted whether any single group of living beings is of more importance to man than those which go under the general name of Bacteria, and that too in spite of the fact that they are the smallest of all creatures. Some kinds are proved to be the causes of certain diseases which annually carry off hundreds of people, others are the agents of putrefaction and of fermentation. Of their size it is difficult to form a definite conception. There is of course great variation, the largest being probably as much as one hundred times larger than the smallest. Of the largest, 4,000,000 could lie side by side in the space of one square inch, while 500,000,000 of the common bacterium could be accommodated in the same limits. Another has estimated that 600,000,000 could find room in 1-25 of a cubic inch. It would require 3,000 placed end to end to reach the length of a house-fly. Being so minute they make up in number what may be lacking in size. Supposing that one individual requires one hour to divide into two, these two another hour to divide into four, and so on, the offspring of one of these microscopic plants would in five days reach the enormous number represented by 62 followed by thirty-six ciphers. It is not surprising that the air, the water, the soil, man's nasal and oral fluids, and alimentary canal swarm with them. It was estimated that a healthy man breathes in during one day 300,000 bacteria, which, however, are of the non-pathogenic varieties.

W. L. POTEAT.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

Our exchange matter was lost last month, and we did not make the discovery until it was too late. If we are remiss in this department, our exchanges will please notice that we have only four editors to edit a forty-five page Magazine.

—The *Blue Ridge Student* makes its *debut* with a polemic against its mother the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Its proprietor is an alumnus of the college and a former editor of the STUDENT. Says its editor: "THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for October is the poorest number of this excellent magazine that we remember to have seen." It will be remembered that *our critic* contributed an article to this number, which, from its very great length, necessitated the rejection of several others which might have made it better. Hereafter we shall use more discretion than allow one man to monopolize our columns. To the charge that we are "in the same old ruts," we have this to say: "The same old ruts" led the STUDENT to the front rank of college journalism, so acknowledged by critics more competent than the one hailing from Globe Academy. When the baby makes an improvement on its mother, we will endeavor to get out of "the same old ruts."

The proof-reading was not good, we acknowledge, but hardly bad enough to justify the criticism it evoked from the *Blue Ridge Student*. Having no Alumni editor we were compelled to entrust the proof-reading to the publishers for the first month.

Our critic gets mad because the editor of the educational department copied three items of education from the *N. C. Teacher* without due acknowledgment. We answer that *facts* not *sentences* were taken, and no acknowledgment was necessary. Where is this editor to get his educational data if not from other publications? Is he to go all over the world for them? Where does the *Blue Ridge Student* get its items on education?—make 'em?

We suggest that this infant purge its columns of such scum as, "Skim dem molasses," &c., before it presumes to chide its mother. Alas, that naughty child!

—WE gladly place the *Trinity Archive* on our list of exchanges. The first number shows that the editors have done their part well. The editorials are above the average, as is the exchange department. The reviews are well written, but too extended for the size of the magazine. There is a dearth of contributions

which we presume is the fault of the students rather than the editors. We congratulate the staff on their first effort, and predict for their magazine a brilliant future.

—FOR beauty, variety, and *puns* the *College Message* is without a rival among our exchanges. The November number is one of the best we have seen. We enjoyed "Talks on English Literature," and "Notes from the Diary of a G. F. C. Girl in Africa."

—THE *Thielensian* is the best of our exchanges that come from north of the Mason and Dixon line. Its contributions are short and full of interest, its editorials fresh and to the point, while its other departments are full and nicely gotten up. It is one of the few that can be read from beginning to end with interest.

—*The Collegiate*, Franklin College, Indiana, suggests that we pay more attention to locals and add an exchange department. The latter suggestion is good, the former at least debatable.

There is little of general interest in locals, and they should not be made to crowd out what is valuable. The exchange editor gives an extended review of our October number, but owing to a blunder of the printer or some one else the *Pacific Pharos* gets the credit. We are always glad to see the *Collegiate*.

—*Breezes from our Campus* is a new department of the *Messenger*. "Under this head," say the editors: "we hope there will be published every month short articles from the students at large touching various matters which enter into or affect student life at college." From an examination of the first number, it would appear that the innovation is likely to prove a success. The articles are sensible and well written. The *Messenger* is one of our favorites, and we will always be glad to hear of its success.

—FROM the "Lone Star" comes the *Texas University*. The October number contains an eloquent article on "The Future Literature of Texas." We enjoyed this article, and nothing would please us more than to see its aspiring prophecy realized. "Algernon Charles Swinburne" in the same number is an article of considerable merit. From the same State the *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* regularly visits us. Its contributions on the whole for November are the best we have seen. It is wanting in editorials, however.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { FRANK B. HENDREN, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

'62. Rev. Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Beston, N. C., who is in attendance upon the Baptist State Convention now in session at Durham, is one of the prominent men of the body. Intellectually he is the peer of any, and his genial, pleasant face and kindly voice are appreciated by all who know him. He is an eloquent speaker. His speeches are bright and always capture his hearers.—*Durham Tobacco Plant, Nov.* 16.

—'69. W. H. Pace, Esq., of Raleigh, was elected president of the Baptist State Convention. He presided over that imposing assembly with grace and dignity.

'69. We clip the following, relative to Hon. J. C. Scarborough, from the *Biblical Recorder*: "Now commenced a new era in education. Mr. Scarborough came to it from the teacher's desk. He came with great enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm he communicated to the people of the State, including the Legislators. In the Legislature of '77, $2,000 was appropriated for a Normal School, also $2,000 for a Colored Normal. But it was his second term that was ripe for great changes. In '79 the school bill, which was passed on the recommendation of Mr. Scarborough, failed to be signed by Mr. Moring, Speaker of the House, and Mr. Robinson, President of the Senate. Mr. Scarborough tried the courts to compel the signatures, but he was beaten. However, the work was done. The fire was kindled. The people were aroused. In 1881, even a more comprehensive and better law was passed, and to this law we are due our present efficient public school system. For the authorship of this bill, Mr. Scarborough is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the people of North Carolina. For his speeches to the people, which were strong, forcible, and stirring, much of the present enthusiasm for education at our schools in this State is due."

'85. Rev. J. B. Pruitt, of Wadesboro, spent a day or two on the Hill while *en route* for the Convention. He has charge of three or four *fat* country churches.

'70. Rev. Geo. W. Greene, Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, was elected Assistant Secretary of the Baptist State Convention.

—'79. At the late session of the Baptist State Convention, Rev. W. L. Wright, of Reidsville, was elected a vice-president of the Foreign Mission Board.

—'80. In the last issue of the *Biblical Recorder*, Rev. C. S. Farriss announces his withdrawal from the editorship. We regret to see this an-

nouncement. Mr. Farriss has true editorial ability, and made the *Recorder* one of the brightest, strongest and best religious papers in the State. —*State Chronicle*, *Nov.* 3.

'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat is pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches in Baltimore. A Baltimore correspondent of the *Winston Sentinel* has the following to say of him: "Rev. E. M. Poteat, a young North Carolinian, is succeeding well in Baltimore. It is a genuine pleasure to note the success our young men (North Carolina's) are winning in other States.

'83. North Carolina evinces great adroitness in capturing our brightest Virginia preachers, but Virginia sometimes turns the tables on her sister State. She recently drew Bro. C. G. Jones across the line, and in him she won a precious spoil. He is a young man of the brightest promise, and it is an open secret that he is to celebrate his settlement in Lynchburg by taking with him a beautiful Baptist bride.—*N. Y. Examiner.* [He has since taken her.]

'83. Rev. Ed. S. Alderman has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Memphis, Tenn. We copy the following from the *Wilmington Star:* "The *Memphis Appeal* refers to Rev. Ed. S. Alderman as 'the talented and eloquent pastor,' and describes his first sermon as a 'brilliant religious discourse.'"

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MANAGERS: { J. J. FARRISS, R. B. LINEBERRY, } WAKE FOREST, N. C.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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EDITORS:

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR.....J. W. LYNCH.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....F. B. HENDREN.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....J. J. FARRISS.

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....G. C. THOMPSON.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. T. WINSTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....R. B. LINEBERRY.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....PROF. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

REVERENCE THE PAST.

I am not one of that pessimistic school who would place a premium on everything old for no other reason than that it is old, as the ancients did on their wines, and discount all things new because they have not stood the test of time. Nor do I hold that the human race is losing more and more of its primeval purity and integrity as it advances farther and farther in time from its Eden home. Had I the power to go back prior to my own existence and choose my "whence and whither," the time and place of my birth, I think I should choose just these closing years of the nineteenth century and this Southland as my home, here to rise or fall in the midst of this stirring age of intellectual activity. Yet I am far from consenting to many disparaging things said of the past.

It is indeed interesting to note how some of our nineteenth century writers and Fourth of July orators fume and swell with rhetorical convulsions as they contemplate our vast attainments —the "end of the ages" in the glory of achievement.

One has but to recite the wondrous advance of science and the arts, and the rabble runs wild in extolling the present over the past. There is much said about new science, "new theology," and advanced thought, so broad and liberal and new.

It may not be in good taste—certainly not in the eyes of certain panegyrists of the present—but would it not be a little interesting to take the other side of the question?

It is said that we have made the wilderness to bloom like the rose.

Perhaps we have and perhaps we have not. We look and see that the beautiful forest, "God's first temple," has perished before the woodman's steel; and as many as were the gray, mossy trunks that stood there, just so many smoking chimneys now rise. Once the sky was deep and clear, the air pure, all ringing with Nature's music. Now you can catch only such spots of blue sky as brick walls and slated roofs permit. The air is thick with soot and flying cinders and noxious gases; your ear is met with the ceaseless clash and groaning of machinery and humanity as they toil in competition side by side. The stream that once was clear, rippling between mossy banks, has become the scavenger of the city. All classes, all sexes, all ages, all conditions of humanity are rushing along the crowded streets as though standing-room would soon be gone. There men are striving to keep time with the trip-hammer and the revolving wheel. The day is filled with noise, the night never grows still; a Sabbath's rest never comes over the city. Man in his life has become artificial and fails to live out half his days. He is born in the midst of confusion and cannot retreat into a quiet nook to die. And when he dies his body is taken to a building with a tall chimney and reduced to ashes; and these, instead of taking up six feet of ground, find sepulture in a pint bottle, or are carried to the "potter's field" to moulder in an unremembered grave. This cramming and packing into cities is one of the marks of this progressive century—is it a mark of progressive life? Says Dr. Strong: "The city is the nerve center of our civilization. It is also the storm center."

The flying car has displaced the stage coach of half a century ago. It gives rapid and easy passage; but one may fly across a continent in a few hours and gain little more from the thousands of miles travel than from a day's drive through a picturesque country—he has "seen men as trees walking." Lines of freight trains bring the wares from other peoples to us cheap, and compel us to sell ours cheap, regardless of the cost of production. They carry the detective upon the heels of the outlaw, but no faster than they do the escaping criminal. The same wire that carries a message of truth may sing as merrily with a false report. Long and intricate systems of railroads and telegraph lines make possible the most oppressive monopolies known to civilization. Bold and sometimes defiant scientific investigation, while it has shed a clearer and steadier light on our here and hereafter, (?) the "mystery of being and ceasing to be," at the same time has opened fields of interminable doubt. One man is saved by it, another is dashed upon the shoals. If he cannot find God or religion in his laboratory, he comes to the very unscientific conclusion that they do not exist. This lauded present, this age of progress, may carry in one hand blessings, in the other curses. So, you see, it is possible to regard it as a question of more than one side.

Can we fold up the past and lay it away as a faded garment? We stand in the present on a narrow isthmus dividing the two eternities. There is

the past, so full of lessons and tender memories, and there the future, so bright with hopes and with visions how fair! In the "Psalm of Life" Longfellow tells us—

> "Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
> Let the dead past bury its dead.
> Act—act in the living present."

But no man can rightly use the present who does not look both ways. Neither must he gaze into the past too long, or he will become a statue while he stands; nor heedlessly rush upon the future, for there are untried paths.

A rising generation is disposed to look back on the customs and thoughts of ancestors with contempt. Young men and young women are not wanting who think of their grandfathers and grandmothers as old fogies, and of their ways as relicts of customs that ought never to have been. It might be well to remember that it is hard for a stream to rise higher than its fountain. Their fashions—how funny they are to us now! The past and the present can well stand and laugh at each other. Could some of those who lived years ago rise from their long unkept graves and gaze for a moment at some of the pale slaves of fashion, I think they would cry out in one breath, "I am glad I am dead," and then lie down and sleep on for another century.

By no means am I ready to go back to the primitive mode of conveyance or the old system of education. But give honor to whom honor is due. Have you not been made to burn with indignation at hearing one of the so-called advanced educators, who has learned that a child can be as scientifically educated as an electric battery or steam engine can be managed, recite the blunders of the old parish schoolmaster who taught yonder in the old school-house half hid in the thicket, and we laugh and think it is smart. True he did make blunders, and so do we; and it yet remains to be demonstrated that the present system can produce a brighter galaxy of geniuses than the old. A blessed boon it is for the dead that the sealed tomb is a veil, shutting out from them this thanklessness and want of appreciation of what they did for us.

The man who even outlives his *two score* years and ten has outlived his age. He is thrown aside as a useless vessel, as rubbish cast from the track of an advancing civilization. Not long since a writer in a religious paper went so far in ridiculing the old hymns and songs, and those who sung them, as to say he wished they had taken their rubbish with them when they died. A college student once was speaking lightly of the Proverbs of Solomon, saying they were very common, anybody could write such proverbs. His professor tersely suggested that he write a few. His book of proverbs, however, has not yet come from the press. So it will be with this advanced son of song. There is a deep, unwarranted wrong somewhere. So opposed are we to doing ancestral honors, to holding a reverential respect for those who have gone before us, that we are losing respect for them while they live. That the youth of to-day are becoming more restive under restraint is no dream, but a truth that goes without saying. The American child is known abroad by

his want of respect and deference to his superiors and especially to parents. This spirit of insubordination is being deeply laid in the American character and may have a history yet to be read.

Why should we not reverence the past? We are the "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." Go down the dim aisles of by-gone years, and see the long line of departed worthies as they come trooping up and casting the fruits of their toil down at our feet. The good they did has lived after them. Over them as stepping stones we have risen to our present eminence.

There is Homer unsurpassed, and Shakespeare the bard of the whole human race; Socrates, second only to St. Paul as a reasoner; Aristotle, the father of logic and deductive reasoning, the greatest genius, perhaps, who ever lived; and Bacon the pioneer of inductive reasoning, and that German reformer who turned the tide of ages; Calvin and Wesley, the great religious organizers, and Bunyan who wrote almost as an inspired man; and then an almost innumerable host of statesmen, both of Europe and America—all, like sculptors and painters, are reaching out from the deep calm of the past, shaping and shading our present lines.

Our ideas of liberty, and our liberty itself, "whence are they?" Born in Europe hard by the English throne, then transplanted in America to mature on the banks of our fresh rivers, and on the sunny slopes of our green-topped mountains, here from untrammeled nature to catch the breath of perpetual youth. It was not so much for the first principles of liberty that we contended in those seven years of unequal strife as for independence from the mother country. We may boast of driving English tyranny back to "crouch under her tottering throne," but the truth still remains that if we had not had sympathy from that side of the Atlantic we could not have freed ourselves from the English nation. There arose the great *magna charta* of human liberty, and our Constitution, though "the greatest piece of writing ever struck off by human genius in any given time," owes much to principles learned in our fatherland. The English Constitution made ours possible.

A great present, then, is the child of a great past. The nations of antiquity around which lingers the greatest historic interest thought much of tombs. By the burial place at Gizeh, the colossal Sphinx and the Pyramids, Egypt is now speaking in her own tongue. Rob England of Westminster and you impoverish her in glory. Although Egypt was too unchanging, too much like a mummy, yet from her we may learn the great truth, that due veneration for what has been will render us immortal in time to come. Says Charles Kingsley, "Reverence for age is a fair test of the vigor of youth."

"Remember thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long," might be spoken to nations as well as individuals.

Reverence the past, kneel by the green graves, not with superstitious awe but with beautiful, manly reverence, then let us turn away and prove ourselves worthy sons and daughters of noble sires, and thus "make our lives sublime." M. L. KESLER.

CRUMBS FROM THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

It was Friday of commencement week, the day so full of joy and sorrow, of fair faces and sad farewells—to every Wake Forest boy that I boarded the train in company with several college mates for Weldon, the busy town beside the muddy waters of the rushing Roanoke. One by one my friends left me, each to his respective home—much to my regret and his delight.

"All aboard for Richmond and points North!" shouted the conductor, and away we dashed over the river and across the long bridge.

My genial friend, Carl, from the picturesque hills of Pennsylvania, was quite an agreeable companion, hailing as we did from the same institution and having the identical route in view.

Swiftly we speed over the sandy plains of Tide-water Virginia until we reach the old city of Petersburg, the greatest peanut market in the world and the home of Billy Mahone, the "trickery" senator from the South.

The never weary iron-horse seemed to increase in rapidity as he sniffed the evening zephyrs freighted with the rich perfume of blooming clover, silking corn, and new-mown hay from the highly cultivated farms through which we passed. Soon the tall chimneys and merry click of many spindles indicated that we were in manufacturing Manchester. Like the panting steed on a home stretch, with every nerve contracted, our locomotive leaps and bounds uttering a loud and prolonged whistle as we roll off the great iron bridge and enter the beautiful city of the Old Dominion, the celebrated Confederate Capital.

A hasty good-bye to Carl, and out I stepped into a great crowd of strangers. The huge iron gates were thrown open. I passed through them to the street among an hundred boys black and white and "betwixt and between" and all dirty and in rags and bare-feet who were thrice as anxious to carry my valise as I was willing for a single one of them to handle it. I was next attacked by a gang of boot-blacks—even more than the first—who seem to think it sacrilegious for a stranger to walk the streets with any dust on his shoes. It requires a cold stern heart to turn these fearless fellows away empty handed, but this is one of the first lessons a traveller has to learn—that of looking out for *No. one*. I also turned a deaf ear to the mob of hotel-porters and news-carriers who swarm around you like May-flies in the meadow on a hot day.

Soon I am in the center of the city, the heart of our social being and the wheel that runs our monopoly machinery and the chord on which are played so many tunes that delight so many ears. Richmond is grand if seen by electric-light; splendid, if shown her buildings; beautiful, if taken through her parks; hospitable,

if acquainted with her citizens; and sublime, if viewed from the dome of her capitol.

There is a special attractiveness in beholding the works of man by means of *human* light. When we witness the wonders and awful sublimity of nature, the fact of a Divine Hand having fashioned and controlled the things before us, we are apt to be little concerned about their construction for fear of not comprehending and understanding them. But the results and workings of human invention and operation demand our attention at once, for what man has done man delights to understand. Then, a stroll along the streets of a great city by the modern mode of illumination will fill you with wonder and delight.

In my ramblings around Richmond I have been impressed with the number of handsome private residences and costly public buildings; in no place of its size do I remember ever to have seen so many, and I think it might very appropriately be called the city of handsome houses. The capitol of course is the most interesting edifice to the stranger as well as to every true Southerner. I had heard much of its imposing appearance and unique structure and was prepared for something beautiful and grand. Nor was I disappointed. High above all others stands this majestic structure, the chief object of attraction around whose portals are entwined the fadeless wreath of historic renown and the ever blooming flowers of truth, right, justice. It is of antique Grecian architecture and situated on the brow of Shockoe Hill and surrounded by spreading trees, verdant blue-grass, tasty gravel walks, flowing fountains, beautiful flowers, rustic seats, fine statues of bronze and marble. A handsome portico stands on the southern side, fronting the brow of the hill, overlooking the river and the city. This piazza is covered by an extension of the roof supported by massive columns in the purest Grecian style. Broad stone steps on the East and West end enable you to enter the building. On ascending you approach a large hall lighted from above; on one side is the chamber of the House of Delagates; on the other a passage leading to the portico, into which passage opens the door of the Senate Chamber. How these old walls have reverberated the eloquence and patriotism of our country's greatest statesmen! In the center of this hall, enclosed by an iron railing, stands Howdan's marble statue of Washington. The figure is placed on a pedestal, is of natural size, and is said to be a correct likeness in face and form of the original. It is the only one ever seen by George Washington himself. The image represents him in the dress of a General, leaning slightly against a bundle of Roman fasces, over which a military cloak is thrown, the right arm extended, the hand grasping a cane, the head bare, and the attitude one of ease and elegance and dignity. The form is robust and manly, the face a calm, thoughtful and determined one, and you feel like tipping your hat to the statue.

Ascending a broad flight of stairs you reach the upper story, and enter a gallery running round the openspace used as the art galary of the Southern Historical Society. What an assembly of celebrities! I look in the piercing eyes and beaming countenances of some of America's most illustrous dead. Before me stands the polished statue of that grand and great man of right, the eloquent Henry Clay; in a niche is a bust of Lafayette, the liberty loving man of France; on the walls hang life-size and life-looking portraits of judges, heroes, poets, patriots, soldiers, statesmen, historians than whom none nobler ever lived. Their names are familiar to every native of the land they loved—are household words from Maine to Mexico. They form an endless chain of golden links uniting the glories of the past with the blessings of the present. From the dark days of Captain John Smith to the bloody battles of General Robert E. Lee, the deeds of these men are inseparably interwoven in the history of Virginia, the Confederacy, and our whole country. Truly they comprise an unparalleled history, and all honor to the Society which perpetuates their memory!

The bricks used in building this, the oldest state-house in America, were burned in England, and the lumber was hewed and smoothed with broad-axe—as that was before the day of saws, planes, and mills.

Several years ago an important political convention was held in the hall of the House of Delegates which was crowded to its utmost capacity with excited listeners. Of a sudden the timbers began to crack and down they came with a great crash and a mighty smash, killing and wounding a large number of people, among whom were men of distinction. A more substantial chamber now seats the Representatives in the Lower House of Virginia. This sad occurrence is remembered with sorrow by many of her citizens until this day.

I examine the relics and curiosities of the State library, register my name, then climb the ladder to the dome and stand upon the stage on top of the capitol. The view is a fine one on every side. No man of taste has ever stood upon this exalted point in the fresh air of the morning, while the summer sun was shedding its yellow radiance over the beautiful scene of exceeding and diversified loveliness before and around him, without being enraptured with the exquisite beauty of the view, and struck with the panorama-like character of the picture presented to his gaze which nature and art have combined to produce. Below is the seven-hilled city of the South stretching up and down the picturesque James, over the hills and along the shore—the meandering river itself, with its falls, rocks, and islands, the bridge spanning it, the water glistening like silver in the sunlight as it winds its way into the dim distance eastward to the Chesapeake, the city of Manchester opposite, the shipping beneath the cataract, the fine parks and solemn cemeteries, the towering granite shaft in honor of "Our Confederate Dead," the dear old Soldier's

Home, the white walls of the dreaded Penitentiary, the numerous churches sending their tall spires into the skies, the grandeur of the horizon, the stir of eighty thousand souls, all these and more taken in from one point of view form a grand and sublime picture most interesting and most beautiful. In the language of another:

"There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around,
And where'er it turned, the eye
Fell on rich historic ground."

Perhaps the most ancient building in Richmond is the Old Stone House on lower Main street. Here some of our greatest men have resided in its better days when it was used as a tavern. Monroe, Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Henry, Lee, and others have rested beneath its dilapidated roof. A place of no less note and of far more frequent resort and sad memories to every Southern soldier is the home of Jefferson Davis, "The White House of the Confederacy."

The oldest church and most venerable grave-yard in this historic city is St. Johns. I walked over the crumbling marble slabs and entered the sacred temple so famous in our annals, where Patrick Henry's eloquence roused Virginia to arms and where the Goddess of Liberty was conceived and where he so clearly spoke the voice of the nation when he uttered those electrifying words, "Give me liberty or give me death." As I stood within these consecrated walls I pictured before me the scene one hundred and twelve years ago, and thought of that single explosion of eloquence which made men tremble. It was as though a spark had fallen on a magazine of gun-powder or a bomb of dynamite had been hurled at Westminster Abbey even shaking monarchs on their thrones, waking up the evil spirits of enslaved nations, clearing away the mists of prejudice, breaking down the barriers of oppression, raising to life the submerged principles of classic and civil liberty, loosening the fetters of a wounded conscience, binding up the broken chords of perishing political freedom; and still it echoes and reverberates from nation to nation, and from age to age, until those immortal sentiments shall go sounding around the world changing and improving wherever they go. Behold! how great a matter a little fire has kindled.

Another very interesting place is Monumental Church situated near the Medical College and the Catholic Hospital. This edifice now stands where once stood the old Theatre that was burned in 1811. Among a people as fond of sport as our ancestors were, and who sought all kinds of enjoyments from the chess to the chase, the theatre might be supposed to offer strong claims for support. We accordingly find it attended by the chief persons of the city; and this attendance was frequent and constant. The sad story of the burning runs thus. On a certain night it was peculiarly crowded; a favorite actor and a fashionable play had drawn a great throng to the house. The pantomime of the Bleeding Nun was to follow the regular play; the thrilling interest

of this piece had caused it to be repeated night after night; and crowds were drawn with unabated interest and curiosity to see it performed. By some accidental cause the stage took fire and consumed the entire building before it could be extinguished. Seventy two persons were lost. As it was during the session of the Legislature and many had come from all parts of the State to attend the gayeties of the season, there were some of the most beautiful and excellent of Virginia's citizens in the unfortunate building. The newly elected Governor—G. W. Smith—died rescuing a lady from the flames. The young, the gray-haired, the beautiful, the brave, the good, and the bad were cooked up like vermin. They perished in the midst of enjoyments and in the hey-day of youth and pleasures of old age. Over their charred and ghastly bones and mingled ashes was erected this church, and in the vestibule a marble monument has been placed with the names of all who thus met so untimely and terrible a death. What a fit place for a church! where the memory of the dead may ever be kept in remembrance and the life-giving words of the gospel and the blessed hope of immortality never cease to be promulgated. Let the present worshippers draw lessons of profit from the past sufferers.

It had long been my desire to hear Frank Cunningham, the sweet singer of the South, so I inquired for the church of which he is vocalist and arrived just in time to be ushered to a very comfortable seat. The great reed organ pealed forth its sacred strains in thunder tones, and the charming voice of Cunningham sounded clear and distinct above all others rivaling the mocking-bird in variety and the nightingale in sweetness of sound. He sang

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by"—

as never man sang to me before or since. In looking over that immense concourse of people and imagining what the motive was that brought this heterogeneous mass of humanity together, I concluded that,

"Some go to church, just for a walk,
Others go there to laugh and talk,
Others go there the time to spend,
Others go there to meet a friend,
Others go to learn the parson's name,
Others go there to wound his fame.
Others go there for speculation,
Others go there for observation.
Others go there to dose and nod,
But few go there to worship God."

The name most dear to many hearts in this beautiful city is Hollywood, and justly is it so, for a more lovely place would surely be hard to find. A stranger can easily discover the cemetery by following the marching crowd on West Main street every Sunday afternoon. Nature has done her part well and man has displayed the beauties of art to every possible advantage, thus combining to make this "city of the dead" attractive and sacred to the living. The broad drives, the narrow walks, the shady groves, the flowery fields, the flowing fountains, the rippling brooklets, the deep and dashing river, the wooing of happy lovers, the wandering multitude, and

the piles of granite and marble here and there, present a most impressive picture. Again, I think of those over whom all this is placed. Presidents and people; the beloved wife, the kind husband, the dutiful child, the worthy citizen, the criminal, the representative of nearly every tongue—are buried here: The professional man of eminence, the unlettered man of poverty; the wise and the wealthy; the man of sorrows to whom life was a burden; the young and joyous with bright hopes and strong anticipations; the infant that knows naught but its mother's look of kindness, and the old man who has outlived his three score yers and ten; hearts that have felt every emotion, that have been wrung with passionate grief, or beat tumultuously with joy; eyes that have beamed with gladness, or been drowned in tears of sorrow; tongues eloquent in words and mighty in influence, whose voice has given rapture or destroyed peace; all that living suffer, feel, think, love, hate, fear or desire, *all* lie mouldering in the dust. I am reminded more than ever of the fact that the living alone build monuments. The grave-yard, the temporal home of the dead, with its variety of tomb-stones is a fit emblem of life with its diversified nature. Would you build a monument more lasting than stone, more durable than bronze, or more beautiful than fine marble? then see to it ere the reaper cuts you down and it is everlastingly too late. No one can visit Hollywood and not come away feeling that he has been treading upon holy ground, and that it is a mark of christianity and civilization for the living to perpetuate the memory of the dead.

In close proximity to Hollywood cemetery is a hallowed spot to every true Southern man who fought and bled under the old flag now tattered and torn. A nobler, more humane, and more commendable institution was never concocted by man than the Soldiers' Home. Nor could a more appropriate site have been selected for a Confederate Home of the wounded and disabled warriors than the gently rolling elevation hard by the graves of the thirty thousand braves who fell fighting for Dixie. Every Southern heart was centred on their Capital during the terrible conflict of brothers, and now let every soldier's friend contribute his mite towards the protection of those who had to endure hardship for our sakes. The Home is situated almost beneath the shadow of the granite pyramid that stands in solitary grandeur erected by patriotic and loving hands to Our Confederate Dead. It is surrounded by the bloody battle fields of their comrades in arms; supported by philanthropists and the generous commonwealth of Virginia. How many homes were desolated, how many hearts were saddened by the direful and baneful hand of war. Here every care and precaution has been taken to bind up the burdened hearts, and provide for the wants of the old worn-out "Men in Gray." It is a place where each inmate may repose in quietude, revel in the pleasures of society, enjoy the rare sweets of music, religion, literature, and every-

thing which makes a true home attractive. All honor be to the worthy benefactors who established this institution of love! The esteem of a grateful people will enshrine their names with flowers of fadeless beauty and everlasting perfume. It pains me to think how few similar institutions there are for the gallant heroes in this Southland of ours. The empty sleeves and wooden legs and silvered heads and suffering families now seen in our land are sufficient reasons for the establishment of such a Home in every Southern State.

Nature has richly endowed this beautiful city in climate and situation; history has thrown its immortal influences around the place; and destiny has claimed Richmond as its favored daughter. She is the birthplace of our country's greatness, the cradle of eloquence, the mother of patriots and of heroes, the guardian of liberty and of States Sovereignty, the defender of justice and the protectress of truth, the Shechinah of our Fathers and the refuge of the oppressed. Her past is bejeweled in historic lore, her present is prosperous and honorable, her future will be glorious and wealthy. I see depicted on her wings of progress the foreshadowing of the great possibilities of the sunny land of which she was once the proud capital. Thank God, the black war horse is dead and his unsightly carcass has long since been devoured by the vultures and his dry bones now fertilize the soil he devastated. The sod pawed in his fury is now verdant, and over the ruins of his madness has been reared the temple of peace and prosperity for a dwelling place of *Mercury* instead of *Mars*. In every department there is progress and nothing is more evident than ere long the South will blossom as the rose and become as the green bay-tree beside the still waters where the pastures are pleasant, and the men who wore the gray will shape and fashion her destiny. Her past is yet to be written; her future is unattained! Grand old Capital of Virginia, and the once exalted Capital of the Confederate States, truly thou art worthy of much praise! May the guardian angels of Washington, Lee, and their followers ever keep watch over thee! May the holy influences of sacred memories and the dear principles of present success inspire thy people in the pleasures of unbounded pursuits.

E. C. ROBERTSON.

THE LIBRARY—CLASSES OF READERS.

There is a certain rather small class, who go into the library and wander around, looking at books with a curiosity akin to that exhibited by the negro boy the first time he went to town and "could'nt see the town for the houses." The librarian, noticing such a visitor's apparent perplexity, asks him what he is looking for, and at the same time begins pointing out to him where different kinds of books are kept. He replies, "Oh! nothing in particular. I was just looking for whatever will strike my fancy." After examining all the books he sees which have gilt letters on the back, and, finally finding one filled with pictures of negro babies in slave time, he decides to take that out and read (?) it.

The second class I would mention is large, which speaks well for that which causes them to read, namely the Literary Societies. Our literary societies surely direct the greater portion of the reading done here, and, as what a man reads and comprehends, goes into his nature as a part of him, therefore the value of these societies, in developing the intellects and forming the characters which are to shape the destines of future generations, is inestimable. So much by the way.

Now there are two sub-classes belonging to this class. Some read histories, biographies, and general literature, and from the facts gathered compose their speeches. This is valuable in several respects. While learning to speak and to write speeches, they are becoming acquainted with the style of the foremost writers of the present and past ages—men whose writings frequently arouse and stimulate to action the dormant possibilities so as to lead to seats in the United States Congress, and to other honorable positions. At the same time they are storing their minds with facts of history which have become an essential part of the world of letters, and are moulding their characters by the examples of courageous heroes and pious heroines whose fortitude bears testimony that our lives are designed for noble purposes and are, largely, what we make them.

But the other division of this class, and I am sorry to say they seem to be growing in numbers, read *reviews*, *essays*, and *Congressional Records* in order to find *ready-made* speeches. These speeches, to say nothing of the tendencies to plagiarism, evidently fail in the most essential point of oratory, and are better than mere declamations only in proportion to the amount in them not taken directly from books.

The rest of the readers can scarcely be classified unless we merely say that they do not belong to either of the classes mentioned. Some read history, some read essays, some read theological works, some read biography and good fiction, some read fiction altogether and that of the lightest sort they

can find, and some read nothing. Now and then, Dr. Chas. E. Taylor excites an interest in his classes for philosophical and historical reading. Dr. Wm. Royall occasionally arouses an astonishing enthusiasm, in his English literature class, for the writings of such men as Addison. The recommendations of Prof. W. L. Poteat frequently send his classes into the library with a rush for scientific works.

Judging from the number of books taken from the library—an average of fifteen or twenty each day—there is an immense amount of reading done at this college; but, judging from the kinds of books read, very unsystematic.

Many would do more reading, and with far greater profit, if they could just decide what to read. They see so many books, and not being able to read them all, and frequently not knowing the nature of a book until they have read it, they can not decide what is best to read.

In view of these facts, would it not be an excellent thing for the faculty to recommend some systematic course of reading, adapted to the various classes in college? I am sure that a large number of the students would be especially glad for such a course to be mapped out for them.

R. B. LINEBERRY.

STAGE NOTES.

All educated people are aware of the literary value of the works of standard dramatists. And one who has tried the experiment can readily see that a much better idea of a character may be obtained by seeing it interpreted by a clever actor than from a great amount of private study. Not long since a man who has held a professorship of English Literature in a college, and of course made a study of Shakespeare's plays, told me that he had gained a better understanding of Richard III., from seeing it produced on the stage one time than from all his study of the play, in which, too, he said he had been especially interested. The voice, facial expression and gesticulation of the actor, all aid in the interpretation of a character. Even such small, seemingly unimportant actions as the presentation or reception of a letter, the handing of a chair, the removal of a glove, all help in impressing situations.

The following from Prof. A. H. Welsh's "Developments of English Literature and Language":

"It were vain and senseless to attempt to destroy what has sprung from an instinctive demand of the soul for the incarnate exhibition of the ideals which it trusts—heroism, grandeur, beauty, sorrow, hope, honor that swerves not, virtue triumphant. The dramatic element which creates the theater is universal and innate. Every preacher who would agitate men out of moral apathy, and rouse them to a sense of personal duty, must employ it. The great divines of the

world—as Chrysostom, Whitfield, Wesley, Spurgeon, Beecher—have been essentially great actors, teachers by action. Historians, like Carlyle, Froude and Motley, who marshal ideas as a living and breathing host, have been masters of the dramatic manner. Springing from what is best in man, the theater is potent for good. Nowhere can elevated lessons be brought home so directly to the heart. Every great emotion is uplifting. He who has felt like a hero or saint, is thereby more heroic or saintly. Said Steele of Betterton, 'From his acting I have received a stronger impression of what is great and noble in human nature than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers or the descriptions of the most charming poets.'"

I haven't time to discuss the morality of the stage, which, however, must be allowed purer and cleaner than in former times. Besides, prudishness is usually more disgusting than the use of plain terms. "*Honi soi qui mal y pense.*"

Now to the stage notes proper. The writer recently had the pleasure of attending several exceptionally good performances, both of opera and of the drama, an account of which may interest your less fortunate readers.

THE NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY

is a survival of, and improvement upon the old American, and is noted for the costliness and magnificence of its scenery and the large number of excellent artists employed. The orchestra comprises fifty instrumentalists, and the ballet, though not so grand a feature as formerly, is sufficiently complete. Only four performances were given in Baltimore, the *repertoire* consisting of Rubinstein's "Nero," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Gounod's "Faust," and Wagner's "Tannhauser." The opera

"NERO"

is based, for the most part, on historical incidents and deals with historical personages. The first scene of the opera represents the pleasure-house of Epicharis, a priestess of Venus. The festivities are interrupted by the entrance of Chrysa, a beautiful maiden, seeking refuge from Nero and his mob of revellers, who shortly after enter in disguise. Vindex, who afterwards has a part in bringing about Nero's end, promises to shelter her. Nero, having been refused Chrysa, proposes that she shall be his if Epicharis recognize her as belonging to her own class. The innocent girl is brought in, recognizes her mother, Epicharis, of whose infamy she is ignorant, and naturally seeks refuge in her arms. This unfortunate circumstance deceives even Vindex, and a mock marriage is proceeded with, Vindex himself intoning the bridal song. Bacchanal dances follow. Epicharis furnishes her daughter a goblet of drugged wine, which having drained, Chrysa sinks down apparently dead.

The second act opens in the apartments of Poppæ, Nero's favorite, who is said to have "possessed everything but virtue." The emperor is visiting her. In the meantime the body of Chrysa had been kidnapped and was in the possession of Agrippina, Nero's mother, then in banishment. Epicharis naturally seeks her child from the emperor, who, enraged on learning how he had been deceived, commits her to prison. The scene changes to a public square filled with a motley crowd awaiting the emperor's arrival. A grand march is heard in the distance and ere long the imposing procession enters, followed at last by Nero in a

lofty triumphal car. He becomes reconciled to his mother and orders the Circassian games. In the midst of this scene comes the royal ballet, after which the impious emperor proclaims himself God.

In the third act Vindex has obtained Chrysa, and Agrippina has been put to death. There is a pleasing love scene between Chrysa and Vindex, in which she tells him that she is a Christian, and he desires her to teach him the truths of the religion that makes her life so beautiful. Nero releases Epicharis from prison in order to discover the whereabouts of her daughter. In the second scene the climax of the opera occurs in the burning of Rome. The sensuous emperor, unmindful of everything but his own pleasure, surveys the scene from a tower and sings the grand air, "O Ilion," while the flames destroy the loveliest city of the world. Chrysa appears among the crowd in the street and, being recognized by Nero, in order to escape his clutches, avows herself a Christian, and is murdered by the mob. Epicharis perishes near her in the ruins of falling walls.

In the fourth act comes Nero's end. He has taken refuge in the mausoleum of Augustus. There, while the shades of his many victims pass before his terrified eyes, he is driven almost to madness and rushes out into the storm. The next scene finds him on the Campagna. Being too closely pressed by his pursuers he commits suicide, aided by a faithful attendant.

The burning of Rome was a splendid spectacle that could hardly be surpassed. At first there appeared in the distance as a splendid background for the multitude of spires and massive structures, a dull glow which grew gradually brighter as the flames advanced, glutting themselves with the beautiful edifices until nothing remained but a mass of smoking ruins.

It is hard to conceive of a grander composition than the opera "Nero." The music exhibited the perfect mastery of expression—love, hatred, passion, pleasure, prosperity, destruction, despair, all being depicted in the most realistic manner. The singers were masters of their art and the acting was superb.

The great tenor, Eloi Sylva, possesses a powerful voice which, however, suggests the idea of a baritone. He studied the *role* of Nero under the composer, and his dramatic power, in combination with his splendid voice, enables him to achieve a triumph in that character. In voice, form, feature and action he makes the impression of a typical Nero. Chrysa is Miss Emma Juch's favorite *role*, and was the only one in which she appeared here. She has a sweet soprano voice, is a beautiful young woman, and makes a lovely Chrysa; every look and action was suggestive of virtue. All the parts were well rendered.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

contained some very pretty music, a magnificent ballet and one splendid scene, but was generally conceded the least popular of the four operas presented. The story is partly historic

but largely legendary. For want of space I omit description.

"FAUST."

This opera is based upon Goethe's celebrated drama which is too well known to require description. The cast was excellent: Barton McGuckin as Faust, Frank Vetta as Mephistopheles, Andrew Black as Valentine, Helen Ludington as Siebel, Amanda Fabris as Marguerite. McGuckin has a splendid tenor voice of remarkable compass and excellent musical quality; he acted his part in the most natural manner possible. Vetta, who has a strong baritone voice of good quality, scored a success as a model Mephistopheles. Miss Fabris, though not gifted with an extraordinary amount of personal beauty, made herself popular by her conscientious rendition of the part assigned her. Her voice is a clear, pure, strong soprano. The season closed with Wagner's romantic

"TANNHAUSER."

The hero of the opera in an evil hour had sought refuge from earth's grievances in the Hill of Venus, where the goddess, surrounded by her evil train, holds court amid everlasting revels.

The opera opens when Tannhauser, at the end of a year, has grown tired of the monotonous pleasure and longs for earthly life once more. The goddess who is greatly attached to him, resists his importunities for some time but at last grants the coveted freedom. He then returns to earth and meets his former companions, the Minstrel Knights, who persuade him to rejoin them.

In the second act comes the Tournament of Song—"the theme to be the Nature and Praise of Love, and the victor to receive the hand of Elizabeth," niece of the Landgrave. Tannhauser, having loved profanely, outrages the assembly with his conceptions of the ideal passion, and would be destroyed but for the interposition of Elizabeth, who loves him dearly and is severely wounded at the discovery of his unworthiness. He is allowed to join a band of Pilgrims just then making their way to Rome.

The third act witnesses the return of the Pilgrims, shortly followed by Tannhauser, who has sought, in vain, for pardon, and, in despair, is again on his way to the Hill of Venus. Wolfram, who vainly loves Elizabeth, meets him, at first with scorn, but afterwards listens to his sad story and attempts to dissuade him from his purpose. The funeral train of Elizabeth enters, almost immediately afterwards followed by a second band of Pilgrims, who announce a miracle to have been wrought and pardon to be free for all. Thus at the last moment Venus loses her victim.

Sylva scored a success as Tannhauser that equalled his former triumph in Nero, which is the highest praise that could be given. Ludwig gained new honors in his *role* of Wolfram. Mme. Fursch-Madi was a superb Elizabeth, appearing to much better advantage than as the Queen of Sheba. When dignity and nobility of sentiment, with dramatic power, are required, she is always fully equal to the occasion. Sophia Traubman thor-

oughly appreciated the character of Venus, and was very successful in that part. The costume assumed presented her fine figure to advantage, and the effect was aided by her facial beauty. The engagement of

FREDERICK WARDE

was a treat for lovers of tragedy. This excellent actor, I believe, ranks next to Booth and Barrett. It would be hard to excel his rendition of Virginius and Richard III. Though not possessing the essential (?) piercing black eyes of the tragedian, he has all the facial expression, a powerful voice, excellent powers of conception and a good figure, being above medium height and well built.

All the climaxes of Richard III. were well rendered, except where the wicked king on the battle-field is in such urgent need of a horse, and here the fault was not the artist's, but on account of the lack of exciting circumstances at that point of the play; it comes suddenly and with no foundation on which to build up enthusiasm. One of the decided "hits" of the performance was the delivery of the typical sentiment, "Crowns that are by blood obtained, by blood must be maintained." The frightful dream and the struggle with conscience were also enacted very successfully. And the fatal hand-to-hand combat was so exciting that the spectator could hardly help wishing the courageous though wicked King success.

As Virginius, Mr. Warde impressed one with the idea of "the noblest Roman of them all." His interpretation was excellent. The weakest point, probably, was when he receives information of his daughter's misfortune, which, of course, excites him beyond bounds. At this point one was somehow too conscious of the fact that he was acting. The rest was faultless. The entire support was good, but the leading lady deserves special mention.

MISS EUGENIE BLAIR'S

presentation of Virginia could hardly have been improved upon. Though it might not be quite correct to call her "divinely tall," she must be considered "most divinely fair." Her every movement was "the embodiment of grace," and her extraordinary beauty, which impressed one with a deep sense of purity, combined with her superior histrionic talent, fitted her pre-eminently for the part which she undertook so successfully.

CRESTON CLARKE,

the budding tragedian, gave his fourth performance of Hamlet in Baltimore. This young gentleman, now only twenty-two years old, who has previously supported his father in comedy, is hailed as the probable successor of Booth when that veteran tragedian shall have quit the boards. He springs from a race of actors, being a grandson of the elder Booth and the son of the great comedian, John S. Clarke.

He has a good conception of Hamlet, and those who have had opportunities for observing tell me that he resembles Booth in some places. He was, quite naturally, at first a little timid; but as the play progressed he became unconscious of his individuality and acted so as to deserve the

storms of applause which frequently greeted him. He appeared to special advantage in the touching scene with Ophelia and the reproachful interview with the Queen.

His physique is rather weak and his voice not very strong either. These, however, are not faults but misfortunes, which maturer years may banish.

The society event of the season in theatrical circles was the appearance of

MRS. JAMES BROWN-POTTER,

"the Langtry of America." She has a tall, slender, graceful figure; luxurious brown hair, falling in rippling waves about her snowy neck; brilliant, dark eyes, surmounted by delicately-arched brows that might be just a little heavier; a bewitching mouth, a nose that baffles description, and a complexion free from cosmetics. Her features are all well defined and she only needs a little more flesh.

As might be judged from the above, she is more notable for her beauty than for her acting. However, she possesses indisputable talent and acts remarkably well for a beginner; but, of course, she can't help being a little *auateurish*, as this is her first season.

T. EDGAR CHEEK.

Baltimore.

ORATORY AND ORATORS.

An eminent English writer has said: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I prononnced it to you; trippingly, on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of the players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." But, alas! how few there are who can speak the English language correctly and impressively. It is a sad reality that there are not more than one in fifty who can read correctly, and not one in one hundred who has attained to true eloquence. To rule is great and exalting, but to be able to sway an audience is truly grand, sublime! Fortune may, indeed, give wealth, but Nature alone gives the true art of oratory.

Much could be said of Roman, Grecian and English oratory; of Cicero and Antony, of Pericles and Demosthenes, of Burke and Erskine, but the grandest and greatest of all were our own noble heroes of the American Revolution. The yoke of England and the love of liberty filled the hearts of our forefathers with that fiery eloquence which has startled the world. They took as their motto the old adage, "Tis Liberty alone which gives the flower of fleeting life its lustre and perfume, and we are weeds without it." It was such a feeling and such a sentiment as this that gave vent to the passionate eloquence of James Otis, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Fisher Ames, William Wirt and John Randolph of Roanoke. It was James Otis of Massachusetts who was the great opponent of taxation without

representation. Day after day, week after week, did he, with intrepid passion, debate that question in Faneuil Hall. No place in New England is more interesting than this old hall. Here was the arena on which unrighteous taxation was combated and the ground won; and long will it be memorable for still more enduring associations. Within those venerable walls occurred not so much the work of destruction as construction; patriots not only resisted wrong, but they solicited and moulded into practical use the elements of what is right and good.

But Faneuil Hall was not the only place from whence poured that passionate eloquence. That dear old State Virginia, the home of Washington, of Madison, of Jefferson, re-echoed on every hill and in every valley, in every city, town and hamlet from the sky-kissed Alleghanies to the broad Atlantic, with the eloquence of that statesman, orator and patriot who first gave utterance to those soul-stirring words, "Give me Liberty or give me death." Rightly has he been called the incarnation of revolutionary zeal, for no man on the continent of our beloved America was more patriotic in his endeavors, more soul-stirring in his eloquence than was Patrick Henry of Virginia.

Another of Virginia's orators was William Wirt.

> "When he speaks, what elocution flows!
> Soft as the fleeces of descending snows
> The copious accents fall with easy art;
> Melting, they fall and sink into the heart."

His pathos was refined and thrilling. He could subdue all his admirable powers of mind and voice to those delicate tones which go directly to the heart, "like zephyrs changed to angelic strains as they traverse Æolian strings." Such was his power when he described female innocence and beauty abandoned by him who had basked in her smiles, and who should have prevented the "winds of heaven from visiting her too roughly, now left shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, mingling her tears with the torrents, which froze as they fell." His defense of Blannerhassett is one of the finest and most pathetic speeches in the English language.

The next great orator and statesman that comes to my mind is Alexander Hamilton, the friend and companion of Washington. He, too, like Wirt, was left an orphan, deprived of everything save resolution and hope, to antagonize adversity and, in the midst of storms, to build his fortune. But there lay dormant in his bosom that which makes man truly great. With an ambition to serve his country, he applied himself diligently to accomplish that noble end. Ask White Plains, ask Trenton and Princeton, ask Yorktown—and the bones of those who fell upon those bloody fields will answer in one voice that he was no less a soldier than an orator.

But I have only to deal with him as an orator. Hamilton was a great master of the human heart. Deeply versed in its feelings and motives, he "struck it by word, and it quivered beneath the blow; flashed the lightning glance of burning, thrilling, animated eloquence," and its hopes and fears were moulded to his wish. Fer-

vid passions and resistless energies lay folded within him, like latent lightning in a summer cloud; but over these accumulated stores of power, affection, "soft as dews on roses," spread a graceful mantle, shrouding what on fitting occasions burst forth in fire-showers to blast wherever they fell. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over his matchless talents probity threw her brightest lustre.

In the brilliant galaxy of our national orators was Fisher Ames, the orator of "genius and elaborate beauty." The atmosphere in which he was born and educated was that of fervid patriotism; this he imbibed into his fine-toned nature and reproduced in the loftiest and most elaborate eloquence. The halls of Congress reverberated with his rich and melodious voice and charmed his hearers as they had never been before. His touching and persuasive voice fell upon the ear, "even as an Æolian harp arrests the vagrant winds and transforms them into enchanting strains." His imagination was a distinguished feature of his mind. Prolific, grand, sportive and original, it gave him the command of nature and of art, and enabled him to vary the disposition and the dress of his ideas without end. Now it assembled most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful; and now it rose as a storm, wielding the elements and flashing with the most awful splendor. His speech on the appropriation for the British treaty is one that is eloquent and sublime. This speech abounds in the most elevated notions of national honor, and in the most impassioned appeals to the patriotism and reason of his hearers. During its delivery the audience was held in breathless silence, and when the orator alluded to his own feeble and almost broken hold upon life, it was melted into tears. The eloquence of Ames on this occasion was the same as in the famous instance of the great English orator at the close of his impeachment of Warren Hastings. Like the Phœnix, which rose renewed from its own ashes; or the vitals of Prometheus, which grew as fast as the vultures devoured them, the fine powers of Ames' soul became purified by the flames they traversed, and strengthened by the struggles they endured.

I cannot pass by Daniel Webster as I review the lives of these great political orators, but as his history is so generally known, and has been portrayed in such glowing characters, I will not speak at length of him. Suffice it to say, however, that, as the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero have passed onward from age to age, and have been received by successive generations with the same force and freshness as when uttered, so the condensed orations of Webster are destined to become the classics of all posterity and receive like veneration. Indeed, I know not the political orator of America who has unfolded the principles of our Constitution with more power and beauty. So long as

the government of these United States shall endure, or the memory of its liberty survive the overthrow of its institutions; so long as our example shall occupy a page in the history of human freedom, so long must the speeches of Webster be read, studied, admired. The ancients set up statues of renowned citizens in the most public resorts, to keep passing generations in remembrance of the worthies whose patriotism and piety they ought to emulate. Sometimes filial love would prompt admiring disciples to bring garlands, not with the vain hope of adding to the intrinsic worth, or external elegance of the venerated form, but simply to wreath around its brow a token of fond regard. Even if no sculptured marble rose to perpetuate his memory, or engraved stone bear record of his deeds, yet will his remembrance be as lasting as the land he honored. Marble columns may indeed moulder into dust, time may erase all chiselings from the crumbling stone, but the name of Webster remains, for with American Liberty only can it perish.

H. M. SHAW.

W. F. College, November, 1887.

STATES RIGHTS.

Once more all is life at the nation's capital. Congress is again in session. True Democracy has taken a step in the right direction, and paid a just tribute to a deserving man by standing firmly by the Hon. J. G. Carlisle, and re-electing him Speaker of the House. To debar him from so effectually hindering legislation on the all-absorbing question, the Hon. S. J. Randall has been asked to step down and out of his position as chairman of the most important committee. The President sent a message to the House that is an absorbing topic in political circles to this day. Its perspicuity and force have not been equalled in years. It is manly and firm in its position. It makes an issue between the two parties and gives them a fair battle-ground. Just such a message has long been needed, and only awaited the brain of a Cleveland to produce it. He has erected a platform and taken his stand upon it ready once more to go before the people in opposition to the "Plumed Knight." The legislative and executive departments of our government are engaged in executing the will of the people to the best of their ability. We look on from a distance with much interest and, I would say, appreciation, but we expect to *show* our appreciation in 1888.

But while we hurrah for our Chief Executive and legislators, it seems to me we have especial need at this time to doff our hats in respectful tribute to our Judiciary, for it has annulled a decision established by four years of bloodshed and carnage, and a principle

that received almost its death-blow at Appomattox is once again revived, and has been given new strength and new limbs by a recent decision of the Supreme Court. Doubtless we all remember how, recently, at the order of Judge Bond, the Attorney of the Commonwealth of Virginia was imprisoned, and that, too, while he was acting in entire conformity to the laws of his State, or, rather, was executing the very laws which his State had commanded him to execute.

This action of the Federal Judge was the theme of more or less discussion in different localities. Many of us were led to think that he was trying to deal a special blow to the ghost of "States rights," nor did we miss it far, for on more than one occasion has this Judge given decisions tending in the same direction. We felt much solicitude as to the decision that would be rendered by the Supreme Court, especially since the bench is said to be equally divided on this vital question of "States rights." While the matter was as yet undecided time was given for reflection, and some few facts have been collected by one who takes the deepest interest in the matter.

In the beginning, then, I would say that I do not consider "State sovereignty" a sectional issue. Indeed, I think there should among honest people be no sectional differences. Principle alone should unite and divide the sons of a noble race, and petty sectional differences not based on principle should be forever cried out of existence. It is to be hoped that the time is coming when only matters of vital import shall divide our people. I pass on to say, then, that I consider this question a matter of dispute between the two great parties, and it has been such ever since Hamilton, on the one hand, with marked ability, battled for a *strong* government, and was opposed successfully by the Sage of Monticello. And later on in the history of our country, in the time of our immortal trio of statesmen—statesmen whose equals our land has not nourished before nor since—we find such intellectual giants as Webster and Calhoun diving deep into the merits of either side of this question. Webster characterized it as a question upon which depended the union of the States, Calhoun as one upon which our very Constitution and liberty depended. This seems to me to be a fair statement of the question at issue after all, the question as to whether centralization or States rights and personal liberty shall prevail.

In order more fully to understand the status of the question, it is necessary for us to remember that the original thirteen States were each distinct and independent sovereignties. If they gained anything by the war of the Revolution it was their independence. Now, did they yield their independence to the national government or did they retain it? The tenth amendment to the Constitution provides that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The

seventh article provides that " the ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." Notice that this only includes the States which ratify the Constitution, thus giving them power to join the compact or not, and just as certainly giving each individual State the right to reject any amendment which it might see fit to reject.

Now the proper functions of the general government as set forth by the Constitution are to collect taxes and duties, provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, coin money, declare war, raise and support armies, provide and maintain a navy, etc. These are matters of public import, and for obvious reasons are delegated to the general government, but for reasons just as obvious the separate States reserved their sovereignty, and in all their reserved powers, the judiciary is as much excluded from interference as the executive and legislative, and how long do you suppose we would tolerate a Chief Executive who would in anyway interfere with our rights.

Mr. Calhoun, in his able reply to Webster on his (Calhoun's) resolutions in regard to the rights of the States, delivered in the Senate, distinctly states that it was attempted in adopting a Constitution to give the judiciary power to decide controversies between the States and the United States, which failed utterly and entirely, fortunately for the liberty of the country.

In view of these facts, the action of Judge Bond seems to be a direct violation of a fundamental principle of our government, and a matter of the greatest importance not only to the separate States, but to each and every individual. Partaking of the same nature was the recent appeal to the Supreme Court in the case of the condemned anarchists, in which the court decided that it had no jurisdiction in the matter, even after hearing the arguments of Hon. J. R. Tucker, of Virginia, one of our most noted constitutional expounders, though on this occasion his remarks were not calculated to strengthen the cause of his native State, nor add to his reputation as a constitutional expounder.

Laying aside the constitutionality of the question and only considering its expediency, one would think it far better for the Federal government not to interfere in the petty affairs of States. Suppose in the cases above cited it had been decided that the Supreme Court had a right to intermeddle with the affairs of the several States, then the way would have been opened up for untold troubles and disturbances. As in the case of Virginia's attorney, a State officer could be imprisoned by order of some biased judge in accordance with his construction of United States laws, and at the same time he would be impeached by the people of his State, to whom he is responsible for the faithful performance of his duty, for failing to perform the very duties for which he was elected. This places the Federal and State governments in direct opposition, giving rise to " a system of hostile legislation which, if freely exercised, must

result in a conflict of arms." But why this conflict? Where in our political system is that deficiency which necessitates conflicts of such vital importance to both the liberty af the State and the individual? Surely no such conflict was ever meant by the framers of the Constitution to spring from that great instrument which they produced. Nor was it so interpreted by our earlier statesmen.

Even Madison, an advocate of strong government, says: "The States are regarded as distinct and independent sovereigns by the Constitution proposed." Later he says, "the Federal and the State governments are in fact different agents and trustees of the people intrusted with different powers." And so later on we have it in the very words of Seward himself, that "the Union must be a voluntary one and not compulsory." "A Union upheld by force would be a despotism," he very truly remarks.

Numberless examples similar to the above might be quoted from nearly all of our honored statesmen, so I feel warranted in saying that it was the almost undivided opinion of the fathers of this republic that each and every State was free, sovereign and independent, thus necessarily exempting it from molestation by the Federal government.

But in our day and time men are not wanting who, with Judge Bond, would deprive us of our "States rights" and, as a necessary consequence, of our individual rights, and also would so interpret the Constitution as to make it "a chain forged and fitted to the limbs of the States, and hung up to be used whenever occasion may require."

Should these men gain the precedence we would even now see the dawn of the day which would bring thraldom to our native State. But is this to be? Shall the greatest government on earth fall a victim to its own ambition? Shall we be blindly led on and blinded by the love of strength and glory? Nay, rather let us beware! Let our Federal government perform the functions for which it was established. Let it attend to our defenses, regulate our commerce, provide for our general welfare, and let it see that the hand of no ruthless foe shall intrude upon its boundaries and desecrate the soil of one of the fair States, and by no means let it forget its own bounds and itself encroach upon the liberties of these States. Rather let it shake and totter to the very foundation in honest, manly contest than rob its own members of liberties dearer than life.

Our government need not usurp the powers of the individual States to make her strong. It is now respected by the civilized world; then why need it meddle in petty affairs?

As a people we love and respect our government. We would not have it pulled down, we would not have its authority destroyed. The man is seldom to be found whose heart would not repel with just indignation any insult offered to its fair name. But along with the spirit of patriotism is a strong love for our separate States. I do not desire to see the day when the fair names of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Carolina, and the other

great States shall have been blotted from the list of republics, or merged into one vast empire. I do not desire to see them, robbed of their proper functions, stand bare like lofty oaks stripped of their foliage. I would shrink with a shudder from the thought that some day North Carolina will be bound and fettered by the strong chain of Constitution distorted from its proper use in the forge of centralization. Then let us act well our parts in this wonderful drama of life. Let us take courage from the recent decisions of the Supreme Court. And let our joy be increased by the fact that Lamar, the newly appointed Justice, is said to have well developed "States rights" proclivities.

I would be a zealous supporter of our government, but a jealous lover of my State. I would have our government continue to be the admiration of nations. On our national flag let stars increase one by one as a new State is added to the list, and may none of them lose their lustre, nor let them be merged into one. And while we will love that flag and follow it to glory or the grave, deep down in our hearts would be the sentiment that would lead us to exclaim, "The Old North State forever!" And in the language of R. B. Hayes we would say that "the American flag must wave over States—not over provinces."

W. C. Dowd.

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS, A LAND WITHOUT MEMORIES.

History has been defined, as a record of what man has done. It treats of the rise and growth of the different nations that have existed, the deeds of their great men, the manners and customs of their people and the part which they have taken in the progress of the world. If a nation would have a history, if she would be embalmed in song and story, if she would have her praises sung throughout the world for all time, that nation must teem with heroes, must be rich in deeds worthy this praise.

Let us revert to the origin of all history, on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and we find not an idle race, but amid this obscurity of antiquity, we behold the magnificent cities, Memphis, Thebes, Nineveh, and Babylon, and the traveler to day, wandering amid their ruins, looks upon the infancy of man. The great Pyramid at Gizeh, the Labyrinth and Lake Moeris, the walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the great Hall of Karnak, are monuments to the untiring industry of this people, and the ruins of these great structures stands a fitting reminder of the hands that reared them. Which are the nations renowned in the annals of history? They are those that have struggled, that have grappled with great

and difficult obstacles, that have great smoking ruins in their midst, burning with holy incense from the hearts of self-made martyrs for their country. What was it that lit up Greece with a halo of glory that shall ever shine down the aisles of time, proclaiming to each generation, "Here is your mother, your patron, and your teacher in all that makes you great and glorious"—for much of the life we live to-day, with its political, social and intellectual advantages, its music, painting, oratory, and sculpture, its thirst for knowledge and its free Institutions, was kindled on the shores of the Aregean sea, transmitted by the Greek to the Roman, by him to the Teuton, and thus handed down to us. The plains of Marathon, where Miltiades with his ten thousand, vanquished the great Persian host, noble, valorous. Miltiades, thou shalt ever stand first a proud and glorious figure in all history, and along with thine be embalmed the name of Phidippides, who sacrificed his life in bearing the news to Athens. The pass of Thermopylæ where Leonidas and his little band of Spartans beat back the oncoming hosts. The battles of Salamis, Platea and Mycale, these, these are the beacon lights along her shores, and Marathon and Salamis were the birthplaces of Grecian glory. I imagine if I could stand on the battle ground of Marathon, my spirit would receive a touch of the impetuous fire, which filled the breast of Miltiades, and my thoughts would revert to the glorious scenes enacted there more than two thousand years ago when the proud hopes of the exulting Darius were crushed, and as I beheld the tombs of the one hundred and ninety immortals who perished on the field of their victory, and thought of the nightly vigil kept by the snorting of chargers and clash of arms, I would look upon a ruin within itself sufficient to render Greece immortal. But enough, we need look no further into the history of the ancient nations to learn that we remember them solely, by the great ruins in their midst, for it is these alone that invest these countries with such peculiar charms for us, telling us as they so forcibly do, of the glories of men who have lived before us.

As it is seen that these great ruins give to these nations their glory and their history, it may be inquired, Is it ever thus? are all the achievements and the aspirations of men ever to be commemorated only by their ruins? The history of every nation attests that such is the case. Man's grandest efforts, his loftiest aspirations, and his sublimest conceptions are alike doomed sooner or later to fell destruction. True, he may reach the full fruition of his hopes. He may construct an Empire, that surpasses in its solidity of government the magnitude of its wealth, and the enlightenment of its people, his fondest dream. He may aspire to and attain the greatest honors the world can give; yet the empire which he has constructed, that seemed in its entirety able to stand forever will inevitably fall to decay The honors which he has obtained may satisfy his ambition, may render

him happy in time, but he must leave all this, must go into great eternity, and only the shaft which marks his final resting place tells of his noble achievements. Here lies buried in this ruin the life that accomplished all this. Behold! what man has done, you must come finally to this same death, for—

"Life is but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath
That sooner or later we behold,
Gives all to dusty death."

Go then and accomplish something in the brief space of your life that will cause you, too, to be remembered in death. If your life is to end finally in the ruin of death, which is the demolition of all earthly hopes, let that ruin tell of a gloriously spent life, let it inspire others, and let your tomb be an object of pilgrimage. Where is the American who is not proud of, who does not thank God for, the tombs of Washington, Lee, Jackson, and a hundred others? Why do we approach these tombs with bowed heads and solemn thoughts? It is because we realize that we are approaching ruins wherein lies the dust of the grandest men the world has known. These graves alone are sufficient to tell to future generations that here once flourished a nation, equal in grandeur, in immortal heroes, to any that has contributed to the world's history.

A country that would be remembered *must* have her ruins. We have ours, nor are they ordinary ruins. Where is there a parallel in all history to the ruin that we Americans of the South possess, of which our beloved Jefferson Davis is the living monument, and long may he stand an inapproachable tower of strength, that in its loneliness and solemn grandeur commands the adulation of his once devoted followers. Where was there ever before a nation torn by civil strife, in which that strife did not end in the destruction of its government? Yet we are to-day after a long and bitter struggle, again a united people, our "lost hope" buried in ruins never again to rise, and when coming generations shall view the places of our terrible conflicts, we too shall be remembered by the ruins left behind us.

"Yes give me a land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is glory in graves, there is granduer in gloom;
For out of the gloom future greatness is born,
As after the storm comes the sunrise of morn;
And each single wreck in the war path of might,
May yet be a rock in the temple of right."

EUGENE L. CROCKER.

EDITORIAL.

THE RENASCENCE.

In the general progress of the South since the war, nothing is more gratifying than the awakening among her people to literature. We are not of that number who would disparage the old South in praise of the new, nor do we say that the literature of the old period would suffer in quality but only in quantity in a comparison with that of the new period. William Gilmore Simms, one of the South's most charming men of letters, long ago made the statement, that the South would never produce a literature worthy of herself while slavery existed as an institution. Says a recent writer in Harper's Magazine: "The institutions and traditions of southern life were unfavorable, if not openly antagonistic, to the establishment of the literary profession. The leisurely and cultivated among whom literary productiveness would most naturally have its rise, preferred, as their fathers had preferred, the career of the statesman, and its honors were their ambition, to the attainment of which the legal profession was the natural stepping-stone. The art of expressing thoughts on paper they regarded as an elegant accomplishment, to be cultivated as a gentleman's recreation, not the serious business of his life, for which he was to receive remuneration."

Not much that was written in the old-time South has found a permanent place in the literature of the country. Now and then an odd tale or a stray poem crept forth and is esteemed as a gem in American literature.

While strictly speaking there was no literary profession in the South prior to the war, yet in that part of literature in which the southern mind mainly employed itself, it achieved most gratifying success. The Southern mind was by force of circumstances given a political bent. As above stated, the legal profession was regarded as a convenient stepping-stone to distinction in politics. To it the best talent and noblest energy of the Southern mind were unstintedly given. The great speeches of our Southern statesmen on the momentous questions that agitated the public mind are hardly surpassed in literary excellence by the best efforts of any other country's statesmen. The constitutional disquisitions of our great jurists are monuments of legal learning.

The war blotted out the occasion for this devotion to politics. The South found herself stunned and almost paralyzed by her unfortunate "passage at arms." She must recover from the blow. For a time all literary spirit was dormant. By the results of

the war, the whole face of Southern society was changed. When the literary spirit revived, it led its votaries in new and unwonted channels. Men and women pursued it not as a means of idle past-time as they formerly had done, but as a profession from which they hoped to gain both a reputation and a livelihood. The means furnished by Southern life for fiction were abundant and varied. These means have been eagerly sought and appropriated by a dozen or more writers, to build up a literature distinctively modern and Southern. These writers are, for the most part, young men and women. Several of them have already achieved splendid success. We have space only to barely mention a few of them.

Thomas Nelson Page, a young lawyer of Richmond, Va., wrote "Marse Chan," the most charming story of the war that has yet appeared. In it, he makes a faithful old negro slave of a family ruined by the results of the war relate a pathetic, humorous, and truthful story of Virginia life before and during the war. Charles Egbert Craddock, in her sequestered home among the great Smoky Mountains of East Tennessee, has contributed much to the new literature of the South. Two of her most popular novels are "the Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" and "In the Clouds," in which she most faithfully portrays life, character and scenes among the rude mountaineers of East Tennessee.

Miss Amélie Rives, the sweet girl author of Virginia, has written some charming short stories and sweet little poems. It is said that she has never crossed the threshold of a school, but she has received a finished education under a governess at home.

Our space will permit us to notice only one other of the Southern authors, and he, perhaps, claims to be nothing more than an amateur writer. We refer to Mr. John W. Hayes, Jr., of Oxford, N. C., who at present belongs to the United States Geological Survey. In the discharge of his official duties, he has travelled extensively in the romantic mountain sections of East Tennessee, Southern Georgia and Western North Carolina. He has lately contributed some most charming short stories and character sketches to the columns of the STATE CHRONICLE. He possesses rare gifts as a delineator of character and his descriptive power is excellent. His style constantly reminds one of Charles Dickens. We think he has also contributed a number of short stories to PANSY.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Hayes will eventually take to the literary profession. There is now no finer field for distinction in the South, and few young men possess greater possibilities for it than he.

The people of the South are becoming far more literary in their tastes than ever before. They are justly proud of their few authors who have emerged from the confusion consequent upon the war, and taken their places in the forefront of American literature.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

To say that criticism is of absolutely no value, would be against all reason as well as experience; but there is a very serious doubt in my mind as to whether criticism of a contemporary author has much weight in permanently establishing an estimate of his literary work. The world is so changing and so changeable that what one age admires may be thrown in the scrap-basket by another; and *vice versa*, what is pronounced trash by one set of critics may receive the homage and applause of another set later on. Or perhaps, which is generally true, the critics of the same age may be divided against themselves, in which case the enquiring reader must look at both sides of the question and finally—*be his own judge*. I confess I see no good whatever resulting from this arrangement of things beyond bringing to notice the works that are criticised. And, further, I see no way of escape from the evil (if indeed conflicting ideas be an evil), save by establishing a bureau of criticism, which shall publish at stated periods, free of access to all, a pamphlet of criticisms, sealing the fate of some and the glory of others. But who would compose this bureau? Who say to the different authors thus far must ye come before your midnight labors shall smile at you in print? Who, I say, can do this unless Congress establish the said bureau, prescribing that no book shall be read without having passed the necessary examination. And in this latter case, at the bare mention of such a thing I can imagine not only the scribbling non-elect, but also the united world, exclaiming in holy horror, "Give me *liberty* or give me *death!*" And well they might, for such a measure would be as unjust as impracticable. And that it is impracticable and absurd, no one can fail to see. For, repeating my first question, who would compose this bureau? Angels? Do you smile at the idea? You need not; for as long as there remains a difference of opinion among men, none but angels or gods could fill the place successfully. The bureau, in the first instance, would be, couldn't help being from the nature of things, divided against itself, as the critics now are, unless there were absolute knowledge, and an absolute standard of judgment, which surely none can lay claim to nor hope for this side the long-wished-for *millennium*. The bureau, 'tis true, might be composed of only one man, and all work along smoothly; but we are so restless the poor old fellow could not keep us supplied with novels to read, works of poetry, etc., being left entirely out of the question. Thus we see there is no chance of getting a criticism which shall please all, or which shall be of any value as a guide to the study of contemporary authors. And so, as I said in the outset, I fail to see the good in most of the contemporary criticism which is being done and always has been done in the world. I'm with Herbert Spenser on his *laissez faire* question, if applied to literature. "The survival of the fittest" is my motto. A work that possesses permanent worth and interest, either of

style or any other quality, is not at the disposal of one or two or any number of critics to destroy. And if, on the other hand, it be trash (and oh how much wasted ink there is in the world!), no amount of praise can give it worth or interest.

These remarks were brought about by seeing two criticisms on the recent work of Joan Ruskin, "Hortus Inclusus," the one in *Bookmart*, the other in *Blackwood's*. Which of these magazines is right in its judgment, or whether either is, I am not prepared to say. Yet one thing is certain: neither will permanently affect the work. What makes people scratch and fuss and fume so much then, if there is a wall—and I believe there is one—to which the unworthy is constantly being driven? Oh, pshaw! men as well as women must "gas." 'Twould kill the last one of them "right dead" not to be allowed to pick and hack at their brothers. And then you know variety—what is it?—the spice of life? Well.

G. C. THOMPSON.

LET US RETURN THANKS.

In our last issue the writer made an appeal to the Faculty for a week's holiday, stating, as he thought, a number of reasons why a week should be given in lieu of two days as heretofore. The petition was granted, and now it behooves us to show our appreciation in a suitable manner. How can it best be done? A vote of thanks would doubtless be in order, but we have in mind a more effectual way of showing our gratitude. The fact is, there is too much praying and praising in the world of to-day to the amount of *doing*. "The only true gift," says Emerson, "is a part of thyself." Thanks are good, but thanks *materialized* or set to works are better.

We suggest as a New Year's gift to the Faculty *better deportment among the students*. The conduct of some of our students is shockingly bad—bad in the motive that prompts it and bad in the results that follow. The justice of this charge finds sufficient evidence in the many shameful things we are often forced to witness, such, for example, as the purloining of books from the library, breaking windows, marking and otherwise defacing the college buildings, boisterous behaviour at the trains. Strange as it may seem, students excuse themselves for conduct of this kind with the thought that they are away from home, as if being from home licensed a boy to do wrong! True, genuine manhood—love of right, regard for truth, respect for others, reverence for that which is holy—never compromises itself at any place or under any circumstances. A boy who takes a book from the library and keeps it would steal money from the college safe. He does do it, for books are money. A boy who wantonly breaks a window would injure a friend. A boy who will offend a lady on the train, in the campus or street, cannot be trusted with ladies and should forever be debarred from their society. A boy who would lie to his teacher would lie to his mother. A boy who will

mar and deface the college walls with vulgar writings and drawings, has a soul as black as his pencil marks, and a mind as low and vulgar as the image he draws, and a heart as vile as a mass of solidified sin. We are not writing to this class. They are joined to their idols. We are writing to the pure, the manly, the honest, the chivalrous, the good—men, *gentle*men, *noble*men. We are writing to effect a revolution in college ethics, to beget a public sentiment that will frown down everything mean, vulgar and irreverent. We can do it, we *must* do it. Let us co-operate with the Faculty in their efforts to insure order and enforce discipline among the students. We are sometimes disposed to complain at their treatment, but ninety-nine times in a hundred they are right and we wrong. Candor forces us to make this admission, however humiliating it be to our boyish pride. Then, in the coming year, let us not only stand by but in front of the Faculty in putting down everything detrimental to the highest interest of the college.

Still another way to show our appreciation, is to do more and better work. Ruskin says, "All work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, it is useful and cheerful." If this were true of all college work, there would be no difficulty in obtaining a week for every Christmas, and a Senior vacation besides.

A word to the wise is sufficient. We shall hail the day when college marks and medals are abolished, and students do their work, not from a slavish feeling of fear of "falling through" or desire of gaining honors, but from a sense of delight and pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge. Men ought to do right for the sake of right, its intrinsic worth and fitness, and in the same way ought they to study.

As a summary of what we have said, we submit the following resolutions:

Whereas, the Faculty have given us a week for Christmas; and whereas, we have greatly enjoyed the same; therefore be it

Resolved, first, That we tender them our most sincere thanks.

Second, That we will endeavor to abide by the regulations and demean ourselves as gentlemen.

Third, That we will co-operate with the Faculty in their efforts to enforce discipline and promote the best interests of the college.

Fourth, That we will make an effort to do faithful and honest work during this year.

All in favor of this resolution will let it be known by their recitations and behavior; all opposed will please go home and stay there.

J. W. LYNCH.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

Some people take it for granted that a thing must be, because they never heard it disputed. They have been told from their earliest infancy, without any reasons being assigned, that Friday is an unlucky day; that it is unsafe to sit with thirteen at the table; that great pains should be taken to see the new moon over the right

shoulder; that it is well to have a horse-shoe nailed over the doorway, and many other such foolish things; and without exercising the reasoning powers at all they presume it surely must be so, and conduct themselves accordingly.

It is to be lamented that this credulous class is not confined to those who have not had the advantages of an education. How often do we see the same weakness controlling the actions of the politician. Any statement which happens to accord with his prejudices, or to further his own personal interest, or to agree with the general policy of the party to which he belongs, is too often taken for granted as something which needs no proof.

Others, in the same blind way, take it for granted that a thing can not be because they never saw it done. There are no persons so presumptuous as those who make their own experience the standard of their belief. The man who hooted at the idea that water ever became a solid so that men could walk upon it, and the good old lady who so severely rebuked her son for telling fibs when he told her that he had seen fishes sometimes fly out of the sea and alight upon the deck of the ship on which he sailed, are very familiar illustrations of this style of character.

We are told that for a century after the death of Capernicus his theory of the earth's rotation on its axis was regarded by many as erroneous, they presuming that if it was so a stone dropped from the summit of a high tower ought not to fall at the foot of it, but at a distance to the west, just as a stone dropped from the masthead of a ship under full sail would fall at a considerable distance from the base of the ship; this latter statement however, being taken for granted all the while, until somebody thought to verify the fact by experiment and found that the stone fell perpendicularly down to the bottom of the mast.

Many facts that are quite familiar to us our ancestors would have regarded as impossible in the nature of things. When railroads were first projected the idea of traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour was ridiculed. When electricity was first utilized very many people protested against it as sure to produce mischief and ruin. Fifty years ago no one would have had a patient hearing if he had ventured to predict that, before the year 1887, instantaneous communication would be had all over the globe—thoughts traveling like lightning along the bottom of the ocean, the beds of rivers, across the valleys and plains, and over the tops of the highest mountains; that a few days travel would take us across the ocean; that within twenty-six hours we could be transported from the tropical climes of the South to the metropolis of the North; that the streets of our cities would be lighted with electricity, thus turning night into day; that teeth would be extracted and limbs amputated without giving the least sensation of pain; not to speak of the multitude of other wonders with which we have suddenly become familiar.

Society would not exist if we did not take some things for granted, and it is better to believe too much than not to believe at all.

D. T. WINSTON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

HON. DANIEL MANNING, late Secretary of the Treasury under the present administration, died at the home of his son in Albany, N. Y., on Christmas eve. The death of the ex-Secretary cast a pall of dark gloom and sorrow over the fair city of his nativity at a time when all the rest of the world was joyous and festive.

Mr. Manning was a noble type of the American citizen. Having been deprived of the protection and care of a father in early youth, he fashioned his own character and planned his own career. At the early age of nine, he commenced earning his own living as an errand-boy in the office of the Albany *Atlas*, a paper which was afterwards merged into the *Argus* and mainly controlled by Mr. Manning himself. He believed that in order to the highest success in life, one should have a governing purpose and live devotedly for that purpose. His fidelity to duty and earnestness of purpose gained him an enviable success. The only office which he would ever consent to accept was the Secretaryship of the Treasury tendered him by Mr. Cleveland. His career, though brief, is instructive and interesting and well worthy of study by every young man who aspires to honorable success in public life.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE submitted to Congress at the opening of the present session, is at this time the leading topic in political circles. It is a unique document of the kind, in that the President boldly and manfully departs from all precedent, and devotes the whole of his message to what he considers the subject of paramount importance demanding legislation on the part of the present Congress—namely, the reduction of the surplus revenue in the Federal treasury. He justly recommends a reduction of the tariff duties on the necessaries of life, and would have the money that is needlessly collected by the government turned into the various channels of trade and commerce. There can be little doubt that the great body of the American people approves the President's policy, and a just and reasonable reduction can hardly fail to be brought about, save by the jealousies of party factions or through the influence of rich and unscrupulous monopolists.

THERE IS TROUBLE just now in the Hawaiian government between the King and the legislature. The King vetoed a bill passed by the legislature relating to the abolition of the office of Governor, and also some other bills of less general importance. The legislature passed resolutions declaring the act unconstitutional and the King appealed to the Supreme Court, where the matter still rests. It is stated that if the King does not consent to the act of the present legislature, he will

be dethroned and a provisional government established. There is talk of the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States. The United States has for several years enjoyed a profitable trade with them. They lie in the Sandwich group far out in the Pacific Ocean, and are interesting on account of their recent rapid development in resources. Fifty years ago the inhabitants were cannibals; now they enjoy a considerable degree of civilization.

THE EMPLOYEES of the Reading Railroad Company have for some time been on the point of a general strike. The Reading Company is a large corporation and has in its employ several thousand hands. It also possesses large coal mining interests. All the would-be strikers are Knights of Labor. What the real grounds of the grievances, are would be hard to find out. From reading the orders promulgated by their assemblies, and the resolutions adopted by their conventions, it would seem that they assume to direct the policy and control the affairs of the company itself. We do not doubt that the primary object of the Knights of Labor Organization was good, but if it continues to grow worse for a few more months, it will be the worst organization on earth except the Mormon church.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

—The next State Normal will be held at Sparta, conducted by Prof. C. D. McIver.

—A new feature has been introduced at Trinity. Recitations are extended to Saturday noon.

—Richard Berridge has donated $1,000,000 to advance education in economic and sanitary science in Great Britain.

—Prof. Drummond, of Scotland, has been mentioned as a successor of Dr. McCosh to the Presidency of Princeton.

—There are over 18,000 female students attending college in the United States.—*Ex.*

—Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has recently received a second million dollars from J. G. Clark.

—Willis H. Bocock, professor at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, is said to be the youngest college professor in the country. He is only twenty years of age.

—Miss Alice Longfellow, one of the poet's daughters, has recently been elected a member of the Cam-

bridge, Mass., School Committee. Miss Longfellow is also a Harvard Trustee.—*Ex.*

—Two of our largest colleges are about to abolish the marking system.

—Prof. Turner, of Edinburg, is said to receive the largest salary paid to any college professor in the world, the amount being $20,000 per year.

—It would seem that diligent students are scarce at Harvard. The graduating class, numbering 236, had only 114 ranking over seventy. Of these, only 9 ranked over ninety.

—Twenty scholarships are annually given by Johns Hopkins University to the graduates of that and other colleges, who intend to devote their lives to special branches of learning. The holder is exempt from tuition fees and receives $500 per annum.—*Ex.*

—The University of Michigan, situated at Ann Arbor, has an annual income of $50,000 and a State tax furnishing about as much more. It is enabled to offer its privileges to all persons of both sexes who are qualified for admission, without charge for tuition.

—Nineteen foreign countries are represented at the University of Pennsylvania, and it contains students from twenty-nine of the States of the Union. The University is raising money for the erection of a classical theatre. There will be held in it the Commencements, concerts, classical plays, etc.

—Princeton College has decided to break up hazing. Already a number of students who have interfered with Freshmen have been sent home. Hazing is a relic of barbarism that should not be tolerated a single day, and it only thrives in those colleges where the discipline is lax.—*Christian Advocate.*

—Harvard is to have a new dormitory building costing $200,000. Contracts have been made with the architects, and the new building will soon be completed.

—It is said that according to the calculation of the Board of Education, it will need for the maintenance of the New York city schools this year $4,234,262, besides $256,000 for new sites and $895,000 for new buildings, or a total sum of $5,385,262.

—Herbert Spencer, in his treatise on Education, says: "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge, and the only rational mode of judging of an educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges such function."

—The endowment fund of Roanoke College has recently been increased $20,000. This addition is a source of encouragement to the Faculty and friends of the college, and will doubtless impart inspiration to its work. The students of Roanoke represent fourteen States.

—Senator Stanford recently said in reference to Stanford University, which he has founded and endowed: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor; no rich man's son or daughter will want to come there. My university will absorb my wealth and be

a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome."

—It is said that many of the young ladies of Bucknell Institute are indebted to the Students' Loan Society, whose purpose is to collect money to assist young women in the completion of their education in Bucknell Institute.

—The New West Education Commission has 2,600 pupils in its schools in New Mexico and Utah. It has seven academies and twenty-three other schools. Its receipts for the past year were $61,318. Doubtless these Christian schools are doing a great deal to modify certain gigantic evils prevalent in the Western Territories.

—Mrs. Mary Beatty, a wealthy lady residing at Dover, Ill., has just given $10,000 to Western College, Toledo, Ohio. This is the largest gift ever received by the College from a woman. —*Independent.*

—There will be a stenographic report made of all the special lectures at next session of the assembly so as to preserve them in full. The work will be done by a lady who is one of our most successful North Carolina teachers, and who is now acquiring this very difficult art of short-hand writing.—*N. C. Teacher.*

—The next annual meeting of the National Educational Association will be held at San Francisco, California. Those desiring to see the West and its wonders will have a splendid opportunity of so doing. It is thought that special rates of travel will be had, the round trip not exceeding the usual fare one way. It is probable that a bill will be presented to Congress during the session to establish a National Normal School, and to appropriate $10,000,000 for its support.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

=New
=Year
=Term,
=Students.

="Gone are the days."

=The *next* thing needful—senior vacation.

=The question of the day; "How did you come out?"

=Prof. W. H. Michael has been temporarily promoted to the chair of Physics. Prof. Michael has made a specialty of this branch of study and is eminently qualified for the place.

=Wake Forest needs more dwelling houses. We know of no better place in the State to invest in property of this kind.

=By request of the class, senior speaking has been postponed till January 20th.

=One of our students recently celebrated his fifth birthday, and yet he is twenty-four years old.

=The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of empty heads and barren brains,
And examinations long and drear.

=Listen out for the marriage bells. "Coming events cast their shadows before them." The shadows can be seen on the faces of some who are left behind.

=Mr. T. E. Cheek, of Johns Hopkins University, stopped over a few hours while *en route* for Durham to spend the holidays. Cheek has had the "cheek" to hide his cheek with a fine growth of capillary substances.

=Pending the request for a week for Christmas, some young Patrick Henry wrote on the bulletin board in the chapel, "Give us a week or give us death!" They gave us a week and killed us afterwards.

=The next day after the above was written it was replaced by the following: "Ye have heard it said by them of old times, when Christmas comes thou shalt take for thyself two days' rest from all thy labors, but I say unto thee thou shalt take for thyself and thy servants and him that sojourneth with thee, *one whole* week."—*II. Epistle of Taylor.*

=Most of the professors were away first and last during the holidays. Dr. Royall and Prof. Michael went to Oxford to see their people; Dr. Manly spent Christmas in Richmond; Prof. Mills visited his mother in Virginia; Prof. Poteat ate turkey in Yanceyville; Prof. Beckwith—wasn't *here*.

=Misses Minta Allen and Anna Walters came home from Murfreesboro for a week. By the way, we noticed quite a number of boys at the train when they left.

=Mr. F. H. Manning, of Scotland Neck, one of the ex-editors of the STUDENT, came Monday and stayed until Friday of Christmas week. Fred is a favorite of the fair sex, and is always welcomed on the Hill—by the ladies.

=Quite a number of changes have recently been made in our city directory. Rev. R. T. Vann has purchased and moved into the house occupied by Dr. Lankford, at the terminus of Base Ball Park. Dr. Lankford and son-in-law, Mr. Robert Royall, have moved down town to be near their places of business; while Mr. Richard Brewer supplies his own table in the little cottage vacated by Mr. Vann on East Pennsylvania avenue.

=Mr. J. B. Carlyle, ex-poet laureate of the college, spent the first of Christmas week on the Hill. In addition to teaching a flourishing school in Robeson county, he has been making Sunday-school talks, masonic addresses, temperance lectures, military, and we half suspect, *love* speeches. He promises to send us some verses when his muse returns. She has gone into winter quarters, and will not be out until spring comes and the flowers bloom.

=Dr. Simmons will spend the winter in South Carolina.

=Miss Ida Poteat, of Yanceyville, is visiting on the Hill.

=Prof. Poteat lectured at Chapel Hill last month on "Ditch Water."

=Dr. Watson is thinking of moving to Chatham county to practice medicine.

=The equipment of the new laboratory has been greatly delayed by the sickness of Dr. Duggan.

=Dr. Duggan has been seriously sick for some weeks with typhoid fever. At the present writing he is some better, and hopes are entertained for his recovery. In his absence from the class room, Mr. C. E. Brewer has been teaching junior chemistry. [Since the above was put in type, Dr. Duggan has died.]

=It is rumored here that important changes are to be made in the management of the college for the present year. "Prof." John Lewis is to be retired as professor *emeritus* of the broom and bell, and *Tom* is to succeed him in that important position.

=Rev. M. L. Kesler, of Statesville, one of the Senior Class at Wake Forest College, preached at the Raleigh Baptist Tabernacle on last Sunday morning and afternoon, and greatly delighted his hearers. The brethren speak of him as a man of great promise.—*Biblical Recorder, Jan. 4th.*

=One of the staff has turned poet. Here is his maiden effort:

On hearing how a fellow-student was completely "floored" in his "spread eagle" Sunday-school speech, at Holly Springs, by having a live owl presented him, the following was written:

The Senior, with wit, had just begun
To speak of the beauties and tell of the fun
Old Santa 'd prepared for every one
Who, to Holly Springs, that day had come;
"But alas!" he said, "how bad for me
To see you all so merry with glee
Taking your presents from the Christmas tree,
And to think old Santa has nothing for me."
When all of a sudden, without any call,
Up rose a man in the rear of the hall
With an owl on a pole, quite slender and tall,
"Your present," he said, "and it beats them all."
The Senior was bothered, he confesses with shame,
And asks us to please not mention his name.

=Christmas at the College was observed with due pomp and parade. Old Probabilities gave us a variety of weather—soft, mellow moonlight, warm sunshine, drizzling rain, a bit of snow, and plenty of wind seasoned with cold. Fully three-fourths of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity to go home. Those who remained did their best to *keep up a flow of spirits.* The bell rang until it got hoarse and could ring no more, and then the electric bells chimed in and kept up the noise until Sunday morning. There were the usual social gatherings almost every night. At one of these it is said that all the love couples on the Hill quarrelled and swapped sweethearts before going home. These gatherings were enlivened by the maskers, who invariably put in their presence. All the mother hubbards on the Hill were called into requisition to furnish the wardrobes. Some of them were white, and looked like sheets hung on fence rails. Pillows were freely used for the enlargement of the ventral protrusion of the corpulent man. A brush heap was

fastened to the back of a frisky fellow and covered with sixteen yards of calico to represent something—we don't know the name—worn by the women of the nineteenth century. There was a *bustle* of excitement everywhere he went. It is the hardest thing in the world to make a girl out of a boy. There is too much here and not enough there, and you must pull out at one place and push in at another until the poor fellow is all out of shape and in the greatest agony. Barring the failure to correctly personify the modern girl, the maskers are to be congratulated on their success. They represented men and women, boys and girls, both black and white, fat and lean, and each was uglier than the other.

On the whole, Christmas was a success—a great success; and it is to be hoped the world will live to see another just like it. The Faculty are to be congratulated on their forward movement in giving us a week for holidays, and now it only remains for them to declare a Senior vacation, and theirs is the power and glory forever. Amen!

A CARD.—In resuming after a brief interval my connection with the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, it seems to be necessary that I make a statement about it. The increasing demands of my own department in the College make it impossible for me to do now the same amount of work for the magazine as formerly. I assume no responsibility for the correction of manuscript or proof, or for the grade of excellence of the contributed or editorial matter, my sole duty being to exclude so far as possible all that is objectionable. My interest in THE STUDENT has not abated, and I shall be glad if in the new hands it attain a yet higher quality and reputation.

W. L. POTEAT.

Prof. J. R. DUGGAN, A. M., M. D., Ph. D.

Dr. James R. Duggan, Professor of Chemistry in Wake Forest College, died at Wake Forest, Sunday, January 8th, just as the sun was rising. He had been ill for several weeks, prostrated at first by typho-malarial fever, which was followed by pneumonia ; and when this last was mastered, meningitis came and was the immediate cause of his death. His heroic young wife was at his side, as were also his father and brother. He had been unconscious for more than a week, and passed away so quietly that no one could say at what moment he ceased to breathe ; he seemed to fall asleep.

Dr. Duggan was born Nov. 14, 1859, in Washington county, Georgia. Early in life he showed a distinct bias toward scientific studies. He seems to have been a natural anatomist, the children in their play calling him "Doctor." He entered the freshman class of Mercer University at the tender age of thirteen, and when but fourteen presented as the required composition a paper on the anatomy of the heart which astonished the professor. When he graduated in 1877, with the degree of A. M., the President announced that he had missed no college duty during the whole four years of his connection with the institution. In 1879, when he was as yet but twenty years of age, he received the degree of M. D. from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He entered at once upon the practice of medicine in Macon, Georgia, which he continued for about two and a half years. During that time he evinced his fondness for original work by the publication of a pamphlet of some one hundred pages on the mineral springs of Georgia.

Entering Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, in the fall of 1881, he became a "Scholar" in 1882, the year following he was made a Fellow in Chemistry, and obtained the degree of Ph. D. in 1884. Down to the time of his call to Wake Forest in 1886, he remained a Fellow of that University, the latter part of the time a Fellow by courtesy. Accounts of his original investigations have appeared in various scientific journals of this country, and received foreign recognition in his election to membership in the Chemical Society of Germany.

The Trustees of Wake Forest College elected him Professor of Chemistry July 30, 1886. At once after entering upon the duties of the chair the following September he won universal respect and esteem. The handsome chemical laboratory which he planned and which is now about completed, will stand as a monument alike to his eminent attainments as a chemist and to the appreciation in which those attainments were held by the Baptists of North Carolina.

Dr. Duggan was baptized at eleven years of age, and at the time of his death was a member of the Wake Forest Baptist church. He married Miss Janie Taylor Prichard at Wake Forest, October 18, 1887.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { FRANK B. HENDREN, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

'52. The friends of Professor Simmons will be glad to learn his condition is no worse, and that he is enjoying in his pleasant home richly merited rest after so many years of patient and arduous labor. The amount of labor he has done is astonishing, even to his most intimate friends. Think of it! Immediately after graduating he studied law and obtained his license from the Supreme Court, but deciding to make teaching his work, he came to Wake Forest as tutor in 1852, and in 1855 was made Professor of Natural Science, which professorship covered Chemistry, Physics and Natural History. He not only taught what was embraced in these two schools, but by reference to the catalogue we find that he also taught Latin, Greek and Mathematics.

After the close of the war he was the first to return and to resuscitate what remained of the old College. Aided by Mrs. Simmons he commenced the work of the College, and continued till the force was increased by the addition of Major Foote and Dr. W. Royall.

In 1867, Professor Simmons was elected to the Chair of Mathematics, in which position he taught both the school of pure and also mixed Mathematics. The Catalogue shows that Professor Simmons has not only presided over *four distinct* schools, but in addition to this he served the College as Bursar for sixteen years and as Treasurer eleven years, during which time the endowment grew from $27,904 to $155,062, which last amount he paid over to his worthy successor without the loss of a single dollar during his administration.

But that which probably stands without a parallel in the history of any college appears in this: that during thirty-two years of labor, Professor Simmons failed to meet his classes only *on thirty-one days*, and a large per cent. of these days he was absent on business for the College.

—'52. Rev. John Mitchell, D. D., has been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Education, and entered upon the duties of that position on the 1st day of the present month. He has removed to this place. The STUDENT extends to him a hearty welcome.

—'56. Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D., has accepted the pastorate of Scotland Neck Baptist Church. Dr. Hufham resigned the pastorate of this same church about a year ago for the purpose of securing funds for the building of Greenville Memorial Church, and the fact that he has been recalled to the same pastorate attests his popularity among the good people of Scotland Neck.

—'59. Rev. J. M. White, of Holly Springs, N. C., was married during the Christmas holidays to Mrs. Thompson, a daughter of Rev. P. W. Dowd, who was a stalwart veteran among the Baptists of his day.

—'68. Mr. H. M. Cates has a good school at New Hill, N. C.

—'75. Mr. L. W. Bagley is Principal of the Academy at Littleton, N. C. We learn that he has a large school and has found it necessary to increase his force of teachers.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray has been promoted to the principalship of the Institution for the Deaf, Mute and the Blind at Colorado Springs, Col.

—'78. Rev. W. T. Jordan is preaching in Washington Territory.

—'78. Mr. J. C. Caddell, who is teaching in his academy at this place, informs us that the outlook for his Spring Term is promising. Mr. Caddell is also a successful farmer.

—'80. Mr. W. G. Ferebee is farming and merchandising at Belcross, N. C.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farriss is the North Carolina correspondent of the New York *Examiner*.

—'80. Rev. W. B. Waff has been appointed to mission work in the Beulah Association.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, pastor of Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, has recently occupied the pulpit of Calvary Baptist Church, New Haven, Conn., on invitation.

—'82. Prof. E. G. Beckwith, late of Clayton, N. C., is now tutor in this institution.

—'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins, who is engaged in the banking business at Gastonia, N. C. was recently married.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Hord is preaching at Burlington, N. C., and at certain mission stations in that vicinity.

—'85. Mr. J. R. Hunter has severed his connection with the school at Rutherfordton, and has succeeded Professor Beckwith in the school at Clayton, N. C.

—Mr. S. B. Kitchin, a former student of this institution, was recently married to Miss Eva May Kitchin, both of Scotland Neck.

—Rev. W. A. Pool, pastor at Lenoir, N. C., has recently been called to the pastorate of the church at Moorsville, N. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

Betrayed.

She is false, O death! she is fair—
Let me lay my head on thy knee;
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O death!
She hath broke my heart for me.

Give me a perfect dream,
Find me a rare, dim place;
But let not her voice come nigh,
And shut out her face—her face!

—*A Baltimore Lady*

—*Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* is the title of a recent book by Henry T. Finck, which claims to give a scientific view of Love and Beauty, their development, causal relations, historic and national peculiarities. He starts out by proving that Love—that is, Romantic Love—is not of oriental but modern parentage. Then comes an essay on chemical affinities, in which he criticises Goethe's Elective Affinities. But I haven't space to give the whole book, even in outline, for it contains 560 pages, and so I'll quote what are the most important lessons to those interested in this subject. The chapter on "How to Win Love" is, I suppose, the best. His baits are these: (1) Brass buttons on your coat; (2) Confidence and Boldness—in yourself of course; (3) Perseverance; (4) Feigned Indifference. And under this head he quotes Lord Byron—

"Not much he kens, I wean, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs.
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly or she will despise;
Disguise even tenderness if thou art wise."

(5.) Compliments—

"O flatter me, for love delights in praises,"

exclaims one of Shakespeare's characters. And again—

"Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces.
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angel faces."

Then comes the talisman for the girls to catch the boys with. Listen, oh! ye unfortunates, and take heart ye who are accursed of ugliness:

"Beauty," says your deliverer, "is such a common affair that it has lost all its effect on the masculine heart: hence girls should carefully note a few of the ways by which a man may be irresistibly fascinated. Italian girls practice the following method: A lizard is caught, drowned in wine, dried in the sun and reduced to powder, some of which is thrown on the obdurate man, who thenceforth is theirs forevermore."

That is evidently a hopeless remedy for the American girl. He had as well substituted crocodile, as far as they are concerned.

Let's see another prescription: "A favorite Slavonic device is to cut the finger, let a few drops of her blood run into a glass of beer and make the adored man drink it unknowingly."

Ah! there's your remedy, girls. Beer! all of them will take that, even though it had snake's blood instead of girl's blood in it.

"There *are* men, however," remarks

Mr. Finck, "who, owing to some constitutional defect, remain unaffected by these and similar charms. Should any woman be so foolish as to crave such a man's love, she will do well to bear in mind that *Vanity is the back door by which every man's heart may be entered.* * * * * Sympathy, beauty, wit, elegant manners, amiability—these are woman's arrows of Love, ever sure of their aim. 'She loved me for the dangers I had passed,' says Othello, 'and I loved her that she did pity them.'"

The next most important chapter in my mind is the one on "How to Cure Love." This is very easily done by taking the following advice: (1) Absence; (2) Travel; (3) Employment; (4) By thinking on the miseries of wedded life; (5) By considering the inferiority of woman, and (6) By focusing her faults. "After carefully following all the foregoing rules regarding absence, travel, employment, dwelling on the miseries of marriage, the weakness of women in general and one woman in particular, the disappointed lover may boldly return and face her again. The chances are ten to one he will find himself—more in love than ever! Women are magicians. No wonder they were burned as witches in the Middle Ages."

This holds out Jean Paul's theory that everything which Love does in order to die is only an expedient for rising again from the dead, and its epilogues are only prologues to the second act.

And since I have mentioned Jean Paul's name, I am reminded of a book of beautiful quotations I have from his works, edited by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York. Price twenty-five cents. It has been out sometime, but the gems in it are not old in the least. He has written something delightful on almost every topic of human interest. Says Carlyle of him: "He has an intellect vehement, rugged, irresistible; crushing in pieces the hardest problems; piercing into the most hidden combinations of things, and grasping the most distant; an imagination vague, sombre, splendid or appalling; brooding over the abysses of Being; wandering through Infinitude, and summoning before us shapes of brilliancy, solemnity or terror; a fancy of exuberance literally unexampled, for it pours its treasury with a lavishness which knows no limit, hanging, like the sun, a jewel on every grass blade, and sowing the earth at large with oriental pearls."

The following apostrophe to music gives a very good notion of his power of description:

"O Music! thou that bringest the Past and Future with their flying flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening breath of this life or the morning breath of the life to come? Aye, thy sounds are echoes, which angels snatch from the second world's tones of gladness to convey down into our mute hearts, into our dreary night the faint spring-melodies of heaven flying far above us!"

—The following from "Young's Night-Thoughts" kinder smacks, in places, of Shakespeare to me—not

unworthy indeed of Shakespeare's pen does it seem:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august!
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
* * * * * * * * *
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished *link* in being's endless chain!
Mid-way from *nothing* to *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
And heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless Immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself.
And in myself am lost. * * * *
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
* * * * * * * * *
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

Charles Darwin.—The publication of the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an autobiographical chapter," is perhaps the most interesting event of the season in the world of letters, and calls attention anew to a great scientist who is much vilified by the ignorant, and whose speculations concerning the origin of living forms are even yet surprisingly misconceived in many quarters. The popular interest in the man is attested by the fact that the first edition in this country was exhausted soon after it appeared. It is to be hoped that the work will lead to a more general appreciation of his personal qualities, and to a more accurate view of the substance and relations of his peculiar teaching. Whatever opinion may be held respecting Darwinism,—whether it be truth or error, and there are many respectable scientists on both sides,—certainly but one opinion can be held respecting Darwin himself, whose diligence and patience and conscientious devotion to truth through forty years of unbroken ill-health are worthy of all praise. When this ill-health is remembered, the extent and character of his writings, and the mass of facts which he accumulated, become astounding.

"Prince."—Now Prince was an American Chameleon, and quite different from a Chameleon of the Old World in many respects. His feet were differently shaped, his tongue also, and he was greatly more active than they are. He was captured in Moore county this State, being at the time of a bright green color and run-

ning in a sandy road. When he reached Wake Forest his color had changed to a well-marked bronze. He was put into a box with a glass top, and later stooped and drank water which had been poured on the bottom. An hour later a small grasshopper was put into the box, and thirty minutes afterwards only one jumping leg could be found, and Prince had become a bronzy green except two small patches, one clear green, the other blue. On one occasion he was observed to thrust out under his throat for a second a bright red dewlap after elevating his head and shoulders a time or two. Having become familiar with his new environment to some extent, he was allowed the freedom of the lecture-room and spent the night on the microscope stand. Placed on one's knee he made a number of abortive attempts to catch flies crawling about him, never jumping at one when quite still. He would take a fly from the fingers and in much the same way as if the fly were free. At one time when a fly was crawling near him his eyelids were distinctly green, all the rest of the body being bronze. The skin (epidermis) of the head and eyelids peeled off one day, beginning back and coming off toward the front where it was still attached. It stood in front of the eyes so as to intercept his vision. I peeled it off with forceps. About a month after his capture, being free in the room, he disappeared and could not be found for several days. When first seen after this disappearance, poor Prince showed unmistakable signs of having been trodden upon as he lay on the rug, and was, besides, sadly emaciated. His color was now bright green, but not quite uniformly so. Neither dosing nor external treatment could revive him. He was finally put into alcohol, which so far has not affected the color in which he died. Think of a gracefully built lizard, capable of changing color as indicated, and you will have a fair idea of Prince and all his immediate line in America. His scientific name is *Anolis principalis*. The change of color is dependent upon small pigmented bodies called *chromatophores* scattered through the skin, which are capable of being contracted or spread out, the resulting color depending on the color of the chromatophores which are affected. He does not invariably assume the color of the object on which he rests.

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MODERN REPUBLICANISM.

It has now been one hundred and eleven years since our country attained her majority, and, taking a constrained leave of a jealous and harsh parent, boldly strode forth in the pioneer paths of modern republicanism. Whither her course would lead her, and what national pitfalls lay in her way, no political prophet could foretell. It was no beaten path she had chosen to take; no nation had traversed it before her; no political signboards stood along the wayside to mark the stages and guide her onward march; no friendly hand had given her a way-bill; no elder sister wished her God-speed on her perilous journey; but all alone, abiding in the good wishes of no one, she put on the panoply of State, and boldly and independently marched forth in the dignity of her youthful pride. Stronger and stronger has she grown with each successive stage of her progress, until now she proudly challenges the admiration of the world. Never before in the history of the world has any nation enjoyed such a sound, healthful, and at the same time prodigious growth as has ours during the century of her existence. True, mighty political tempests have swept over the bosom of our country like an oriental typhoon, but only to pass away leaving the government, like the giant oak of many winters, stronger by the very reverses she has suffered. Among the mighty changes born of the glorious nineteenth century, none are more striking than the advances in political ideas. The whole face of the political world has been changed. Repub-

licanism is, happily, no longer an experiment; it is a reality, tested by a hundred years of the world's growth.

I propose to avail myself of a rule of homiletics and divide my subject into three parts. First, the rise and progress of republicanism in our own country; second, its influence on European nations; and, third, its prominence as the only just and equitable form of government for future nations.

And, just here, let me say that I enter upon a brief discussion of this question not without a consciousness of my inability to do justice to it, for it is one which, in some of its bearings, might justly challenge the genius of a Gladstone or a Bismarck, but so might many another one which has claimed the roving fancy of a schoolboy.

It is, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance that modern republicanism chose for its cradle the wildernesses of America, where it might be far removed from the alert watchfulness and rapacity of old kingcraft. Nowhere else on earth could it have been fostered and nourished in its early years. Possibly nowhere else would its existence have been spared. Minions of monarchy were ever on the alert for its destruction, and its escape was due alone to its remote stronghold.

During the first one hundred and fifty years that followed upon the discovery of America by Columbus, the eyes of every European power were turned greedily upon her. Each sought the largest share of the newly discovered world, planted her colonies wherever she might, and trusted that in the future she might be able to establish a dominant empire that should eventually merge all the western world into it. Thus England, France, Spain and Denmark all had their possessions in America, to which they quite as tenaciously clung as to their more adjacent possessions.

When the struggle arose between England and her American colonies that resulted in the independence of the latter, France and Spain extended their aid to the colonies, not because they wished to see them independent but because they were jealous of the strong foothold England had gained on American soil. They never once thought that in thus aiding a few weak colonies with an aggregate population of less than three millions, they were preparing the way for a youthful giant republic that should in one century—a very short period in the life of a nation—rival in power and influence the proudest nation on earth.

We can scarcely conceive of the possibility of the establishment and permanence of any other form of government than a republic in our own country at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Our fathers belonged to the noble Anglo-Saxon race—that race which has ever been distinguished by its love of religious and political liberty. It was this dominant love of liberty that caused them to quit their homes in a land where freedom of speech was dragooned, and the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences was denied them, and to seek

an asylum in the depths of the American wilderness.

When our ancestors first planted their footsteps on Columbia's strand, everything spoke to them of freedom. The soft Southern breezes whispered it in their ears; myriads of aerial songsters descended from the mountain heights and sang it to them; the crystal fountains reflected it, the brooklets echoed it, the wild mountain torrents and dashing cascades thundered it, and in their hearts were responsive chords that vibrated in unison with the voice of freedom that came to them from the outward world. How fitting it was that North America should be the seat of the first republic of modern times! May we not well believe that an Alwise Providence had reserved her inviolate for this express purpose through all the ages of the world's existence? Never had tyrant's foot trod on her fair bosom. On her broad and teeming plains Indian and Esquimaux had roamed in sportive glee for unnumbered centuries.

I reiterate, then, that we can scarcely conceive how our forefathers, with noble Anglo-Saxon blood coursing freely through their veins, with the principles of religious and political freedom burning in their souls, with the inspiration born of their surroundings, could have formed any other than a republican government. The same noble principles and lofty aims that actuated them in the formation of the government have always characterized a majority of the American people, and are the strongest bulwark and surest protection to our institutions. We do not believe that, until our government undergoes a radical change from foreign immigration or from some other cause, is a monarchy possible in this country.

I scarcely have time to allude to the progress of our country since the formation of the government, though the theme would be a most inviting one. America to-day is, in her importance, almost half the world. Her population has swelled from three to sixty millions. The inventions and scientific discoveries that have taken place during the century and have benefited the world most, have been made within her borders. Her commerce whitens every sea. Mighty cities have sprung up as if by the power of fabulous magi on the spots where, a few generations ago, the Indian's camp-fire was fanned by the forests' breezes. The buffalo and antelope have been frightened from the plains by the shrill whistle of the locomotive. A network of telegraph lines now penetrates every village, carrying a greeting to one household and condolence to another. Could Washington emerge from his peaceful slumbers beneath the shady elms of Mount Vernon, and behold the exalted station of his country among the nations of the earth, we may believe that he would betake himself again to his silent rest in the full confidence that he had bequeathed to the children of his country an inheritance that shall be lasting as humanity itself.

And now we come to our second point—the influence of American Republicanism on European nations.

Napoleon, in his declining years

and amidst the sorrowful scenes of his exile, declared that all Europe would soon be either Republican or Cossack. The generation that has followed has well-nigh verified the remark. Europe to-day is more republican than despotic, more democratic than monarchical. Several States have republican forms of government modelled after our own; in many others monarchy exists in little else than the name. The "divine right" of kings is now repudiated in the market-place of every city in Europe, and the fundamental principle of republicanism, that "all power is vested in and derived from the people," is recognized under the shadow of every royal palace. Kingcraft finds itself tottering on an insecure throne. It is shaken by every republican breeze that blows from Columbia's shores. Ere many more dynasties shall have numbered their reigns on the chronicles of the ages, a mighty gale may perchance pass over the stormy bosom of the dark Atlantic and sweep away forever the rubbish of old monarchy.

And now in conclusion, is republicanism likely to be the government of the future? Certainly this is a question to which no man would presume to give a definite answer, and yet, if we are to attach much importance to the social and political tendencies of the last one hundred and fifty years, we might almost be justified in an affirmative reply.

The world to-day is on a higher level of civilization than ever before, and in every nation of Christendom there has been a slow, gradual and, many times, noiseless conflict between despotism on the one hand and democracy on the other, between absolute centralization of power and individual sovereignty, between royal monopoly and popular freedom. The influences that have emanated from our own government have pervaded the whole of the civilized world, and taken deep and sure root in the minds of the people. The fundamental principles of republicanism at once commend themselves to every intelligent being on earth, as forming the only just and equitable basis of government. The founders of our government disclaimed every precedent, renounced all tradition, and from a deep and thorough study of the wants of humanity, deduced the principles of the Constitution. The wisdom of their course has been confirmed by the success of their undertaking. The American republic has succeeded despite the distrust of the world. No one save the founders themselves expected her to survive the occasion that called her into existence. For nearly two thousand years no one had thought a federal republic feasible, or even possible; consequently she must overcome the most inveterate prejudice before she could command the confidence she merited. Now she, by reason of her commanding position, shares the full respect of all nations, and the principles on which her Constitution is founded have become the study and admiration of political philosophers of all countries.

Our country, besides furnishing an asylum to the oppressed of every quarter of the earth, has a yet greater destiny reserved to her; that of exposing

the erroneous theory of the divine right of kings and exhibiting to the world an example of a stable and strong government founded on the heaven-given right of individual self-government.

May her benign influences continue to go forth and finally culminate in the religious and political freedom of mankind the world over.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

MORAL HEROES AND HEROISM.

We generally associate the idea of heroism with the war-like deeds of brave soldiers, dauntless chiefs, and illustrious conquerors. We think of it as being displayed only by those who hazard life and fortune in deadly contest with an invading foe, or rush to the onset on the bloody field of internal strife.

Dauntless courage displayed in the face of danger, even in an unworthy cause, is a sort of heroism. However, we do not always look upon such an exploit as heroic; but rather regard the daring deeds of *noble* men, performed in behalf of their country, as examples of heroism. Possibly a majority of the world's generals and soldiers have fought, some through desire of notoriety, others through desire of gain, and many more still, through sheer compulsion; while few were prompted by pure inborn heroism. And yet, whether prompted by moral or by physical courage, many have immortalized their names as heroes.

That to which I would call attention, is heroism worthy of the name; whose deeds history seldom records, whose praises poets rarely sing, and which is exhibited not often on the tented field or in the bloody arena. It is that inspiration of a human breast which nerved the Duke of Wellington for the conflict, who, when reminded by a phrenologist that he had but little animal courage, replied: "You are right, and but for my sense of duty, I would have retreated in my first fight." It causes its possessor, in behalf of truth and honor, or in the performance of manifest duty, to stem, if need be, the current of public opinion, derision, and opposition, at the risk of popularity, defeat in enterprise, loss of friends, and, "having done all, to stand" firm and unmoved as the storm-beaten crag of the mountain. It consists somewhat of the same elements as those of physical heroism; for heroes of neither type ever succumb while resistance lies in their power. That praisworthy principle which moves a man to enlist under the banner of truth, equity, and right, against falsehood, partiality, and wrong, while other names may be admissible, is moral heroism, as distinguished from that kind of cour-

age which would prompt a man to march bravely at the head of a forlorn hope, who would quail before a single foe. The former wields bravely and wisely tongue and pen. The latter wields bravely, but not always wisely, sword and firearms. Examples of the former are, indeed, numerous, but few of them are recognized by profane history. Examples of the latter are abundant in the history of every age and clime.

Brave warriors returning from the ensanguined field of victory where they have stood among the dead and dying, the smoke of battle, and cannons roar; virtually sacrificing their lives and their all for country, home, and freedom, such as these worthily deserve, and usually receive in their day, the heroe's honors as a reward for their animal courage, called heroism. But not all such deserve, and few such ever receive while living, the honors due to *moral* heroism. Yet the names of such as have been prompted in battle by moral courage alone, together with the names of those who, by the same kind of courage, have wrought revolutions in thought, sentiment, morals, and religion, producing great error in the progress of civilization, are engraven on tablets immortal. When the works begun by them shall have reached, as they will, a glorious consummation, the surviving generations will weave garlands for the decoration of their tombs, and crown them in memory as martyrs to the everlasting principles which stirred them to action and to which they devoted their lives.

A great general arose in Macedonia, marshalled his hosts in behalf of Greece against the Persians, and penetrated the gloomy orient. He demolished cities, overturned principalities, destroyed millions of men in battle, and sighed for further conquests.

Cæsar subdued the war-like nations of Gaul, carried the Roman eagles into great Britain and across the Rhine, twice conquered Spain, marched through Italy at the head of his trained legions, fought fifty battles in which over a million of men fell victims, reduced Egypt, and at last became lord of the Roman world.

Another great spirit arose from comparative obscurity by successive steps until he waved his magic wand over Austria and Prussia, and they crouched in submission at his feet. Hannibal scaled the snow-clad crests of the Alps, left the bones of thirty thousand of his soldiers to bleach upon their frigid slopes, lorded over Italy for fifteen years, and scattered the Romans before him like chaff before the wind. These are specimens of ambitious, selfish heroism. And yet the bones of Alexander had not turned into dust, nor had great Cæsar been stricken down by assassination, neither had Napolean gone down at Waterloo, nor yet had the invincible Carthagenian met his defeat upon the plain of Zama, before the world was ready to heap the heroe's laurels upon them.

On the other hand, Demosthenes, in the face of opposition, poured forth his burning eloquence and struggled for fourteen years in the earnest en-

deavor to avert the imminent subjugation of Greece, nor could he be swerved from his determined purpose by either bribes or threats. Socrates submitted to the fatal cup of hemlock rather than abandon what he conceived to be his life mission, and thereby sacrifice his principles. But he did sacrifice his comforts and his life for the benefit of his fellow men. Chaucer, seeing the vast resources and grand possibilities of the English Language even in its infancy, adopted it, dignified it, wrought into it living and lasting models of speech, and afterwards wrote in no other, notwithstanding the fact that it was, and continued to be for more than a century, a dangerous thing for an Englishman to write in his own language, if he had the ability to write in Latin. The immortal Milton, the portrayer of celestial grandeur, grappeled single-handed with Episcopacy, and for twenty years stood up as the boldest champion of English Republicanism against monarchy. Last, but not least, John Bunyan counted a renunciation of his faith too dear a price to pay for his freedom from twelve long years imprisonment in a loathsome jail; but toiled his life away within and without dungeon walls in behalf of humanity, and all this, too, in spite of difficulty, bitter enemies, and illiteracy. These are specimens of moral heroism. Yet, though they all served each his generation to the best of his knowledge and ability in more ways than one, history gives Demosthenes credit only for being an orator. It calls Socrates an Athenian philosopher, Chaucer, the father of English Poetry, Milton an epic poet, and John Bunyan, the *hero*, a master of English allegory.

The names of these men are worthy of a place among those of the great, not so much for what they did for philosophy, oratory, and literature, as for what they did by their inflexible devotion and self-sacrifice for the liberty, morality, and rights of the human race. These are a few among the many great men whom history mentions, and to whose heroism the world owes a lasting debt of gratitude.

Great Gladstone is figuring at the Irish problem yet, and liberty and justice to poor degraded Ireland will undoubtedly be the result of his life-long heroism.

Other men of Gladstonian heroism have seized upon and solved most of the great and perplexing questions which have challenged the ages for solution; and now the world revels in the luxury of the results. Great crises have been reached in by-gone days, when the weal and woe of kingdoms trembled in the balance, and called for heroic endeavor. Equally great spirits were not wanting to meet the demands of the occasion. Of their heroism, nations have been born, and by it, republics have been founded. Nay, the glory of the nineteenth century now beams upon us as the result, principally of moral heroism.

I would not blur the memory of our revolutionary dead, who gave their lives for American independence, nor that of those who fought in the war of 1812, in its defence. Peace to the

ashes of every brave who fell upon the field of carnage, from the battle of Lexington to the siege of Yorktown, and from the surrender of Detroit to the victory of New Orleans. They fell heroically in a noble cause. And the resting place of each of them is worthy to be marked by a marble slab, and enamelled with perennial flowers.

Dear to every true American must be the name of Lafayette, who turned his back upon the charms of sweet home in a distant land and cast his lot with our fathers, and fought shoulder to shoulder with them for our liberties. Dearer still is the name of the great hero of the revolution, the nation's first and most illustrous chief, whose remains moulder in the sacred precincts of Mt. Vernon.

It took the two kinds of heroism combined to break the British yoke and gain our independence. It took moral heroism to found the government and frame the constitution, which have been supported and defended long and well by our Henrys, Websters, Clays, and Calhouns. Heroism like theirs is in demand now. In other days of our republic, such men were not wanting to come boldly and bravely to the front as heroic statesmen, and struggle manfully with any or all of the great political issues.

But where are they now? With but few exceptions, they are not to be found among our political leaders. Very few men who have the ability and the will to meet the political emergencies of the day, can obtain office without a sacrifice of principle.

Men who thirst for lucre, promotion, and self aggrandizement; who are willing to stoop to bribery and falsehood in their grasp for power, and who abuse such power when obtained, have the preponderance of legislative power in their hands. If they desire they can legislate and enforce the laws so as to screen monopolies, firms, and individuals, and to tolerate forms of vice which would stain the records of any nation with blots *indelible*. If this is not the state of affairs now, it will be at no distant day, unless some tendencies in our political system are arrested. But it will require men of stern heroism to arrest them. Such men would be the nations greatest benefactors.

The present tariff system grasps after the hard-earned money of American sons of toil, and heaps up wealth to the already rich manufacturer. Immigrants from almost every quarter of the globe are flocking by tens of thousands to our shores annually. And the majority of them are the lowest specimens of civilization. They bring with them the seeds of socialism, discord, and depravity. They enter largely the "striking" labor circles, stir them up to greater hostility, and thus aggravate the present labor trouble which is already gnawing like a cancer at the very vitals of our industrial system. Incorporated within our fair Western land of promise, is a strong-hold of degradation, sending out its baleful influences far and wide, ruining young men, entrapping and dragging down to hopeless despair, fair young maidens—an insult

to Christian institutions! a stigma upon morality and civilization. The old, many-headed serpent of intemperance has had some of his heads "wounded as it were unto death," it is to be hoped, but he is still sending his unmitigated poison into the life-blood of thousands in the United States annually, hurrying them off to untimely graves and a dreadful eternity to meet the drunkard's doom; while they leave behind them, some, broken hearted mothers and sisters, others, homeless, disconsolate widows and helpless orphans; and thus increase the demand for more orphans' homes and asylums in our borders. These clogs upon the wheels of our progress are to be removed by impartial legislation and inflexible execution of the laws. These ends will not be accomplished until more men are promoted to power who hold principle dearer than reputation; men who are bent more on their country's welfare than the acquirement of wealth; men who are champions for the right; men who will dare face and contend with the oppositions of political corruption, party prejudice, and sectional factions. To meet these evils and rightly adjust the tariff system, restrict immigration, settle the labor trouble, exterminate polygamy, and deliver our land from the curse of strong drink, we must have fewer demagogues and more moral heroes at the White House.

THOS. C. BUCHANAN.

SOME HINDRANCES TO THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

That our country is overshadowed by a cloud of ignorance, one can discover at a glance. And in spite of all our school advantages and the great amount of leisure enjoyed by our people, many, very many, not only of the old but also of the young, are unable to read with pleasure or profit to themselves or to do their own thinking.

For every effect there must be an adequate cause. This illiteracy in our midst is an effect. There is, then, a cause, or a combination of causes, producing this effect. And the study of these causes cannot fail to be interesting to all who are concerned in the great work of the diffusion of knowledge. To heal a disease, a doctor needs not only to be acquainted with the effects of the malady, but also with the cause producing those effects. So in the case in hand, it is not sufficient to be informed with regard to the amount of illiteracy existing, but one must inquire into the causes of it, and the hindrances to the progress of education, before he can labor successfully for the correcting of the evil.

Of course there are natural causes of ignorance, such as the lack of men-

tal capacity, but such cases are more rare than we are at first disposed to think, as the history of many who were in early life regarded as destitute of capacity, abundantly shows. However, there are some unfortunate souls for whom any amount of painstaking and teaching will prove useless; but in this paper they are left out of the account. This is prepared for and about such only as could become educated if they would.

There are those, too, who are naturally slow, thick headed and numskulled, and this lack of mental quickness may be regarded by some as a hindrance to such in becoming educated, but the lives of many of this class have shown the contrary fact. Many a "poke-ease" has in the end won the prize over promising fellows who do nothing but promise. Slowness, in many instances, is a help rather than a hindrance. Many a fellow who in childhood spent whole months in mastering the alphabet, has at last astonished his associates by the force and power his mind has gained in after life by the habit of close application.

What, then, are the hindrances? Certainly I will not be expected to point out all of them in this brief thesis, but will notice only such as appear to me to be the most common and the most powerful. Poverty, or the lack of means upon the part of some parents to send their children to school, has doomed many a shining gem to waste its lustre in obscurity for the want of sufficient polishing. This poverty, in some cases, is caused by the laziness and shiftlessness of parents. In such cases, the children are to be pitied, but the parents deserve the censure of all. In these modern times we hear much from the press, rostrum and pulpit about the "deserving poor." Scarcely a day passes in which our sympathies are not appealed to in their behalf. Some of this talk may not be misapplied, but much of it is mere stuff; for when people become poor through laziness and shiftlessness, they are "deserving" —they deserve poverty and they get all of it they merit.

But what of their children? They are doomed to a life of illiteracy unless aided by the noble men and women all over our sunny land who are blessing the world by their willing hearts and ready hands. I do not mean any of this to apply to the benevolent manner in which most Christian denominations are educating the rising ministry, most of whom are the noble sons of no less noble sires, for in such cases the contributors, as a rule, get in return for their donations more than they give; but I do mean it to apply to those benefactors of our race who are ever ready to invest in brains.

While poverty is a very great hindrance to many in acquiring an education, the children of poverty need not despair of equipping themselves with this powerful auxiliary. All they are to do is to show the world that they are made of the right stuff, for the world is on the lookout for just such, and when discovered they will not be allowed to go uncultivated.

Such, however, are put at a disadvantage if their misfortune is a result of parental imprudence, for the world expects a son to be as his father in all bad qualities; but it appreciates in a great degree those furnishing honorable exceptions to the general rule. Start upward, and what would before have held you down, will after awhile accelerate your advancement. Your hindrances, even, shall be converted into positive helps.

The laziness of some students hinders their becoming scholars, or anything else. Laziness is a kind of inertia, and in some cases resists almost any amount of force from without. Some allow it to become chronic, and are unable then to overcome the inclination to indulge the desire for present ease, and so do not put forth the necessary exertion for the acquisition of knowledge. These, whatever the opportunities afforded them by their parents, guardians or benefactors, will never become educated.

They delight in going to school as a means of pastime and to escape toil at home, and when their tasks at school are assigned by the instructors, they are too lazy to perform them. To educate such is impossible, for no *stuffing* or *funneling* process can ever take the place of persistent personal application. Such may pass through the classes of a course at college by resorting to the low trick of "ponying" through examinations, deceiving fellow students and cheating professors, but the world will discover their shallowness and assign them their places in the barren wastes of despair, where they may feed on the dry husks of disappointment and remorse. But it will be too late for them to recover their wasted opportunities. They not only are destitute of education themselves, but they hinder it by reflecting dishonor upon the institution from which they have stolen honors.

The follies of some, who are regarded as educated, hinder others from pursuing knowledge by creating in the minds of the uneducated prejudices against learning. They come away from school with fair attainments in books, but they foolishly parade their knowledge of Greek and Latin till common people are disgusted. Phrases from classic lore are so intermingled with all they say as to confuse the minds of the less favored. I am aware of the fact that the study of the classics will affect one's style of expression, the Greek giving its peculiar flexibility, the Latin adding its close terseness, the French contributing its charming softness, and the German mixing in its angular hardness. This is as it ought to be; but one can be flexible, terse, soft and hard in his style and use only English words. This is the proper effect of those studies. It is therefore the abuse, and not the use, against which I offer my protest. Plain, simple-minded people would prefer keeping their children at home to sending them to school to be converted into pedantic fools, whose education would serve more as weights to clog them in their progress than as wings to mount above difficulties.

The idea created by many friends of education in their earnest pleas for

the culture of the youth, is that it is an exemption from toil, a furlough for life from the field, the work bench, the counter or the kitchen. They teach that all who fail to obtain this furlough will be to the end of their lives simply "drawers of water and hewers of wood," when I think they ought to be endeavoring to teach the youth how to draw more water and to hew wood better.

Such speeches hinder the progress of education by filling the minds of young people with false conceptions of what it is to accomplish. They become discontented with their humble stations and seek to be educated, not that they may better fill the places they now occupy and thus reflect honor on their callings, but that they may get into (not fill) higher positions for which the Creator never intended them. They study not from the love of knowledge, for knowledge's own sake, but as a stepping-stone to something which they conceive of as being higher and more honorable. But truth, like a fair, blushing, innocent maiden, refuses to be won by those who woo her for mean, low, or mercenary motives. Those who would embrace and call her theirs, must court her for her own personal charms, and love her for her intrinsic worth and loveliness. The consequence is, that those who study with such false ideas of the nature and uses of education, make little or no progress, being driven to their tasks by narrow selfishness, instead of led on by lofty aspirations for usefulness.

Others, though they may have set out with no other object than to avoid work, have been brought in company with truth, and from associating with her, learn to love her, for who can know such a lovely being and not do so? They may make her their own, may really become educated, but the union will not be happy unless made for considerations of usefulness as well as of happiness. Education, as an industrious young bride, delights to make herself useful, but is a useless appendage when kept as a worthless thing, fit only for parade. The possessor is in a much worse condition than before he became the winner.

This point is illustrated by an article which recently appeared in the New York *Voice*, the National Prohibition organ. In reply to the proposition, "Let the South do her duty in educating the Negro, and the social and economic questions will settle themselves," Mr. Wayland Johnson said: "This is an off-hand and halfway impertinent advice that the South never hears the last of. But just what this education is to be, and how it is really to reach the peculiar needs of the colored people, is a most difficult principle to determine and apply.

"For many years the school advantages have been the same for the Negro as for the whites, whether in the district common schools, supported by the State, or the public schools rapidly increasing in the cities and smaller towns. But literary education has not thus far produced the most hopeful results in either the moral or material condition of the colored people. Their conception of school education is not that it will prepare them for greater efficiency in

the everyday concerns of life, but that it will in some way place them beyond the necessity of manual labor. The result of this notion is that as soon as they have obtained a little learning they abandon the only pursuits for which they are by nature capable and insist on playing the lady and gentleman."

Such is Johnson's idea of Negro education and its results, and it is a true account of all education which is acquired for the purpose of shirking work rather than for the purpose of becoming more useful.

Boys sometimes go off to school in the hope of soon being too learned to work, and come home too proud for work and not fitted for anything else. They seek some profession only to disgrace it by a miserable failure. Certainly I recognize the fact that some callings have more dignity attaching to them than others, but all callings are honorable to the men who honor the callings. And no one need hope to reflect lustre on a high station who is ashamed to fill a low one, or who is unfaithful in little things. Dr. M. T. Yates is a hero in Chinese missions, and yet while a student of this institution, during vacations he wielded the scythe no less gracefully than he now preaches the gospel to the benighted sons and daughters of the great empire. He was faithful in little things, and the Eternal Adjuster of all things set him over greater affairs.

Instead of this, how often do we see boys go home cane in hand, tooth pick shoes on, playing the dude? They go home nice beaux rather than strengthened men. They cut a fine figure rather than cut firewood. They tie cravats and pull mustache rather than tie oats and pull corn. They visit the girls in their teens and take them candy and nuts, instead of visiting the fields with their teams and making themselves handy at work.

Girls go home polished butterflies rather than trained busy bees for extracting honey from the waysides of life and collecting it in the hive-home. They are less useful, and far less ornamental, if nature's models are to be regarded, than before. They make music till the heads of their mothers are buzzy, instead of making biscuits to rest those hands which are busy mending the children's clothes. They entertain the gents and talk nonsense, rather than mend the rents in buddie's pants.

Alas! for the progress of education when thus abused. Common people argue that if it has this effect on the children of their neighbors, it may have the same on their own; and rather than have their boys and girls become polished drones, fit only to be looked at, they will keep them at home and make them work. They believe that "in the sweat of their faces they shall eat bread," and so their sons must sweat. They know "they can live without poetry and be happy without books, but civilized men can't live without cooks," and their daughters must bake cake and make pies without education, for fear they would not if they had it.

J. N. Booth.

A NATIONAL MISNOMER.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

We are living in the sublimest era of all ages and in the grandest country of the world. If all the philosophers and statesmen of all time could return to earth, if the bones of the countless millions of human souls who age after age have wrapped their mantles about them and gone down to death and out into the realms of the unknown, could be touched by some unseen hand and clothed in flesh; if the heart could be made to pulsate again, and they, clothed in the habiliments of the age in which they lived, could come trooping back to earth; if they could live and move amid the activities of this stirring age, they could but be overwhelmed with wonder and amazement at the new and strange things on every hand.

This is preëminently an age of progress. Progress in material things and in things spiritual; progress in science, art, and government; progress in religious truth and in sin. Indeed, so great is the activity along all these lines, that we are constantly surprised at the revelations daily made. It were needless for me to attempt to enumerate the different things which modern ingenuity has brought to light for the use and service of man. The age pulsates with the spirit of activity. The thrill is felt around the globe, in the crowded marts of the world, and among the barbarous inhabitants of far off lands.

In no country has progress been more rapid than in our own. In the South, especially since the war, it has been quite phenominal. Like the fabled Phœnix she has risen from her own ashes in which she was wrapped by the cruel progress of a fraternal war which consumed billions of wealth and laid a million souls in the dust.

Since the smoke of battle has cleared away and the South, by persistent industry, has become progressive, many throughout the North and the South have discovered what they are pleased to term the "New South."

When, I ask, did the Old South die? Was it when the smoke of battle hovered thick and dense over every valley in this sun-kissed land carrying gloom and desolation into thousands of homes? Was it when the women of the whole country sent up a bitter wail of anguish for the slain and the battle fields of Virginia echoed back the wail in terrible mockery? Was it when the chivalric Lee surrendered the stars and bars to an overpowering foe on the field of Appomattox? Or was it when Reconstruction made this conquered land a prey to carpet-baggers and incarnate fiends?

I applaud the progress of the South since the war as much as any man, but I tell you there is no "New South." This is the same South that has existed for more than a hundred

years; the home of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison; the home of Marshall and Taney; of Hayne, Calhoun and hosts of others whose names form a bright galaxy in the constellation of the world's great lights. This is the South that sounded the first note for independence and said "the cause of Boston is the cause of us all," furnished men and means, and poured out her life's blood for the liberty of the whole country; the South that furnished presidents for fifty-seven of the first eighty years of the life of the republic.

This is the South that fought at New Orleans; the South whose arms, borne bravely into the heart of Mexico, gave us Texas from the empire of the Montezumas; the South whose arms and statesmanship have quadrupled the national domain. This is the South whose soldiers fought at Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, and at Richmond; the South whose brave men wore themselves out in the trenches around Petersburg — the trenches where they had learned to laugh at their hunger, and misery, and the death about them; where they ate a dry crust and called themselves "Lee's Miserables," joking with death and with one another—a grim spectacle that, but they joked, and laughed, and suffered, and bled, and died, and many there are of these chivalric sons who are now sleeping their long sleep in graves far away and unknown.

"Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud."

For them no funeral pageant proclaimed their heroic death; for them no marble shaft uplifts its glittering top, pure and white; no orator recounts their deeds at the yearly call of deathless names; for them no tender hands their floral tributes bring at spring-time to decorate their graves. But there on old Virginia hills they sleep where comrades laid them down, far, far from the busy throng where the tumult and clash of life are hushed? where the ploughman turns the sacred dust to cheer the springing grain, and the reaper at harvest time binds the golden sheaves; where at nightfall the whippoor-will awakes the slumbering echoes of the dell, and the wild fox goes forth in darkness to seek his prey. There at noontide the mocking-bird his ecstatic carol sings; there the tangled wild flowers, trained by Nature's artistic hand, are kissed by gentle zephyrs as pure and sweet as a maidens breath.

"No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those hearts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight."

They have gone to receive the patriot soldier's reward. "After life's fitful fever," they sleep well, and in their noble and patriotic example they have bequeathed to posterity a priceless heritage.

The storm of war that swept over our country wrought a mighty change in the organization of Southern civic life. With one stroke of the pen four million slaves were emancipated. Our fair Southland was desolated by a wanton and destructive foe. The whole country was draped in mourn-

ing and the cries of orphaned children rang throughout the land.

I am proud of the South, her past record and present prosperity. I glory in the memory of her heroes, their bravery and splendid achievements; but still more do I admire the fortitude with which they bore defeat and the manhood with which they turned themselves to the quiet pursuits of civil life. They did not sit down amid the smouldering ruins of their homes to grieve over those reverses of fortune which they could not avoid. From the trenches they went to the furrow to retrieve their shattered fortunes. The soil responded generously to the hand of industry and soon evidences of prosperity began to appear on every hand. The spirit with which the new race for life was begun has been kept up with unabated zeal until the South to-day bids fair to lead the world in many branches of industry.

Though our material resources are great, and our development and progress have challenged the admiration of the world, yet let us remember that this is not a "New South," but the Old South stripped of some of her hindrances, with a new and noble purpose in view, and with the foundation principles of her success laid broad and deep in a noble manhood that is patriotic, philanthropic, large hearted, and progressive. Her achievments fill her with pride and inspire her with confidence, her material resources speak of a reserved power that may be called into play at will, her progress tells of an undaunted spirit that pervades the Southern breast, that will not down at opposition and disaster.

So that to-day she is energizing the forces that develop her wealth, and is constantly evolving a nobler order of manhood, and rising to a higher sphere in the scale of nations.

C. G. WELLS.

ELSINORE.

A TALE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

PRELUDE.

From memory slowly fades away
Remembrance of that fatal day,
When from great Sumter's citadel
Columbia's starry ensign fell,
And from the ocean's side, afar
Rolled on the tidal wave of war.

'Tis not the purpose of my song
To say who in that strife were wrong,
Who were by angry impulse driven,
Or by whose hand the ties were riven!
Let more ambitious minstrel tell
Why Federal fought; Confederate fell.

The humbler, lowlier task be mine
To sing of love, almost divine,
Of tears that fell like summer rain,
Of martyrs, for their country slain,
And lastly, how war's cruel hand
Made desolate a happy land!

CHAPTER I.

No fairer landscape meets the eye
'Neath all our sunny Southern sky,
Than the estate of Elsinore,
Upon the banks of Shenandoah.

It well might tax e'en Hogarth's power
To sketch the hills that grandly tower,
And paint the azure canopy
That overhangs both hill and lea.
And even his great skill were vain
To paint the rippling fields of grain
And make the glowing canvas gleam
With all the beauties of the stream,
Of forest, meadow, field and lake,
Of sunny plain and lonely brake,
Of waving fields of heather broom,
Of fruitful gardens bright with bloom,
And all those nameless features rare
That charm the eye in landscape fair,
Where Nature guided by design
The useful and the fair combine.

In a broad park the mansion stood ;
And sportive art and nature rude
Had wrought so deftly all around
The old place seemed enchanted ground.
Where timorous elfins of the wood
Had built a shrine to solitude.
Not so, however ; prosaic age
Here found a peaceful hermitage,
Remote from all the toil and strife
And anxious care of busy life,
Where it might solve the mistery
Of human life and destiny.

Well suited to this solitude
Was its lone master's serious mood,
For sadder or more thoughtful mien
Than Phillip Leigh's were seldom seen,
His furrowed brow and snowy hair
Told the sad tale of age and care
And to observant eyes revealed
The wound that time had never healed.

The dread event of one short day
Had wrecked the life of Philip Leigh.
His bride, ere one short year had flown,
Was from a shying palfrey thrown,
The cords of life were rudely riven
And her pure spirit went to heaven.
Since then the heart of Philip Leigh
Has never known a happy day.

Yet oft when hope no longer fires,
The stricken heart of man aspires
To higher things, and misery
Finds solace in blest charity.
So, 'twas with gray-haired Philip Leigh,
Eschewing e'er the bright and gay,
He sought the gloomy haunts of care
And banished grief and dark despair.

The lonely master's foster daughter,
A lissom maiden fair and tall,
With laugh as gay as rippling water,
Dwelt too, in that sequestred hall.
And ne'er before, on earth, I ween,
Was a more striking contrast seen
Than in this pair; the Winter's gloom
And Spring with sunshine song and bloom,
Or dark and gloomy shades of night,
And morning with its rosy light,
Or hideous ghoul and spirit fair
Might well as strong resemblance bear.
And yet these two, the young and old,
Life's sunny Spring and Autumn cold,
Its opening and its closing day,
Went hand in hand along the way.
One looks back o'er the misty years
With aged eyes all dim with tears ;
The other, with a wondering gaze,
Looks forward and with joy surveys
The golden promises of time,
Love, womanhood, and happy prime.

CHAPTER II.

The thunder that from Sumter broke,
Now echoes over the Roanoke
And sweeps like an autumnal gale
Across Virginia, hill and dale.
From hill to hill the tidings fly
And every youth of purpose high,
Doth now espouse his country's cause
And swear allegiance to her laws.
In every hamlet town and glen,
Are mustering bands of armed men,
And over camps and everywhere
Are banners floating in the air.
While throbbing drums proclaim afar
The dread approach of ruthless war.

Disorder and confusion reign :—
The farmer leaves his growing grain,
The builder throws his saw aside,
The hunter leaves the lonely waste,
The fisher quits the misty tide,
And all seem mad in their wild haste
To join the legions hurrying forth
To meet the squadrons of the North.

The lover bids the maid adieu
And leaves her weeping in the hall ;

He swears through all he will be true,
She prays that he may pass through all!
The plowman leaves his glistening share
To canker in half turned sod;
Commends his wife and children dear
Unto the watchful care of God;
His manly form with grief is bowed,
The last fond lingering kiss is given,
And murmuring something half aloud
Concerning "home," and "hope" and "heaven,"
He passes hurriedly away
To join his brethren in the fray.

The evening shades are gathering o'er
The fair estate of Elsinore.
Beyond the gloomy mountain's crest
Where fiery Phœbus sank to rest,
The lingering day and coming night
Meet half-way up the ambient skies;—
The changing fields of rosy light
Rival Aurora's crimson dyes.
The timid stars that sang erst-while
When Nature to new worlds gave birth,
Though voiceless now, still sweetly smile
Upon their sister planet earth.
And Cynthia pale, their fickle queen—,
Sheds over all her silver sheen.
Beneath her soft reflected beams
The lonely mansion lonelier seems.
As the tall trees, by day so fair,
Cast ghostly shadows on the wall,
Which dim and indistinct appear
Like spectral giants gaunt and tall.

From the lone mansion Edith Leigh,
Who erst was blithesome, glad and gay,
Comes forth; her pale and thoughtful brow
Bespeaks the grief that haunts her now.
She well may grieve, for sad to tell,
To-night, alas, she bids farewell
To one,— oh thought of intense pain,—
Whom she may never meet again!
For Eustace Lee to-morrow goes
To meet his country's banded foes.
She loves him well, and e'er rude war
Had cast its gloomy shades afar,
Had named the day when she would be
The happy bride of Eustace Lee.
She knows the path that he must tread
Is often strewn with ghastly dead,
That war's impartial hand doth spare
Nor young, nor old, nor dark, nor fair.
He comes at last, and hand in hand
They, neath the arching gateway stand,
Where the dense foliage of a rose
Its shadow o'er the portal throws.
But let no envious eye invade
The precincts of that quiet shade,
Which for one moonlit hour 's the shrine
Of love, less human than divine.
Nor will I venture to declare
What sacred vows were uttered there,
For to that virtuous pair alone,
The secrets of that hour are known;—
Suffice to know, with tearful eye
He bade the weeping maid "good-bye,"
Remounted, then, his gallant grey
And slowly, sadly, rode away.

O human hearts, could ye survive
The trials of such parting hour,
Could ye such doubt and grief outlive,
But for the fear dispelling power
Of Hope, the seer, that ne'er forsees
Aught that can sadden or displease?—
That Hope that bids you look above
The woe, the grief on every hand,
To that irradiant sphere of love,
That brighter, better spirit land:
Though prophet false such hope may be,
Yet who would quell his prophecy;
For who but lends attentive ear
When his seraphic voice they hear?

CHAPTER III.

A hundred different volumes tell
The story of each sanguine fray,
What heroes fought, what martyrs fell,
Who conquered, and who lost each day;
'Twere therefore repetition vain
To tell their story here again.
Besides, as well might one essay
Hell's unknown tortures to portray,
As to attempt on printed page
To tell of War's tumultous rage;
Even if in each imprinted word
The peal of some huge gun was heard
And every character should tell
Of some sad soldier's dying knell!
That time is past, and may the pall
Of silence on that era fall,
And kindly shroud forevermore
Those fields enriched with human gore,
Nor will I lift oblivion's vail
Save when demands my humble tale.

The rising moon its radiance shed
On the pale faces of the dead,
As night descended calm and still
Upon the field at Malvern Hill.
The battle ended with the day ;
Each leader drew his host away
And that lone height with corses strewn
Grew silent, save anon the groan
Of some neglected sufferer broke
The shadowy stillness and awoke
Strange sounds, that e'er in darkness seem
Wild and unreal as a dream.
That night full many a prayer was said
By lips that ne'er before had prayed,
And many a weary eye did close
For aye in death's dreamless repose.

The true in love, in war are brave,
And where in fight the banners wave
Unscathed, till now young Eustace Lee
Had borne the colors of the free.
But now, alas ! had fortune flown
And he was left to die alone.
His squadron's camp fires, far away
Bathed the lone hills with weird light.
'Round these his weary comrades lay
And slept through the short Summer's night,
And when at length the morning came
And his proud legion's roll was read,
No one responded to his name
And he was numbered with the dead.

O, Thou, obedient to whose will
The restless seas grew calm and still,
Speed that blest day, when war no more
Shall stain the earth with human gore !
And may our mortal eyes behold
That era, prophesied of old,
When Thou, the Prince of Peace, shalt reign
Throughout Jehovah's vast domain !

CHAPTER IV.

It is a glorious thing to die
In the just cause of Liberty,
And worthy of immortal fame
Is every fallen hero's name
Who died, as did the hundreds three
Of old, at great Thermopylae.

Of such let poet's ever sing,—
Worthy are they of every glory,
And praises of their deeds should ring
In every humble minstrel's story ;
But woe unto the ruthless horde
Who 'gainst the helpless lift the sword,
And in their mad and furious haste
To forge the bonds of tyranny,
Turn fruitful fields to deserts waste ;—
Such war is naught but butchery !
And yet along the Shenandoah
Such ruthless deeds were done of yore
When the relentless Sheridan
Through the fair valley led his clan,
And fields laid waste, and homes aflame,
Marked the dark path by which he came.

They rode up to the very door
Of the lone house at Elsinore,
Demanding of good Philip Leigh
Where all his wealth was hid away.
In vain the hapless man denied
Being possessed of hidden gold :—
The brute asserted that he lied,
And in most fiendish language told
The harmless man his life should be
The price of his mendacity !

In vain the frightened slaves implored
The demons to release their lord ;—
In vain the fair unhappy maid
For her devoted uncle prayed ;
For when a hurried search revealed
No treasure anywhere concealed,
His sword a ruthless trooper drew,
And there within the rustic porch,
The Lord of Elsinore he slew,—
Unto the house applied a torch,
And rode away with fiendish glee
To other deeds of cruelty.

It was too dreadful for the pure
And tender Edith to endure ;—
Her heart, half broken with despair,
Sank, now, beneath its load of care ;
With a cry despairing as the knell
Of some lost soul, she fainting fell,
And through the long and cheerless day
Unconscious on the greensward lay.

Meantime the flames had been subdued,
But fires afar on vale and hill
Told that the wicked horde pursued
The work of desolation still.

CHAPTER V.

The darkest night, the dreariest day
That ever came, soon passed away
And from the sky the great sun shone
With as full radiance as if ne'er
Across his bright effulgent sphere
Were clouds and gloomy shadows thrown.

So to the heart accurst by fate
Deliverance cometh soon or late,
And life again is bright and gay
As if misfortune's darksome pall
Had ne'er obscured the light, and all
The flowers that bloom along life's way.

And 'tis a joyous thing to see
The shadows like dark spectres flee
At the approach of morning light ;—
And yet 'tis more delightsome far
To see again Hope's radiant star
Rise grandly through the gloom of night
And like the light of heaven dispel
The shades, the shapes and fancies fell
That make the world so dark and dreary
And life a way so lone and weary.

Return, O Fancy, in thy flight,
Again to that disastrous night
When poor, heart-broken Edith Leigh
Sank, overcome with grief, dismay.
Days passed ere consciousness again
Resumed its interrupted reign ;
And when that hour came at last
And her delirious fears were past,
Her friends and kindred all were gone,
And she had been indeed alone
But for the faithful slaves who strove
By kindly deeds to prove their love.

But why recount those gloomy hours,
While o'er her soul the subtle powers
Of Sorrow held unbroken sway,
Presenting ever night and day
Unto her heart disconsolate,
The gloomy handiwork of Fate.

True to the memory of the dead
Though much beloved, she would not wed,
For she disdained to give her hand
When her heart's love none could command.
So months passed on, and Edith Leigh
Still trod alone life's darken'd way,
Believing that the bonds here riven
Would reunite, sometime, in heaven.

Who, then, can ever realize
What joy was her's, what wild surprise,
When walking in the park one day
To meet a stranger clad in gray ;
Who, drawing nearer, proved to be
Her long-lost lover, Eustace Lee.
Through many weary months of pain
In a Federal prison he had lain,
And when at length deliverance came
His wounded, mutilated frame
Had kept him from his home away
Until this blest midsummer day.

Here, gentle reader, spare again
The task that needs would prove in vain ;—
The emotions of the humblest heart
Surpass the lowly minstrel's art.
To write were but to wrong the theme
Of seraph's song and angel's dream !
Suffice to know, love reigns once more
All undisturbed at Elsinore !

J. H. GILLESPIE.

THE PEOPLE GOING TO BE HEARD.

It's been a long time since the representative men have felt so forcibly the demands of the people as they do now. And yet, if we only think for a moment we shall conclude that it cannot be otherwise, for no decided steps have ever been taken for the good of the people until demanded by the masses. The speech of Patrick Henry had in it the ring of the true metal; but the ripe sentiments of an outraged public carried it with all its ardor and intensity and laid it before the English throne. It is so now—the people are going to be heard.

The hopeful feature is that they are not striving to break the law, nor to upset the moral status of the country, as is so often the case with people who consider themselves oppressed; the common people in the South are thoroughly loyal to her laws and institutions—a fair, just administration is all they seek. The South is an agricultural section and must ever be, and it is not strange that the people of the South have become tired of seeing other sections prosper and grow rich by the fostering of those resources which must work to the detriment and utter destruction of their own interests. This is nothing new, but the truth of the matter has of necessity come home to us with all the certainty of a reality. Who that knows anything of the history of his country, can fail to remember the record of John C. Calhoun upon the very issues now before Congress. Notwithstanding the fact that he was the greatest statesman of his age, which is the same as to say he was greater than any who died before his day or who have lived since, yet he was never able, even by his matchless efforts, to arouse the people. His voice was one "crying in the wilderness." He uttered the honest convictions of *his own* mind and they said he "had a devil"—he did have one "at bay." Who has him now?

The reason men paid no attention was that they did not see the necessity then as now. Then land in the South was rich, now it is poor. Then crops were abundant and margins comfortable. Then land was desirable property; now it is not so, because it has ceased to be profitable. Then land was the basis of all security; now it takes two dollars' worth of land to make security for one dollar in cash. What has been said thus far applies directly to the agricultural class. It were fortuate if the trouble could only stop here, but it cannot be that way. Whatever befalls agriculture in the South must affect directly all other interests.

I do not think it would be hard to show that the patronage of farmers at our colleges is growing less every year. I feel very sure that the academies in North Carolina are fast losing their support—that is, where they are being run independent of public taxation. These schools are patron-

ized principally by farmers, and humiliating as the conclusion may be, there is no other solution to it than that these men are not able to send their children to school. And yet out of these poor *bootless*, *fruitless* sons of toil, millions of money are extorted *unnecessarily* in the way of taxes.

I mean by farmer a man who has no other business; already got more of the "filthy lucre" than he knows what to do with; *anxious* to pay some of it back, but the *Constitution* (?) won't allow it. The Constitution was not in the way of the bill which was to give each member a private secretary at one hundred dollars per month.

Well, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and some others of the "elders of Israel," went up to Washington the other day. It may be that Pharaoh and his host will let up on us yet.

I close with this observation, namely: History teaches us that men stand only so much oppression, and then comes revolution. When the wickedness of Rome had driven the Barbarian to the confines of his realm and he could retreat no more, with the fury of a wounded wild beast he turned upon his oppressors and thus ended her history.

J. C. CADDELL.

EDITORIAL.

MORMON MISSIONARIES.

There are few intelligent readers who are not more or less acquainted with the general history of the Mormon church from the time of its organization to its present status. The church, despite an inauspicious beginning, has, within a generation or two, swelled its numbers to over two hundred thousand, and has become a formidable and menacing organization. The policy of the church has always been a thoroughly aggressive and determined one. Adverse legislation, persecution, slaughters, and prison-houses have never served to materially check its growth. It is composed of such material as is fit for no other christian church nor for the world of unbelievers who belong to no church. To search out and collect this material, the church sends out scores of missionaries who traverse the by-paths of civilization in this country and in Europe. Certain districts in the western part of our own State have not been exempt from the visitations of these missionaries.

During last summer's vacation, the writer took some pains to acquaint himself with the *modus operandi* of these fellows.

Some five years ago, the first of them appeared among the rude, unlettered, but honest dwellers among the Brushy Mountains. They penetrated far into the heart of the mountainous district where the people were most uncultured, simple-minded, and credulous. Many of these people had never heard of the Mormon church; consequently, the missionaries had no wall of traditional prejudice to batter or surmount before they could reach the consciences of their destined victims.

The reader should not make the mistake of supposing these fellows the meanest specimens of their race so far at least as personal appearance and outward demeanor are concerned. On the contrary, they are usually well clad, comely-looking fellows with engaging manners and a fair English education. They call themselves, sanctimoniously, "Ministers of the Church of Christ of Latter-Day Saints." They are sent out in companies of not less than two elders each, and are expected to remain in the field two years unless sooner recalled. They travel on foot each carrying a portmanteau packed with his personal effects. They profess to carry "neither purse nor scrip for their journey," but trust for their subsistence to the hospitality of the people. Where this hospitality is refused them, they affect to "shake off the dust of their feet as a testi-

mony" against the delinquent. They seldom remain in a community long before they ingratiate thomselves into the favor of one or more families in whose homes they make their headquarters. Each Mormon carries with him a Bible, the book of Mormon, numerous tracts and cards on which are printed their articles of faith. He is thoroughly conversant with the doctrines of his church and is ever ready with garbled passages of scripture to substantiate the tenets of his faith. His arguments are specious and well calculated to entrap the unwary. All he wishes from a person whom he would think it worth while to attempt to proselyte, is a patient hearing. This granted, he seldom fails of his aim. These missionaries appoint meetings at country schoolhouses, untenanted dwellings, and such other houses as are available for their service. They seldom preach a regular sermon but only read their favorite passages of scripture and comment thereon. They claim to possess the power of performing miracles. Should they fail, however, in a miraculous display of their power, they attribute it to a lack of faith on the part of those desiring to witness the performance.

One of the strangest practices of the Mormon church is that of vicarious baptism. For example, if your neighbor died without baptism, according to the Mormon's belief, his soul was doomed to eternal punishment, but you might, by being baptized in his stead, extricate his soul from even the direful confines of Satan's huge prison-house.

The ruling policy of the Mormon church is to secure members. It wishes to augment its forces in view of a possible rupture between it and the United States Government; consequently, every convert to the Mormon faith must, in order to secure full and complete salvation, make a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City. Once arrived in that unhallowed city, he passes under the sway of the Mormon hierarchy and never finds means to return.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

MARKS AND MEDALS.

A revolution seems imminent in many of our colleges with reference to the system of marking. Cornell has abolished it and Columbia, we are told, is soon to do the same. As these are leading institutions, we may expect their example to be followed by others. We believe it will be a happy day for every college when marks, medals, valedictories, class honors, &c., are things of the past. The awarding of medals for high scholarship is a temptation to a student to overwork himself and thereby injure his health and impair his usefulness for life. When the contestants are nearly equal in ability, the efforts they put forth are almost herculean, and are a tremendous strain on the constitution. We have known students to stay in their room and study Greek for sixteen consecutive hours. Of course all do not apply themselves so closely, but it will, we think, be conceded that medalists, as a rule, work too hard. A man has no more right

to abuse and permantly injure his body than to wrong his soul, and any system that conduces to either is an evil.

This system is not only detrimental to the health of the student, but, what is more, to his moral and spiritual growth. That medalists neglect their religious duties goes without saying. The prayer-meetings are rarely attended by them, and even when they do attend, so absorbed are they in their work, that they derive little benefit from the services. Instead of applying the sermon to their own needs, they put it into Latin, Greek or French, as the case may be. Worse than this is the temptation to cheat on examination and daily recitations. When a boy knows that his continuance in the course, his rank in the class, his diploma, the valedictory depend upon *one* paper, and it may be *one word* in the paper, it is a great temptation to do wrong.

Perhaps the greatest evil after all is the injury it does to the boy's education. This college has ten schools, taught by nine professors. These schools are presumably of equal importance—at least a knowledge of each is necessary to graduation, yet only in three—Latin, Greek and French—are medals given as incentives to high scholarship. The Latin, Greek or French medalist usually gives from three to five times as much time to his special study as to the rest. Is this right? Is it wise? In other words, ought a student to give five hours to French and one to German, or six to Greek and two to Mathematics? In giving the best part of his time to one professor does the medalists not wrong all the rest? That he injures his education by such a course needs no proof. As medals are now decided, the man who has the best memory, the greatest capacity for "cramming," or the *least conscience*, is generally successful. Beyond the immediate lesson on hand the medalist cares naught. Let him only have committed that, word for word, and the rest may go.

In addition to his studies, there are other duties at college that a student ought and is expected to do. The literary societies, reading-room, library, magazine, rightly claim and justly deserve some of his time and hardest efforts. The best man in the class does not always get the valedictory or salutatory, or even a medal. He is the best man who is best in all—in his classes *and* his society and the library. Specialists there must be in every branch of knowledge, but college is not the place to begin. A collegiate education should be well rounded—a fair knowledge of every branch taught, together with a considerable amount of parallel reading. Those who have acquired this kind of an education, and yet have won no medals and honors, can find comfort in the saying of Dr. Strong, that, "men can forego the dry husk of a title who possess the fat ears of power."

It remains to be said that medals have lost much of their former significance. They are now as cheap and common as titles. A gold medal dangling on the watch-chain nowadays means no more than D. D., affixed to

the name, as almost every academy gives from three to eight.

Perhaps it ought to be said that not every medalist is one from choice, but is actuated by love for his society, which he is unwilling shall be behind in the harvest of honors.

Abolish the whole system. A boy who will not study without being bribed with a medal is not worthy to wear one, and a professor who does not know what a boy is worth and cannot graduate him without making a daily record of every recitation is not fit to teach.

J. W. LYNCH.

WHY A HUMBUG?

The editor of a prominent paper of this State asserted some time ago that the public school system of North Carolina is a humbug.

It is to be regretted that the statement is by no means groundless. A little reflection is sufficient to convince any candid mind that little good comes from it, and in many counties of the State the schools are a complete humbug. That the designs of the system are good, goes without saying, but that it fails, utterly fails, to meet the demands of the people, is quite evident. It is hardly natural for it to have the hearty approval of the majority of the white people of the State, when we consider the fact that while the negroes of North Carolina pay only $100,000 poll tax and $25,000 property tax per annum, they receive annually from the public educational fund $250,000.

But why a humbug? Is the worthlessness of the schools attributed to the limited extent of the term or the inferior work done? In our opinion it is due to both, and very largely to the latter. The public school fund supports annually a three or four months' session in every district. These schools are generally taught by incompetent, *cheap* teachers. Some one has said. "The readiest made shoes are boots cut down." So a great many school trustees seem to think the readiest made teachers are cut-down men of other employments. There are hundreds of such teachers in the State, not one of whom has the slightest doubt of his fitness for the office. Not being able to pay a first-class teacher, many unsuitable persons are employed. Many of the schools are taught during vacation by students who have no aptitude nor love for the occupation, but will submit temporarily to the unwelcome task for the sole purpose of replenishing their purses. Persons out of employment often teach till they can find something better to do. The young and inexperienced often stand ready for the service, which, in many cases, proves a dead loss to the pupils. Of course none of these classes of teachers give satisfaction—a new teacher is sought every session; so that nothing but change and confusion is, in many districts, perpetual. While there are exceptions to the above, yet it is an admitted fact that the larger number of our public schools are taught by persons not only mentally unqualified but who have no taste for the occupation. The school boards having

little money, and seeing the worthlessness of such teachers, have lowered their wages till the average is now about $24 per month. It is not surprising that the more promising and better educated teachers have retired from the field, or gone to other States where their talent and work is better rewarded. North Carolina cannot expect her schools to maintain a high reputation and character at such cheap rates. Experience proves that their standard is lowered just in proportion as the teachers' salaries are decreased. In many communities the advantage accruing from them is more than overbalanced by their tendency to ruin first-class private or subscription schools. It is to be hoped that the schools will be made better or the system abolished.

D. T. WINSTON.

STAGE REMARKS.

Some time ago, it will be remembered, there took place in Nashville Tennessee, what was called the Emma, Abbott Episode, or a vindication, by Miss Emma Abott in a house of public worship, of the stage artists of the world. About that time I was led to read several articles concerning the stage, and among others, one by Augustus Birrell. In this article occurred the statement that acting was beneath the dignity of life, that no one could make a success of any art without devoting his whole life to it, and that the life of an actor was not worthy of such devotion because the artist's life was occupied with reproducing ideas of other men, without an attempt at anything new or original.

How far this statement is true depends upon what art is worthy of a life-time devotion. And on this point there would be as many opinions as there are men following the different honest professions and occupations of life. Is a teacher's life a worthy one? There have been thousands and thousands of these who lived and died without even attempting anything new or original, or leaving any trace of their existence behind, save the silent echo in the hearts of men of their personality. Their work has been like the sound produced in air which never ceases to vibrate throughout this vast universe, like the Arrow and the song:—

"I shot an arrow in the air
It fell to earth, I know not where
* * * * * *
I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I know not where
* * * * * *
Long, long after, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song, from begining to end,
I found in the heart of a friend."

Is the life of a soldier or sentinel a worthy one? There have been thousands and thousands of these who died upon the field of battle, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Now I think the actor may be classed as one of these silent forces at work in nature, making and moulding the ideas of the world; and unless it can be found that an actor's silent force is a bad one, then I see no reason why his art should not be classed under the head of the worthy arts. This, though ex-

actly what the most of the opposers of the stage harp upon, is out of the question in this case. The discussion turns on the point of producing anything that will live—anything original by which the producer may be known in after years.

Had Mr. Birrell thought over the truism, that there is nothing new or original in the world, I think he would not have made so bold a statement. If he meant by 'new or original,' something stamped by individuality, still we see he missed his mark; for there is a life which is not written in books. "Ah! yes I will say again," says Carlyle: "The great *silent* man! Looking around on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actors with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great *Empire* of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department! silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth."

I do not contend that an actor falls under this head; but his actions, his words, certainly do in a great many cases. The only thing necessary to the making of acting a worthy art is the making of the thing to be acted worthy. Many a man has gone home, after seeing a noble play *live* upon the stage, with higher and nobler aims. And that such plays have been made to live, indeed are to-day being made to live, cannot be denied by any one who looks into the matter.

There has been a decided vote cast by our church-going people against the stage tendency, and with good reason, too, I think; yet such objection cannot fail to diminish with the gradual elevation of the stage which is going on in England and America.

The time has not come, however, for universal theatre-going, nor will it come within several decades, perhaps never. There is no teaching of universal benefit.

Some schools are bad and not fit to be paternized. Some theology is worse still and ought not to be hammered into the heads of men. Yet that is a very different thing from saying all schools are bad—all theology worthless.

GEO. C. THOMPSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR, late Secretary of the Interior, has been appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Lamar is one of the most cultured, able, and upright statesmen the South has produced, and the country is to be congratulated on procuring his noble services in one of the most responsible positions within the gift of the government. The republican majority in the Senate made the question of his confirmation a partizan issue and strove to array sectional prejudice against Mr. Lamar, but there was still enough honor and integrity left in the Senate to secure his confirmation by a majority of three.

SEVERAL of the Northwestern States suffered a blizzard during the second and third weeks of last month, the severity of which is said to baffle human skill to describe or fancy to picture. Not less than two hundred persons, of all ages and conditions, were frozen to death.

On the morning of the 11th of January, the people of Dakota saw the sun rise unobscured by a single passing cloud. He poured forth his generous rays in unwonted geniality in that high latitude, and everything gave tokens of an unusually bright winter day. The husband went to the neighboring town or store to procure fuel or provisions, the children went to school, and the wife and mother stayed at home to cook the meals, and in the mind of no one was there a foreboding of the distress and suffering eventide was to bring. In a few hours a dark, hibernal cloud was seen rising in the northwest. Slowly and steadily it rose and overspread the plains. Now came the north winds with blasting chilliness and in their path blinding clouds of snow, furiously driven. A traveller on the road could not see a man ten steps distant nor hear the voice of his companion in conversation on the opposite side of the road. The mercury rapidly sank until it reached 30 degrees below zero, in certain districts. Little children returning home from school lost their way, night came on them, and death was the kindest comforter that could reach them amidst the appalling confusion.

THE BLAIR BILL.—There has been much discussion of the Blair Educational Bill during the past month, both in the United States Senate and by the press of the country.

The boys at this institution—that is, that portion of them that take an interest in any important public issue—have taken a deep interest in these discussions, and are well-nigh unanimous in their opposition to the measure. We have little doubt, however, that, were the question of the

passage of the bill submitted to a popular vote of the people of the State without any discussion whatever, the result would be decidedly in favor of the bill. To the masses, the question is simply one of obtaining so much money from the National Government as a generous gift. They do not stop to consider whether the bill is in keeping with those principles of States' Rights that have always been held as sacred in the Southern heart, and for which many a Southern son sacrificed his life, nor, indeed, whether it will be beneficial in its operation. The glittering prospect of receiving a few millions from Uncle Sam's rich coffers, to be scattered broadcast among the people of the State, so dazzles the eyes of the people as to render them utterly blind to the possible evils that may grow out of the bill should it become a law.

We are opposed to the Blair Bill for the following, among other reasons:

1. It contemplates a concession of power to the general government on the part of the States that no true Southern man would sanction, leaving out the feature of the distribution among the States of the $70,000,000 surplus, and is so far opposed to the genius and spirit of the Constitution that one of the leading jurists of the country and an ex-judge of the Supreme Court gives it as his opinion that the court will decide it unconstitutional.

2. It practically transfers the control of the public-school system of each State from the State authorities to the Secretary of the Interior.

It requires reports, minute in detail, to be made to the Secretary of the Interior by the Superintendent of Public Instruction in each State, first, as to the nature and operation of the school law, and then as to the application and use of the Federal funds. The school law in each State must be conformed to the requirements of this bill as interpretted by the Secretary of the Interior, before the State is entitled to Federal aid. Suppose the school laws of a State are not approved by the Secretary of the Interior, then the State is denied her share of the appropriation, but must bear her proportional part of the burdens of taxation by which the schools of other States are run.

3. We believe it will either result in the general government's assuming entire control of the public schools, or else the final subversion of the public-school system in many of the States.

Once teach the people to rely largely on the general government for aid in support of their public school-systems, and when this support is withheld they will cease to tax themselves for school purposes.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

—It has been stated that the number of colleges in the United States increases at the rate of fifteen each year.

—The largest graduating class in the world is that of Chautanqua University. In 1886, 4,624 graduated. *Ex.*

—Three thousand students are in attendance at the Mohammedan University of Cairo.

—The new graded-school buiding at Greensboro, N. C., is nearly complete. It will cost about $14,000.

—Trinity College hopes to increase her endowment fund during this year to $100,000. We wish her much success.

—Cornell is thinking of purchasing from Barnum the complete skeleton of an elephant, which is to be mounted and placed in the museum.

—The second January number of *The Independent* contains some excellent points on "The Colleges and Ministers," by G. P. Morris.

—The Davidson students are to be commended for their action in "boycotting" those merchants who will not advertise in their journal. *The Student* sends congratulations.

—Many colleges are contemplating the propriety of having their weekly holidays changed from Saturday to Monday. Some have made the change, and report satisfactory results.

—It is proposed to raise $100,000 for the erection of a memorial building to the memory of the late Mark Hopkins, on the grouuds of Williams College.

—President W. W. Smith, of Randolph-Macon College is meeting with great success in his efforts to endow that institution. It is thought that Richmond will give $40,000.

—Wellesly College has a well regulated library of about 20,000 volumes. Besides this general library there are five special minor ones, viz.: The botanical, that of biology and zoology, the chemical, the physical. and the Gertrude library for Biblical study.

—Vassar College has a library of more than 14,000 volumes. The reading-room connected with it receives, in addition to the daily and weekly papers, about forty of the leading scientific and literary periodicals of the day—American, English, German and French. This institution, being the oldest of the colleges established for women, now has, perhaps, more extensive scientific and art collections than any other.

—The attendance of lady students at the Swiss Universities is rapidly decreasing. Especially is this the case at Zurich, where formerly they congregated in large numbers. Ten years

ago there were eighty Russian ladies at Zurich; now there are less than forty. In the whole Russian Empire 779 ladies are attending University institutions; of these no less than 189 are Jewesses.—*Independent.*

—Professor Woodrow was recently ejected from his Chair in the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., on account of his teachings on Evolution.

—The Trustees of Newton Theological Seminary have chosen the Rev. Jessee B. Thomas, D. D., of Brooklyn, to fill the Chair of Church History, vacated by the death of Dr. Heman Lincoln.—*Independent.*

—Though Yale is one of the best endowed institutions of learning in the United States, yet the corporation and faculty have decided to raise slightly the price of tuition and room-rent in order to increase the annual income. They think $5,000,000 more will place the college on a firm basis.

—Dr. S. S. Satchwell, of Rocky Point, proposses to give one article, in the *Christian Advocate*, on each of the following subjects: 1. School-Houses; 2. The age when educatiou should begin; 3. The number of hours per day that should be devoted to study; 4. The curriculum of instruction, or the programme of studies. His article on School-Houses has appeared, and is well worth the reading.

—The Spring opening of the Oxford Female Seminary is reported to be the best in its history: "The teachers which have been secured for the coming year are thoroughly capacitated for their positions, and the thorough and efficent work of the in-institution will continue as heretofore."

—Of the six youug ladies whose education at Vassar cost $10,000 each, five married one-horse lawyers and have to give music lessons to make a living for their families. The other one is still single, but leaning toward a country parson with a salary of $220 per year.—*Ex.*

—It is stated that two-thirds of the Dartmouth students work their way through college, making almost any sacrifice in order to obtain an education. A few years ago a certain student's principal source of income was from sawing wood. At present the same man commands a salary of $5,000 per year.

—Texas has a fund of State, municipal, and railroad bonds of about $6,200,000 belonging to the primary schools and higher educational institutions, also a fund of nearly $10,000,000 in land notes and unsold school, university, and asylum lands of 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres. From the bonds, lands, notes and land leases over $1,000,000 a year is derived for educational purposes. A State tax is assessed for the support of schools, and this tax, together with the revenue derived from the invested funds and lands, is believed to be the greatest amount per capita contributed, direct from the State Treasury, by any State in the Union. These figures show that Texas is by no means a laggard State in the cause of education.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin.

No book published for a long time has evoked the profound attention and interest which has been called out by this work. In his class Charles Darwin ranks among the very greatest minds of the century, and certainly no other mind, not even that of Humboldt, has wrought such profound effects on the thought, science and philosophy of his age. In many ways he has revolutionized science, and introduced a new phase into the conditions of religious and philosophical opinion. The doctrine of evolution. as the fundamental law of biology, which, however guessed at before, was crystalized and formulated by his splendid labors so as to have become the generally accepted canon by the wisest thinkers of the world, has spread in parallel directions into other fundamental divisions of intellectual research, and has been accepted as the key to unlock many of the most difficult and recondite problems. That to his marvellous intellectual powers should be added a character of such guileless charm and almost boyish simplicity, was a union, making up a personality fascinating beyond all ordinary measure. Darwin's letters, in their tone and temperament, are such as might have been written by a great, rollicking, overgrown boy, except where the oppression of the persisting ill-health—which, for at least thirty years, made him almost an invalid—takes the brightness from his high spirits. The victim of chronic difficulties, which probably had their origin in the almost continual sea-sickness which afflicted him during the voyage of the Beagle, Mr. Darwin never permitted his health to interfere with his working activity, but went on, "without haste, without rest," to the accomplishment of grand results, to a ripe old age, till he died in the fullness of years—a household word in every nation throughout the world, where literature and science are honored. It is not too much to say that no one life in the nineteenth century has more deeply impressed and modified contemporary thought.—*Eclectic.*

THE February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is one of peculiar interest—the contributors, for the most part, being women. It lays before the reader the avocations which the present age throws open to women. The contributors are Belva A. Lockwood, Hellen Gray Cone, Edith M. Thomas, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. A. L. Mistar, and others.

A COPY of the first edition of Burns' first volume of poems recently brought £66 in London.

THE DROP OF WATER.

Inquisition—Goa, 1560.

By Henry Stacpoole.

They have chained me in the central hall,
And are letting drops of water fall
On my forehead so close to the granite wall,
Drop—drop.

They were cold at first, but now they are warm,
And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,
Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm,
Drop—drop.

A circle, I feel beginning to form,
A circle of fire round each drop so warm,
A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn,
Drop—drop.

The circle is growing between my eyes,
Each drop that falls increases its size,
And a flame of fire upward flies,
At each
Drop—drop.

It 's growing larger, my God ! the pain
Of this awful, damnable, circular flame,
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain,
Drop—drop.

Suns of fire are falling fast,
Drop—drop,
On to my brain ; O God, *can* this last ?
Drop—drop.

The stars of the universe all beat time,
As each raging sun of heat and flame
Falls with a measured throb on my brain,
Drop—drop.

Time has grown as large as my brain,
Drop—Drop.
Ten million years of agonized pain
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame,
Drop—drop.

Something is coming !
Drop—drop.
Something is going to happen ! !
Drop—

Something has snapped ! ! !
The falling suns cease.
O God ! can it be that you've sent me relief ?
Is this death, this feeling of exquisite peace ?
It is death.

The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.—This story, which has justly made its author, Robt. Louis Stevenson, famous, is generally considered his greatest work. Though presented in novel form, the story is a psychological study and contains a good moral. It represents the dual opposing traits of man's nature, the one predominating at one time or another to the entire exclusion of the other.

Though Jekyll and Hyde are in reality the same man, they seem as different personages until near the end of the book, and are as dissimilar in every respect as two characters could be. Dr. Jekyll is the kind, humane philanthropist, an ideal man, beloved by all who know him ; while Hyde is the very incarnation of evil, the very sight of whom excites horror, disgust, detestation. In the novel the transformations from one character to the other are ascribed to the virtue of transcendental medicines.

Not many people, perhaps, are surprised to hear that the story is the outcome of a dream. The author had for some time had in mind the psychological idea of man's dual nature, but had ransacked his brain in vain for a plot. The dream furnished him the incidents of three scenes, and the central idea of a voluntary change at last becoming involuntary. The business of the powders, for which he has often been censured, is also due to the dream.

The story has been dramatized, and is played with great success by Mr. Richard Mansfield. The play is even more thrilling than the original ; but

it goes without saying, that the novel is sufficiently vivid for most persons. On the stage the transformations from one character to the other are made in full view of the audience and in a clear light, and are simply horrible; but no one ever regrets seeing it played. Nor does any one wonder that Mr. Mansfield's physician advised him to relieve the strain on his nerves now and then with comedy.

HOW to pronounce the name of that lively old gossip Mr. Samuel Pepys: Mr. Walter C. Pepys has compiled an account and genealogy of his family, and sets forth the information that the first mention of the name in English records is in a MS. of 1273, where Richard Pepis is described as the possessor of "one messuage and rood of land" in a particular district, and John Pepes is declared to have rented half a rood for eightpence. The spelling of the name takes no less than seventeen different forms; and the pronunciation varies greatly even now, but the author thinks Peppis is right, while the most famous of its bearers, the diarist Samuel, undoubtedly pronounced it Peeps. —*Eclectic.*

PROF. NATHAN SHEPPARD, author of "Before an Audience" and other works, died suddenly a few days ago in New York city. He had attained considerable reputation as a lecturer.

LISTENING.

I listen and I listen
For one I long to greet,
And I hear the ceaseless passing
Of footsteps in the street.

I hear them coming, coming,
So straight, so sure, so fast;
And I hush my heart to hearken,
But all the feet go past.

Will it be so forever?
As on my bed I lie,
Counting the pleasures coming,
Will everyone go by?

Or will it one day happen,
That when I hark no more,
Some late, lone joy unnoticed
Will linger at my door?

—[*Grace Denio Litchfield in the Independent.*

ONE of the most brilliant pieces of writing which our eyes have fallen on lately is Dr. Joseph Parker's reply to R. G. Ingersoll. As English it is eloquent, and as argument it is satisfactory. It may be had of Funk & Wagnalls, New York, for fifteen cents.

AT San Paolo, in Brazil, the works of Henry Longfellow were recently published in a Portuguese version.

THE most popular works of Thomas Carlyle will soon be issued in a shilling edition, beginning with Sartor Resartus.

PROF. ASA GRAY, who may be called the father of American botanical literature, died recently at Cambridge, Mass.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

=Hallelujah! Examinations are over and we still live!

=Anniversary is coming. Selah! (seal her).

=Miss Sallie Wingate, after teaching several months near Monroe, is again at home.

=And Euzelia and Philomathesia say, Come. And let her that heareth say, Come. And let her that wanteth a sweetheart come. And whosoever will (old maids excepted) let her come to the 53rd Anniversary.

=There seems to be an epidemic among the boarding-houses on the Hill, three having departed this life within a month. Various rumors are rife, but we suspect the real cause is due to the big appetites and little pockets of the boarders.

=Mr. C. E. Brewer left on the 1st inst. for Johns Hopkins where he will continue the study of chemistry. Charles is a general favorite here and will be greatly missed by all, especially by the ladies on the Hill, both old and young, to whom he has ever been a constant and valuable friend. Wake Forest now has four graduates at this famous University—Smith, Stradley, Cheek and Brewer.

=Rev. C. S. Farris, late of the *Recorder*, occupied the pulpit of Mr. Vann on the evening of the 29th ultimo. His sermon made a fine impression on those who heard it. In addition to being a good writer, Mr. Farris possesses oratorical gifts of no common order.

=Rev. H. W. Battle, of Wadesboro, and Hon. J. S. Long of Newbern, are expected to lecture here in the near future. President Taylor will perhaps also deliver a series of informal lectures in the afternoon, when the days are longer.

=From a letter from Mr. J. T. Pulling, late secretary of Kessnich's famous band, we learn that Capt. Kessnich has withdrawn from the Musical Society of Richmond, which necessarily meant his disconnection with the band. Capt. "Felix Iardella, the new leader," writes Mr. Pulling, "is an artist of the highest order, and was with the band last year, and is perhaps remembered by a number of the students."

=Dr. Chas. L. Reese, of Baltimore, who has for some time been engaged in teaching chemistry at Johns Hopkins University, has been selected by the executive committee of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College to fill the vacancy in the Faculty of the last-named institution, caused by the death of Prof. Duggan. He is an A. M. of the University of Virginia, Ph. D. of Heidelberg, and comes with the

highest recommendation of Prof. Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, and others. The college is to be congratulated on the acquisition of his services—an acquisition that shows further the purpose of the institution to secure a place alongside the very first seats of learning in the land. It is already one of the most progressive colleges in the South and is doing a great work in the cause of moral education. The State has every reason to be proud of it and is proud of it. Every support and encouragement should be afforded it in its aims which do not fall short of the highest point of excellence attainable.—*News and Observer, January 15th.*

=Of the many good things said of us this year by our exchanges and others, we take this one from the *Progressive Farmer*, organ of agriculture in this State:

"We are in receipt of the January number of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, one of the most creditable literary journals published by any educational institution in the South. It is an honor to the young men and to the College, and every Baptist family in North Carolin should read it. Price, $1.50 per annum.

The fifty-third Anniversary of the Euzelian and Philomathesaian Societies comes this year on the 17th of February. Every effort will be put forth to make the occasion pleasant for all who attend, especially those persons who need and merit more attention than any others—the young ladies. An excursion train will be run from Raleigh, and, of course, the good people of that city will honor us by their presence. The Durham band will, we understand, furnish music, and the students will furnish everything else, from an oration down to a flirtation.

The cold and slippery days have come—
The merriest of the year,
And if you wish to have some fun,
Go sliding on a chair.
We tried the fun the other day—
Seniors, juniors, preps;
With greatest care we chose our way,
With caution guided we our steps.
We slowly climed the steep, steep hill,
On the ice we placed our chair,
Upon the chair we placed ourselves,
The start was sure and clear.
Says a senoir to prep, "Now I think without trouble,
Your chair being large, we could well go it double."
"All right," says the prep, with a smile, stepping near,
"You in front and myself in the rear."
With senoir on before and prep behind
Like lightning they went, the funniest kind,
I forgot to say by way of introduction,
That down in the bottom near the foot of the hill,
There rolls leisurely on without interruption
A murmuring, sparkling, noisy rill.
Now, I know not what you will say,
But I hardly think it was a sin,
For I know you'd laughed and that right away,
If you could have seen the prep shove him in.
The senior fell sprawling on the side of his head,
But soon rose declaring that he was not dead;
Still he confessed that he'd taken a nice roll,
And believed he was wet clean into his soul.
I fear the senior thinks this rather foul,
For he is the same fellow who received the owl.
By one of the juniors who saw it all,
And laughed hugely at the senior's fall.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, Death has entered our College and with ruthless hand has snatched Dr. James R. Duggan from our midst, when his fame was just

being heralded over our land; when his light was brightest; when he was beginning to reap the fruits of his labors; when he was just about ready to prosecute his favorite vocation in the excellent laboratory that had grown into such a model chemical workshop under his master hand, which now lies cold and silent in the grave; while his laboratory stands, as it always should, a monument to his skill and industry; therefore be it

Resolved, First, That, while we bow in reverent submission to the Divine hand that has dealt this blow, we fully realize that the loss to the college is almost irreparable. That in his death the Philomathesian Society has lost one of its most promising members and a shining light; and that each and every student here loses by his death a staunch and devoted friend, ever ready to sympathize with and aid them; and that the science of Chemistry has lost an able investigator and a faithful devotee.

Second, That we, as students and members of the Philomathesian Society, extend our tender and heartfelt sympathies to his young wife, whose heart bleeds and breaks at this saddest calamity; to his relations whose heads are bowed in grief at this sore affliction; to his bereaved colleagues who will henceforth miss his hearty co-operation no less than his genial face.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Society, published in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and sent to his widow and parents.

H. H. WILSON,
W. C. DOWD. } Committee.
H. J. SIMMONS.

The following notice was on the bulletin Jan. 8th: "Out of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague, Professor James R. Duggan, all college exercises will be suspended Monday, Jan. 9th. Examinations which were appointed for Monday will occur on Tuesday, those for Tuesday on Wednesday, and so forth." (Signed by the Secretary of the Faculty.)

=At the meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, Jan. 11, 1888, at Chapel Hill, the President anounced the death of Dr. Duggan, whereupon the following resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, That the Society receives with the deepest regret the announcement of the loss it has sustained in the death of Dr. J. R. Duggan, of Wake Forest College, and tenders to the institution he so faithfully served and the sorrowing friends who have been bereft by his early death its most heartfelt sympathy."

THE LATE PROFESSOR DUGGAN.

Resolutions of the Faculty and Board of Trustees.

Professor James Reynolds Duggan, of the chair of Chemistry in Wake Forest College, died January 8th, 1888. His brief connection of one and a half years with the College had sufficed to inspire its friends with enthusiastic appreciatian of his scientific attainments, and to impress upon Faculty, Trustees and students, who came into personal relations with him, the alertness and vigor of his intellect and the unusual frankness and courage of his character. So young and yet so distinguished as a scientest, the College regarded with satisfaction and

pride the prospect stretching before him of years of successful teaching and of original investigation. Wherefore be it

Resolved 1. That Wake Forest College, to which he had devoted the energies of his life, suffers deeply in the death of its brilliant Professor of Chemistry.

2. That the State of North Carolina, to whose improvement and reputation his researches would have made important contributions, sustains herein an irreparable loss.

3. That, being thus ourselves afflicted, we do with the warmer sympathy proffer condolence to those on whose hearts lies the deepest shadow.

For and in behalf of the Faculty and Trustees of Wake Forest College.

W. L. POTEAT,
W. H. MICHAEL,
C. T. BAILEY,
JOHN MITCHELL,
Committee.

Wake Forest, N. C., Jan. 13th, 1888.

=From the *Christian Index*, Jan. 26th, 1888, Atlanta, Ga., the following extract, by A. J. Battle, President of Mercer University, is taken:

"Dr. Duggan's record at Mercer University was unique and most creditable to him. Not only was his scholarship accurate, especially in his favorite branch of science, but his moral standing was without a stain. During the four years of his college course he was never absent from his place in his class or in chapel; he was never known to touch cards, or tobacco, or intoxicating liquor; and was never heard to utter an oath. He was noted for his perfect truthfulness and honorable feeling. So remarkable was he in these respects that the President of the University publicly commended him on Commencement Day, as he stood with the large class of intelligent and handsome youths, in the presence of the brilliant audience gathered to honor the occasion.

The success of his course at Mercer, and the inspiration received at this seat of learning, prompted him to devote his life to science, and to seek further instruction at other fountains of knowledge. He completed successfully a course of medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and graduated from that institution with its highest honors. After a year or two of practice as a physician in the city of Macon, he gave up the profession of medicine, to devote himself to purely scientific studies, for which he had displayed great aptitude and in which he had achieved marked success. Entering the Johns Hopkins University for this purpose, he quickly gained a fellowship and took rank among the most accurate scholars. His original investigations, his learned lectures, and published papers were highly commended by the scientists, not only in this country but also in Europe. The honor of Doctor of Philosophy, a distinction given only to men of most accurate and thorough attainments, was soon bestowed by that University. About a year ago he was elected Professor of Chemistry in Wake Forest College—a position in which he had laid the foundation for a brilliant career. But God claimed him in the very morning of his prom-

ise. His death is deplored by that Institution as almost irreparable. And Mercer mourns her gifted son, on whom she had rested high hopes of future renown and usefulness.

Dr. Duggan loved his science with ardent devotion. In early life his motto was, ' A man is what he knows.' His burning eagerness for knowledge urged him to incessant efforts to increase his stock.

Dr. Duggan was a Christian scholar, worthy to sit as instructor in one of our best Baptist Colleges."

SENIOR SPEAKING.

[*Reported by J. W. Oliver.*]

On Friday evening, Jan. 20th, apparently the whole village, together with several visitors, honored the senior class with their presence. Notwithstanding the ice, the cold and snow, the lower chapel was crowded.

At 7:15 o'clock, President Taylor announced as the first speaker, Mr. F. B. Hendren, of Brushy Mountain, N. C. Subject—MODERN REPUBLICANISM. The reader will find his address in this issue of THE STUDENT.

Mr. F. T. Wooten, of Wake Forest, the second speaker on the programme, had chosen for his subject, FAILURE, otherwise known as STICKING. He was prevented by sickness from delivering his speech.

Mr. Claude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, was the next speaker. His subject was THE ADOPTED EXILE OF AMERICA. In his introductory remarks, he spoke of our admiration for the story of Cæsar, sweeping with his conquering legions over the plains of Gaul, Britain, and Egypt; of Napoleon, with his superhuman military genius, raising France from humiliation and degradation, and placing her upon the lofty eminence of advanced civilization; then coming across the Atlantic, and up the sullen waters of the Potomac, to where a shining mausoleum is reared, he told of our love for the one who rests beneath its shades, but "nearer and dearer and 'sweeter than this, than these, than all, is that grand old man who stands down yonder on the banks of the Mississippi, solitary and alone." This man is Jefferson Davis. He next spoke of Davis' rapid rise from the more humble walks of life to his brilliant career in the United States Senate, and then to the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy. But behind all this was his heroic deeds in the Mexican war. He told of his great prominence on the fields of Monterey and Buena Vista, and how all America *then* rang with his praise. *Now*, not only the North, but even many who fought under the flag that is tattered and furled forever, have turned their backs upon him, after he has sacrificed his all and fought as a true patriot for the land he loved. They would even blot out the glory won on the fields of Mexico and in the Halls at Washington. Persecuted, imprisoned, forsaken—he has borne it all as none other could.

Mr. W. J. Ward, of Bladenboro, N. C., had for his subject, OUR MORAL IDEALS. That mind must be sad and dull for which imaginary life and scenery have no charms. On the wings of imagination we love to soar away from the cares and burdens of every-

day life, and revel in ecstasy in some ideal realm where all nature is animated, and where the birds chant our sadness away. Our imaginary paintings, he said, had either an elevating or degrading influence upon life and character. Thus men should exercise caution, that their imaginations may lead them on to joys and triumphs in the future, and not lure them downward to degradation and shame. Moral ideals give to man energy and beckon him onward to grand possibilities. To form the most perfect ideal of character, he advised reading the biographies of great men, embodying their noble characteristics into one grand model. Make your ideal character high, for man seldom rises higher than his mark. With a high standard, the most unpromising may shape the destinies of nations; without it a genius may die unknown.

The fourth speaker, Mr. T. C. Buchanan, of Wake Forest, spoke of NATIONAL PRIDE. Lofty pride has been characteristic of every nation. He spoke of the pride of Egypt, who reared her pyramids and carved her monuments in memory of her kings; of the beauties and grandeur of Babylon and her haughty spirit; of the rise and fall of other nations, all of whom cherished a *haughty* pride. England holds supremacy on the seas, and has her coffers filled with gold. She, too, cherishes a haughty pride, and her destiny is a problem. But the United States, with her hard-fought battle-fields, immense resources, wonderful progress, glorious future, may cherish a *laudable* pride. The wealth of the United States could buy a large portion of Europe; could buy England, and have $300,000,000 left.

We were next entertained by Mr. J. R. Pendergrass, of Old Fort, N. C. Subject—THEY LIVE. He spoke of how multitudes still delight to walk through green pastures with Chaucer, Spencer, and other great writers who "still live" in their literary productions. Very pathetically he told of John Howard Paine, wandering through a foreign city until, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he sat down upon the steps of the Royal Palace of France, homeless and friendless. Thought of home came surging through his brain, and there, in the darkness, he composed those beautiful lines which have penetrated the hearts of millions. Speaks of Jackson, Webster, and others whose *deeds* can never die. It is yearning for fame that has implanted in man the immortal aim to outstrip his fellows. It has roused the fires of inventive genius, and given impulse to the scientist and philosopher. "Let us see to it," says he, "that our names perish not with our bodies."

Mr. A. T. Howell, of Gatesville, was introduced as the last speaker of the evening. His subject was IMAGINATION'S DOINGS. He discussed his subject under several divisions: 1st. He showed that *the very essentials of life are supplied by the hands of imagination.* 2d. *Imagination is a means of comfort in all the avocations and conditions of life.* The school-boy finds great pleasure in rearing his air-castles; the bosom of the lone prisoner swells with immortal happiness while feeding his fancy; the toiling, perspiring

farmer is joyous as imagination pictures to him the disposal of his wealth; and the poor, forsaken blind man is happy in his imaginary realm. Speaks of Milton and his immortal production. 3d. *Our improvement in the arts and sciences is largely attributable to imagination.* 4th. *The achievements of imagination in religion are incalculable.* It has found admission into the glories of Paradise. It prevents vice, by carrying the mind the consequences, and fosters virtue by pointing to its priceless reward. Let us give our imaginations employment in the fields where her labors will be useful.

The speeches all contained beautiful thought, and were clothed in elegant language, but, probably owing to the want of music, there was not the ease and vivacity in delivery that might have been.

The following gentlemen presented theses: J. N. Booth, New Hill—HINDRANCES TO EDUCATION; W. L. Carmichael, Franklin Co.—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE; R. B. Lineberry, Chatham Co., ——*; G. C. Thompson, Apex——**; J. W. Lynch, Leaksville——**; D. T. Winston, Brownsville—PUBLIC EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA; T. E. Holding, Wake Forest—THE EXPLOITS OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS HERO; S. S. Woody, Wilmington—INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS; M. L. Kesler, Statesville—— ——*; J. H. Simmons, Wake Forest—INVENTION AND CIVILIZATION.

The literary halls were warm and inviting, and thither the larger portion of the audience repaired to enjoy the usual social gathering. The young ladies, if they enjoy meeting a dozen or two school-boys in one evening, evidently had a pleasant time, for introductions, multiplicity and intricacy of engagements were some of the characteristics of the evening. However, all wore smiling faces and seemed to enjoy the occasion.

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*Anniversary Speech.
** " Oration.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { FRANK B. HENDREN, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

'69. Hon. J. C. Scarborough, of Selma, N. C., has accepted a professorship in Thomasville Female College. This institution is to be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Scarborough, who is one of the very first educators in the State.

—'79. Mr. W. J. Wingate, a popular and thrifty young merchant of this place, was married on Tuesday morning, January 24th, to Miss Mamie H. Lawrence, the accomplished daughter of Dr. W. J. Lawrence of Edgecombe county. THE STUDENT

joins with the many friends of the happy young couple in wishing them many years of wedded bliss,

—'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard has retired from the principalship of Vine Hill Academy, leaving it to Mr. F. H. Manning of the class of '87, and has assumed the editorial management of the Scotland Neck *Democrat*.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick (lately of Concord) accepts the call to the First Baptist Church, Durham, and is expected to enter upon the pastorate the 1st of February.—*Biblical Recorder, January* 18.

—'83. Rev. W. H. Osborne, late of Asheville, has been called to the church at Forest City, Arkansas.—*W. N. C. Baptist*.

—'84. Dr. A. M. Readfern has moved from Dudley, S. C., to Chesterfield C. H., in the same State. He is running a drug-store in connection with the practice of medicine. He took a high stand in the medical college which he attended, leading all his classes.

—'84. Recently Mr. Chas. L. Smith, a native of Granville, or that part of Granville which has been incorporated into Durham county, and a graduate of Wake Forest, has written a history of education in North Carolina, for which Johns Hopkins University has paid him, we understand, $700, and of which the Government Educational Bureau has determined to publish 30,000 copies for distribution throughout the country.—*News and Observer*.

—'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchin has located in Roxboro for the practice of law.

'85. Rev. J. A. Beam has agreed to take charge of a male and female school at Bethel Hill, in this county. He opens his school there January 30th. We predict that this will be a fine school.—*Person County Journal*.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins has a good school at Palmerville, N. C.

—'85. Messrs. J. J. & J. W. Hendren have a very promising school at Cedar Run, N. C.

—'86. Mr. C. E. Brewer, of this place, has recently gone to Johns Hopkins University to take a course in chemistry. He was popular among the people of the village and the students, and will be missed in his absence.

—'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson, editor of the Forest City *News*, and principal of a good school, was married on 29th of December, to Miss Addie Durham, of Shelby, N. C.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen was married on December 27th, in Pantego, N. C., to Miss Cattie Wilkinson.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

—The *Collegiate*, Franklin, Ind., contains a very interesting and well written article on Emersonianism, in its January number. The writer traces the growth of Idealism through successive ages, and notes the various modifications which it underwent up to the time of Emerson. Emerson's philosophy—that strange "fundamental essence," by which he explains the world and its phenomena, its effects upon American thought, upon philosophy, literature and religion, are set forth in sentences beautiful and concisely put.

Emerson is truly the only seminal American. As Carlyle puts it, "I hear but one voice from America, and that is from Concord." The educated man of the future must know Emerson and be able to quote him, even if he does not know Shakespeare. The soul of his philosophy will perhaps die, but his epigrammatic sayings will live forever.

—The *Trinity Archive* is steadily improving. The January number is the best we have yet received. Trinity College has a future before it, and the *Archive* will doubtless share in its coming prosperity. Wake Forest says God-speed to every onward stride this college makes.

—We gladly place the *College Bible Exponent* on our exchange list. It contains the best *Sunday* reading we get.

—We give the *Texas University* the palm for January. "The Art of Falling Mechanically in Love" will compare favorably with the writings of Mark Twain. If there be less of humor in it, there is more of good sense. For the benefit of the "amateur flirts" in this State, we give a brief synopsis of the article: "The art of flirting—the mechanical, artificial, or sham love—must be distinguished from the genuine article, which," says the author, "is by no means an art, but a species of animal lunacy." The fundamental ethical principle of this art is embodied in the maxim, "It is right to cheat a thief." Two general principles must be observed by those who wish to succeed in the art—they must rid themselves of a high sense of honor, and "must never fall into the real love."

The author now divides his subject into three heads:

"A. *The Preliminary Steps.*—The artist-amatory should strive to interest the fair one he desires to ensnare in his personality. Frowning, biting the lips, and looking thoughtful when you are thinking about nothing, will often be productive of the most satisfactory results. Dyspeptics, and all persons afflicted with indigestion, may in this way turn their affliction into account.

"B. *The Prosecution of the Suit.*—Too much attention must not be shown.

'Would you teach her to love?
For awhile seem to rove.'

Flattery must be used in varying doses—the character of the individual to determine the size of the dose. To some it must be administered in chunks as large as those of raw beef which are thrown to a bull-dog. Others are to be fed with a kind of beef-tea concoction of flattery. The best way to administer it is to depreciate those qualities in others which you know your patient does not possess or esteem, and praise those she does have and values. Do not be too fluent and eloquent in declaring your passion. Throw feeling into the matter, but do it hesitatingly. All talk of this kind must be carried on by word, never by letter. In this way you will destroy all documentary evidence, and, besides, you can change your tactics according to the exigencies of the occasion. Always make the impression that your design is matrimonial, but never say so."

C. *Osculation.*

The author breaks down here. There is a *hiatus* in his manuscript, and the reader is left to supply the missing link in his imagination. We presume he was so much overpowered by former recollections that he could say no more.

He next defines the different kinds of lies employed in this art, but we could follow him no further than Osculation. That is the climax—the culmination of the whole thing, and we, too, must stop to think.

—We had purposed to call attention to some meritorious features of the last *University Magazine*, but, unfortunately, the number was borrowed from our sanctum and not returned.

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"PRO MEMORIA."

Since Death has destined that we meet
  Upon Life's changeful sea no more,
  I hope, on Heaven's crystal shore,
I may your ransomed spirit greet.

And when we stand before that throne,
  Whereat we all must soon appear,
  The records then will witness bear
That I have loved but thee alone.

And O how sweet with angels there,
  To wander through those blissful spheres,
  Or through the long, unchanging years,
To rest in mansions bright and fair.

Then would I take thee by the hand,
  And all the balmy sunless days
  We'd wander down the golden ways
Of the eternal spirit-land.

I love thee still, for love like mine
No power of reason can restrain;
Though hopeless, it is not in vain,
For love, though mad, is yet divine.

In dreams I often see thy grave
Upon the sere and wintry hill;
I see afar the frozen rill,
The branches in the moonlight wave.

Then backward o'er the ice and snow—
The frozen waste of joyless years—
I pass; the lone scene disappears,
And Summer round me seems to glow.

And sweetly flows the gentle stream,
Freed from the Winter's icy thrall;
The flowers brightly bloom, and all
The earth is radiant with the gleam.

Upon the green sward children play,
As once they did, so long ago;
I see them romping to and fro,
I hear their laughter glad and gay.

We sit beneath the pines again,
The gentle zephyrs sing above;
I whisper softly words of love,
And know my vows are not in vain.

I clasp once more thy tender hand,
My fevered lips to thine I press,
But even with that dear caress
I'm hurried back from Morpheus' land.

Then swiftly fades the Summer's glow,
The brook is bound in icy thrall,
The flowers disappear, and all
The earth is wrapped again in snow.

J. H. GILLESPIE.

IMAGINATION'S DOINGS.

It is not the purpose of the writer to deny to the other faculties of the mind their respective offices, or to depreciate their utility, in asserting for imagination a very active agency.

(1.) *The very essentials to life are supplied by the hands of imagination*

Man's physical organism demands food and drink. Imagination suggests the means of procuring these, or improving what open handed Providence has cast in our way. Here is a man in a cold, bleak region, shivering in a wind which seems as if it were going to divide soul and body. He sees her, who is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and his children, who are as precious as his own life-blood, poorly clad, shrinking from the cold, chilling blast. Perchance his eyes fall on some shaggy beasts as they gambol along. Imagination at once whispers in his ear, "That wool was made for man, as well as beasts," and suggests the way in which it may be taken and made into warm, substantial clothes, to defy the winter's cold. Imagination points to the forest, and tells man that the invisible hand planted the trees for other purposes than for beauty and for the fowls of the air to lodge in. She presents to his eye a tree, prostrated and robbed of its foliage and branches; another, and another, in continued succession. In imaginary toil, they are rolled together and piled upon one another, until there is a shelter to shield him from the howling storm and nightly prowlers. Imagination, not content (for it is a busy, restless thing,) with robbing the beasts of their coats and depriving the trees of their glory, carries man through the labyrinths of culinary mysteries, until the products of the earth are made to rival the ambrosia and nectar of the fabled heavens. Our coarse, woolly clothes are dashed away, and the loom is made to supply textures of every variety, over which colors are cast, more numerous than those giving splendor to the rainbow. Our humble log huts are pulled down, and some great genius of architecture is called into being, to whom imagination suggests models, both for ornament and utility, taken from all parts of the earth; and even the fantastic images of the clouds, as they float through the atmosphere or bask in the rays of the setting sun, fail not to supply hints for the outward touch of some gaudy castle or gorgeous drapery adorning the interior.

The very foot-trodden sand, by the intimation of imagination, is clarified and combined with other substances to form the splendid vase on our mantels, the elegant utensils on our dining tables, and the crystal ceilings of dwellings and palaces, which dazzle and enchant an assembled throng. Fancy waves her wand, and we decorate our halls of pleasure like those of Ahasuerus; we pave them with emerald and fine gold. Our furniture and feasts surpass those of oriental

sumptuousness, while tissues of gold and silver embroideries decorate our persons.

(2.) *Imagination is a means of comfort and enjoyment in all the avocations and conditions of life.*

To him who possesses in himself a vivid and properly regulated imagination, the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life would be trifling gifts, with a view to the increase of temporal happiness. Here is a man surrounded by the cold and cheerless walls of a prison; the genial rays of the sun never kiss his cheeks; he never breathes any of our sweet Southern zephyrs; the days of his life have been numbered, even to his own ear; he has been tried, convicted and sentenced to execution; the sword of justice is suspended above him, as if by a single hair; he is calm and immovable as the walls around him, although the the hour is near at hand when the sword must fall. Imagination withholds the scaffold and the axe, and is presenting to his contemplation some cheering prospect. Is it the hope of pardon or rescue? No; he is too certain of the execution. Imagination has been with him during his long imprisonment, and has peopled his cell with the busy throng who inhabited the earth for past ages. He has recorded their deeds in that ponderous volume you see before him, and now he is feeding his fancy with the approbation of millions who, in succeeding years, will look upon that book as a monument more lasting than brass and more enduring than the pyramids. No wonder the pioneer of dignified historical writing, when brought to the block, could take up the axe and run his fingers over its keen edge and smilingly tell the executioner, "It is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." So we see that imagination not only makes man content, even in the most inauspicious circumstances, but makes his bosom swell with immortal happiness.

Here is a boy, reclining by the murmuring brook. There are indications of sadness in his look, and, were we to judge, we would say his heart is heavy and sad. But this would be erroneous. He is a college boy, building aerial castles; he is rolling in anticipated wealth and basking in the sunshine of fortune; fame and glory are crowding thick upon him; a being beautiful as heaven is mingling in his dreams, and in a voice, sweeter than music's softest note, is uttering words of kindness. He is one of imagination's happiest slaves. Let him dream one one long sweet dream of life.

Here is a farmer, plowing beneath the culminating rays of a hot July sun, making objects around him reverberate with his whistling. He has been long at his toil, and perspiration is trickling down his cheeks. But for the notes of cheerfulness he is uttering, we might well suppose him spent with fatigue. He is altogether unconscious of his toil. Imagination has lured him forward to the time when his exuberant crop shall have been harvested. He has paid his debts, and has money enough to last him during the comiug year. He has

dealt out many fair gifts to his fond wife and smiling children, and now they are luxuriating in the pleasures afforded them. Notwithstanding the hard toil and hot sun, he is among earth's happiest beings.

Here is a poor old blind man, in solitude. He has no companion to share with him the comforts of life. As a dyspeptic, he dares to taste the dainties of the table. Friends have forsaken him, and turned him off to die. Life has no charms for him, and he longs for the repose of the tomb. Not so. He inhabits worlds of his own creation, with attractions far more captivating than any known to ordinary mortals; he peoples them with the good and renowned of all ages; he is the inventor of immortal verse; he lives to be remembered when race after race of the people of earth shall have been buried in oblivion's dark tomb. Such were the destinies of Homer and Milton. Who can comprehend the ecstatic glory which burst upon the soul of Newton and Copernicus, as they strode with unerring footsteps from planet to planet and weighed the stars in balances?

How delightful it is to the weary school-boy to throw down his old, hard text-books, and let imagination waft him on her golden wings across hills and dales, mountains and rivers, to the place of his birth, and there hold sweet communion with his mother and friends! Without the blessed influences of imagination, earth, with all its glory, would become a wilderness of woe, almost as dreadful as that when sin devastated the primeval joys of Paradise.

(3.) *Our improvement in the arts and sciences is largely attributable to imagination.*

We in the nineteenth century, instead of Noah's ark have Fulton's steamboat. Where once rolled the old lumbering ox-cart wheels, now runs the steam car with meteoric speed. The hand is relieved from many an irksome task by almost miraculous machinery. Nearly everything, now-a-days, is made by machinery, even to pills and poetry. From imagination's works in art and science we have received many a beautiful flower. Places once desolate now blossom as the rose. Imagination suggested to the mind of man the art of printing, which has furnished an intellectual jubilee in the history of our race, and thrown down many of the barriers of the insatiable victors—crime, sin and ignorance; and now holds vantage ground, from which a boundless horizon stretches on every hand. To day this busy world of ours moves by thought and principle, and the press gives to these wings to fly and tongues to speak.

It was imagination that bore to the mind of Columbus a picture of the beautiful land we inhabit, with its vast extent, its varieties of soil and climate, its lofty mountains and its noble streams, and then reason could say that the earth was not flat, but that the vast amount of matter on one side of the earth demanded an equipoise on the other. Here she erected bowers for the Goddess of Liberty, and invited her to come and make it her everlasting home. To her is due the merit of symbolic language; but what age or country witnessed her

first efforts, no certain information can be had. Whether the pyramids or obelisks on Egypt's ancient delta still perpetuate her earliest successes, or we must go back to the plains of Chaldea, or Phœnicia, the birthplace of Cadmus, is of little moment. Yet so important was the act that Christian and heathen have united and pronounced it the greatest invention of man.

Imagination laughed at the pealing thunder, and proudly and effectually mounted the storm and plucked the subtle fluid from its storm-clad home, and commanded it with a quick gleam to flash a clear and comprehensive dialect from pole to pole, and to convulse mankind with new-born ideas. She has lengthened life, mitigated pain, extinguished diseases; she has increased the fertility of the soil, spanned great rivers with bridges, guided the thunder-bolt from the storm-chariot and put it to various uses; she has lighted up the night with the splendor of the noonday, extended the range of human vision, multiplied the power of human muscle, accelerated motion and annihilated space; she has enabled man to descend into the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate the dark recesses of the earth, and a thousand other things of almost equal importance. The thunder-tones of rejoicing millions commemorate her achievements. She has toiled with art and science until every principle in nature has been made to administer to the wants of man. Every star seems to have a song, every flower a smile, and every hilltop an echo for her varied and unnumbered joys.

(4.) *The achievements of imagination in religion are incalculable.*

This swift-winged messenger disdains the idea of such inglorious rest as this earth, and even her starry canopy, can afford. She traverses in her flights the trackless journey to the far off spirit land, and brings back to the bosom of man images of an unclouded sky and unutterable joy, and invites him to mount with her in a nobler search after higher destinies. Ages of toil were spent by her in the effort to pierce the mysterious veil between the material and the spiritual world. She has anxiously sought admission into the glories of Paradise. In her efforts she has peopled Olympus with gods and Helicon with muses. She breathed upon Egypt, and her rivers teemed with divinities. In her mischievous zeal she taught man to make images of wood, stone, brass and gold, and to bow down to them and worship them. But the angel of the Apocalypse was sent to guide her in the way of Heaven and God. Since then she is continually ascending thither, and returning with new fire to warm the heart of the Christian and visions of glory to cheer, which earth can never give. She has studded the earth with hospitals, asylums, almshouses and churches, which stand out prominently and boldly, like so many stars, which give sweet lustre to the azure drapery of the skies. Without the working of imagination, it would be impossible to live the Christian life. Man has to use good, hard, common

sense in religion, as well as in everything else. Many times we have to stop and ask ourselves the question, What would my Master command if He were here, and what would He do if He were in my place? The punishment of vice and the reward of virtue are too far off to be palpable to the careless observer. So, imagination has to picture the flowers that bloom on the path of virtue, and point to the thorns and thistles on the broad road of vice. Here is a youth, with hot blood flowing in his veins. The world, the flesh and the devil throw around him their bewitching fascinations, and were he to heed the impulse of his nature would rush headlong into ruin. But imagination, faithful to her trust, pictures to him the frowns of parents and friends and the spectacle of some hapless victim, all bruised and bleeding, loathsome to himself and scorned by others. And the youth walks the highway of truth and honesty. The wine sparkles in the cup, and dissolute companions urge him to slake a preternatural thirst, created by former indulgences. But imagination shows him the coiled serpent in the bowl, and points sorrowfully and scornfully to reason dethroned, wallowing in filth, like a hog. And the youth does not taste, touch or handle the accursed thing. In like manner all kinds of evil, under the most fascinating aspects, are presented, but imagination, as quick as the lightning's flash, shows him the fearful consequences to which they are associated.

Imagination seizes on some incident in the great plan of salvation and appeals with it to the hearts of mortal men, whose endless destiny, by the most astonishing fatuity, has faded from their notice, and touches in their bosoms some of those secret chords at whose motion all others vibrate, awakens their dormant faculties, and by a series of association of ideas produces that great change in the heart, which is as mysterious as the coming and going of the wind. Sometimes she becomes the destroyer of the physical, intellectual, temporal and eternal prospects of man. She sets before us wild and visionary plans, in which success by the eternal laws of heaven is not permitted to smile, and blighted hopes tell the sequel. This faculty of the mind, like all others, must be guided by reason. This is the great object of education. The faculties of the mind are all under the dominion of habit, and it is the office of education to form for them healthful habits. We must educate our imagination, if we wish her to bring us pure and lofty visions. We must watch our nature, and the flights of imagination, and give her employment in those fields where her labors will be most useful to ourselves and to humanity. It is her tendency to color too highly, and this, if confirmed by habit, will render the victim untold injury. Our usefulness in society, our enjoyment as intellectual beings, our moral tendencies, our general status in life, our standing before the very judgment bar of God, and our weal or woe throughout an endless eternity, depend on the visions imagination brings us. There is one way, and only one way, to have a well regulated im-

agination. That way is to kneel at the clear, crystal fountain of the Book of Books and standard authors, and not drink from the muddy rills which are sending forth their poisoned waters in all directions. Here, and only here, is the solid foundation of virtue. He who seeks it elsewhere,

"Seeks mellow grapes beneath the icy pole,
Seeks blooming roses on the cheek of death."

A. T. HOWELL.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ANTIQUITY.

History has never opened to us a period more addicted to literary development than during the seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the Restoration.

The era refered to is commonly known as the "Elizabethan Age," and indeed it may appropriately be termed the zenith of literature, for nowhere in the realms of modern or ancient authors can be found a more illustrious school of talent and cultivated taste. Terminating with the death of Chaucer in the autumn of 1400, the first great galaxy of literary stars ceased to illumine, and a decay ensued, in which for over a hundred years "there is but little effort to command our esteem." True, an occasional glimmer of light would dawn and promise, perhaps, a refulgent day, but ere long 'twas drifted back into the curtains of retrogression:

"As if the day had waked and then
Shut close her lids of light again."

While thus barren in literary pursuits, however, the spiritual activities of the nation were by no means slavish; the invention of the printing-press, the study of classical literature; the freedom with which religion was discussed, all cast before it a prophetic twilight that dawned in full array on the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

The phenomena of the rise and elevated position literature assumed in this era may be assigned to several reasons; the most plausible, doubtless, was the patronage and encouragement of the court. The Queen was very learned—"the proud mistress of seven languages"—and delighted in polite literary compositions, while her court was filled with men capable of shining in any intellectual exertion—indeed a more favorable attitude of government to literary progress has never before or since been attained from an English Crown.

Another, too, was the establishment and rapid advancement in the fine arts, manufacturing, commercial traffic, etc.—a revolution truly it was—for 'twas during *her* reign that England attained that commercial position that 'till now we know her people as the *carriers* of the world. It is a concession of antiquity that a nation of enterprise and emulation is a nation of intellectual development, and just

here culminated that audacity of speculation and inventive genius that made it "the crowning epoch of advancement."

On the occasion of Elizabeth's reign originated a source of influence quite unknown to her ancestors, and while she ruled with a potent hand she endeavored to promote the best interest of her dominion, and studied the desires and wants of her people, and *she* it was who originated the first English theatre for the pleasure and solace of her subjects, and from thence no epoch in the annals of English literature can rival hers.

DRAMA.

At the head of the writers who did homage to this style of literature stands preëminently Shakespeare; yes, that invincible William, whose name has been perpetuated by succeeding decades. Indeed it has become a household word; and when the clarion voices of his noted contemporaries have been silenced his name will still be immortal.

Known too well is this gigantic mind to need one word of comment; suffice it to say, that, in pathos, humor, sublimity, remoteness, his style is a general blending of those many qualities, any one of which has given Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Johnson and others their renown.

Doubtless the best illustration of English Renaissance is the drama, and Ben Jonson was another of its most valuable contributors. Asssociated also in this brilliant circle are the dialogues of Beaumont and Fletcher, with many other minor dramatists, but I will notice briefly the

NON-DRAMATIC

poets of this age; and, like the glowing rays of a noon-day sun, we see Spenser's genius brightening the literary horizon by the production of his "Fairy Queen"—"the first great ideal poem in English tonge"—a work that has immortalized him to all posterity.

Brief mention should also be made of Sackville and Sir Philip Sydney, the writings of whom were produced in the thirteenth century; and still they live.

Thus far we have dwelt only in the poetical realms, whose glory alone would suffice all Europe in the proud recognition of England's "Elizabethan Age," for no appreciative reader admires not the versatile genius of great poets that have preceded us; and truly a library without poems would be a library without merit. But it is the

PROSE

that wields the influence; and circumscribed indeed would be our knowledge of the world around us, and how profoundly ignorant would we be of the events of the past and present—the patriotism, the achievements, the virtues and faults of great men that have preceded us—were it not for the prose of our land; and at this period the social, political, and ecclesiastical realities of life were capable of being discussed in the highest degree, and the expansion which *English prose* assumed was quite appreciable.

Ranking as principal figure in this

style is Lord Bacon, a man that would rival Aristotle, Plato or Socrates in philosophy; and while his essays are of no intrinsic value to us now, at the time of their composition they weilded a telling influence on English society and "formed an emphatic agency in the history of English practical ethics."

Contemporary with Bacon lived the chivalrous and patriotic Raleigh, the romantic name of whom our capital city now honors.

In the solitudes of a prison cell we find him engaged in the compilation of his "History of the World"—a work that has gained for him a world-wide fame.

We doubt that under heaven's canopy exists a nation whose literary past has produced an era that would come nearer challenging the administration of all posterity than this revered age. Illumined by Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon and others, around whose memories cluster writings of lofty merit truly could an avalanche of applause and proud reflections be raised by the whole Anglo-Saxon tongue for England's once lauded "Elizabethan Age."

J. A. HOLLOMAN.

VENI, VIDI, SED "HAESI."

To give a proper definition of the word "Sticking," which is now so commonly used in English, would be quite a difficult task. It has a great variety of meanings, all of which seem very clear and expressive. Ask a boy how he likes a certain young lady, and he will say, "O, I am badly stuck on her." Ask another—who, on last Anniversary occasion, staid with a young lady two hours without saying anything, except to give her the valuable information that there is an abundance of land around Wake Forest—how he and his girl got along, and he will tell you that he "stuck awfully." Lastly, ask our young "Immigration" orator how he got along with the foreign element last October, and he will utter in lamentable tones, "Haesi."

So much for its definition; now for its character, which we must say is bad, or at least it makes those feel so who have to illustrate its meaning, especially in the last instances; the first is not quite so bad.

Of course, we don't propose to discuss the word in all its meanings, but shall confine ourselves to the meaning, synonymous with failure. This writer, in saying that he is well acquainted with the word in this last meaning, does not for once intimate that he is not acquainted with it in its other meanings also; for he is acquainted with all the latter especially, and that in great many forms, some of which he will endeavor to mention. First, there is the "Sticking" that a young man undergoes from inexperience in business. He enters upon the tem-

pestuous voyage of life with no knowledge of how troubled are the waters through which he must sail. His eye can see nothing but the brightest, and the future is nothing more than a solid mass of jewels and glittering prospects. At first his boat glides along as smoothly as if it were sailing on a tranquil stream, but after awhile he sees in the distance a small cloud arising, which at first appears harmless, but alas! this appearance does not continue, for it becomes larger and larger until the heavens are darkened; and having darkened the skies and hid the sun, its work of fury and rage is begun. Lightnings flash, thunders roll, winds howl, the waters become troubled, and all is confusion and fear. He is frightened, he is in danger, and but for providential interference he would perish; for at this period someone sees him in his helpless condition, runs to his rescue, and saves him from destruction.

He is glad, he is sad—glad because he has not fallen victim to the raging tempest; sad, because he undertook so perilous a journey without a captain's direction.

Great and multifarious are the mistakes made by the persistent youth. If he could gather in the golden coins so fast as he can make errors the world to-day would be a magnificient temple of wealth.

Another and not less serious mistake is frequently made by the young adventurer as he enters upon the matrimonial campaign. In the beginning of his career he is hopeful and gay. He imagines himself a sunflower plucked from the garden of beauty, and wonders continually why it is that the angelic fair sex can refrain from becoming enamored of such a desirable specimen of humanity.

Finally, while floating upon the ocean of vain imaginings and self-conceit he catches a glimpse of some beautiful face, whose bewitching smiles, pleasing expression and magnetism captivate and make him declare that one possessing such fascinating characteristics must be in his possession. Confident of success, he visits and makes love to the wished-for-object, who hears his message kindly and assures him his unbounded confidence is highly appreciated, but for her to reciprocate such feelings is a matter of impossibility. How awe-stricken and disappointed! Fond hopes blighted and a conceited heart benighted! Wretched and miserable, he wonders how it can be thus!

To prove what has been said we will relate an instance that took place in the eastern part of this State a few years ago:

A certain young man, whom *I* know better than any one else, visited a meeting of a religious character, and there he met a young lady who was a thief, for she stole his heart. She was charming and fascinating. Her voice to him was sweeter than the music from a thousand instruments. When he conversed with her every word she uttered seemed to penetrate his soul and carry with it inexpressible joy. He at once became a firm believer in predestination, for he surely thought that the Supreme Ruler of the world had foreordained that lady to be his—well, all know

what. After the meeting he returned home and resolved to write and obtain permission to correspond with her. But how to write such a letter he did not know; but he had heard that oft-repeated maxim, "where there is a will, there is a way," and so, for help, he applied to literature; and in searching among the records he came across a Northern newspaper and the first thing that struck his eye was an advertisement, reading thus: "Your name on twenty-five beautiful chromo cards, a card-case, and a *model love letter*—all for ten cents. He was filled with ecstasies of delight at seeing so much offered for so little money; so he at once answered the advertisement and soon obtained the offered prize. Immediately upon its receipt, he took the "model love letter" and wrote from it a *model love letter*, which read as follows: "I seat myself to pen you a few lines, which I hope will find you well. The object of this epistle is to obtain permission to correspond with you, which, if granted, will furnish endless streams of delight. Our last conversation has given me the most exalted idea of your character. The more I see you the more I am constrained in every way to offer you my hand. Adieu, Adieu. Believe me to be your devoted lover;" and so forth. He sent this letter, and what do you suppose was the result? Why, he made one of the most uncompromising "sticks" that has been made since the time when he received seven whippings a week for *plugging* watermelons.

She wrote back and told him that she thought it would be time enough for him to begin courting when he had quit wearing knee-pantaloons. Well, the poor fellow was in trouble—disappointed and *insulted*. He remained so until he became old enough to see his mistake; and when he saw it he then found what he supposed—a calamity was no other than a blessing.

This leads us to discuss the value of "Sticking." It is said that all grand achievements are preceded by disappointments and failures; and, taking this view of the case, that young gentleman is greatly encouraged and hopes at some time in the future to have the honor of being some mother-in-law's son-in-law.

"Sticking" is a sort of refining machine, through which young people must pass to be the better qualified to meet the realities of life. If they are made of pure metal, passing through this machine makes them only the brighter and more useful. The boy who permits disappointments to discourage him will never have the honor of becoming acquainted with success. Some of the greatest benefactors the world has known have been men who have walked, at some time in their lives, upon the very threshold of failures and disappointments. Failures are good appetizers. They enable us to appreciate success. The man who has never been sick cannot appreciate health; nor can the one who has never been poor appreciate wealth.

This story is told of one of Virginia's greatest preachers: On one occasion he left the city and went to a country church to preach. In the be-

ginning of his sermon he noticed that an old lady in the audience began to weep, and continued to weep. At the close of his discourse he went down the aisle to learn the weeping sister's trouble. He approached the lady very kindly, shook hands with her, and then remarked: "My sister, I notice that you have been weeping to-day; were you moved by the power of the truth, as it was spoken?" "No sir," said she, "that was not the cause." He then observed that she was dressed in black, and, thinking she had recently lost some relative, said: "My sister, have you lost some one of your family that you are in so much trouble?" "No sir," again said she, "I have lost none of my relatives." "Well," said the doctor, (for he was a D. D.) "My sister, tell us your trouble, and it may be that we can offer you some word of consolation." "Well, doctor," said she, "when I was a little girl my father owned an old donkey, and that old donkey was my pet. Finally he died, and when he did I wept, because I thought so much of the poor old creature, and to-day when you began to preach I could not possibly keep from weeping, because your voice sounded so much like that old donkey's." Well, the doctor "stuck;" but because he did, he never quit offering words of consolation to the weeping sisters.

And so, in conclusion, dear reader, let us advise you never to become discouraged, should you ever "stick;" for just remember, that the greatest orators and statesman have "stuck." The celebrated Virginian "stuck;" Demosthenes "stuck;" Cicero "stuck;" and so did I.

FRANK T. WOOTEN.

WHY BE BLINDED BY SECTIONAL STRIFE?

The once happy and peaceful America is no more. The home of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, once so firm and united in heart, is now torn and bleeding with the recollections of civil discord. That picture of the United States, the pride of the American heart, which stood out across the waters so pure and spotless to the Old World as a marvel of the nineteenth century, is blurred. Civil strife—nations' greatest bane, too—wending its way westward found a home in our fair Utopia, and with one mighty stroke of its brush marred its symmetry, from Eastern Virginia west to New Mexico. Although the mark has been plastered and retouched, still its traces are plainly visible. Deep down in the Northern and Southern heart lie feelings of animosity, and when the proper spring is touched they pour forth with all their maddening fury. The visible reconciliation of the past is but apparent. But a pebble will disturb its seeming smooth-

ness, and transfer its brilliant surface into a storm of angry billows. Nearly twenty-three years have passed away since Dixie, torn, bleeding and overpowered, yielded her cause, and the Northern soldiers were flushed with victory; yet these two great sections are the victims of strife. We would not have them erase from memory's fair page the years of sixty-one, two, three, four and five. No; far from it. On the contrary, let them cherish the noble deeds of their countrymen and honor their valor. Let the North glory in her defense, as she thought, of the Constitution; in her soldiers, her military exploits and her victory. Let her boast of her great leaders and perpetuate their memory; and may we of this beautiful Southland ever venerate our fathers and brothers who fought and died for Dixie. May we point back with pride to the "chivalric Lee, the saintly Jackson and daring Albert Sidney Johnson." May we erect, in memory, trophies for the battles of Manassas, Cold Harbor and Chancellorsville. Yes, let the North and South rear monuments of imperishable stone to their dead. Yea, let them erect upon the Mason and Dixon line a grand mausoleum, and carve upon it in letters of gold, "To the honor of Lee and Grant, Sherman and Jackson, Jeff Davis and Lincoln—countrymen worthy of each others' steel, and heroes of whom America should boast!"

But the din of battle has died away upon the breezes, and the Stars and Stripes float once again over a united Union, in form. Why not, then, arouse from our lethargy to a sense of duty and show ourselves men?

An appeal to arms was made in the great question dividing the North and South, and a decision justly reached. Now we have no right to continue strife. It is the part of the weak to harbor malice when a difficulty has been fairly settled. It is the part of the wise to seek reconciliation. We are a Union in form, why not be in heart? We have shown to the world that we are a nation that stands to principle, fights for justice and dies for freedom. At Appomattox Generals Lee and Grant showed how to be foes in war and friends in peace; the Union soldiers how to fight the Confederates in battle and divide bread with them when they yielded their cause; and it now remains for the North and South to truly say "Sister!" Would that every vestige of hate could be swept away and love and harmony restored to the Union!

That high principle in man that metes out justice, both to himself and to others, demands that we bury deep all hatred of the past and once more be friends. Let the North and South realize that they are no longer foes; that the North is not dealing with a Confederacy, nor the South an enemy trying to overpower her, but that once again they are sisters of the same Union, with the same grand end in view. Let them realize their respective duties to each other and to the Constitution. O that the feeling that once pervaded this land of ours could return! Would that the Northern and Southern Senators would

labor together for the best advantage to the North, the South, the whole Union; that the States would bestow upon each other the love and care of sisters of the same family. Then animosity would be dethroned by love and the thorny thicket become an Eden. Yes, let the wide chasm be spanned and past injuries be forgotten. The past is fixed. Thoughts of our past sufferings cannot change it. But the future is bright, if we only grasp it. Let not the Southern and Northern youth dream away their time in trying to justify the position of either, but let their highest aim for their country be to mend the rent and reconcile this mighty people. Our Republic is each day snatching laurels from the brows of kings and queens, and placing them in her own crown, by showing to the world the beauty of such a government. Monarchies and empires are trembling, from the continual cries for republics from their subjects. All eyes are turned upon us, watching our every act. Our future welfare, and the acme of glory to which we are fast hastening, forbids longer strife. I do not mean that that spirit which prompts to excel be smothered; that would be depriving us of a necessary element to success. Hearty rivalry, well guarded, is to be admired in all; and thus in a nation and its parts. But that low, mean spirit that harbors malice, that cannot forgive an injury, that cannot rejoice at another's prosperity, that desires prosperity itself at the cost of another's good feelings or name—this is the cancer that is continually eating away the very vitals of this would-be ideal of our democracy. Could this ulcer be removed, what eloquence could describe the future of this grand old Union, or what artist paint it? Destiny seems to have decreed that the United States of America shall be the most perfect form of government that has ever been man's ingenuity to invent; that the Star Spangled Banner shall float triumphantly over the prince of nations, and might we not well ask, Is not this the Utopia, of which poets loved to sing? With such a country we cannot afford to harbor that which will impede its progress. We must not longer be content with healing the outside of the wound. The roots of an ulcer must be removed before a cure can be effected. A little dressing and cleansing will give an apparent healing, but irritate it and it will break out afresh. This civil ulcer needs thorough purging. It needs the roots removed, and attention, with reasonable time, to become pure and firm. It is not wise in us to continue slaves to this great evil. The North and South are allowing their higher, nobler feelings towards each other to yield to baser ones. They so have the mastery over them that often they are blinded in choice and are losers. They seem to overlook the question, How will this or that affect their welfare, their duty. They seem to be unconscious of the fact that they are mutually dependent upon each other; that the threats and injuries hurled at each other rebound against themselves with an equal force. In fighting each other now with words, acts or thoughts, they are

but taking their own life's blood. They are sacrificing prosperity and justice, only to gratify their lower desires. As the powers of both were active in bringing that storm of sorrow and devastation upon our country, in like manner she needs their united effort to restore her to her former grandeur. She needs the happy reunion of the Southern and Northern hand and heart. It is the South that furnishes the raw material for the loom, the mint. It is here that the capitalist finds the most fertile field for revenue. The "New South," that is wafted to our ears upon nearly every breeze, is making long strides toward success, but the brakes are on. Could sectional strife be removed, what a change in speed would result!

What the South most needs is means. She needs the genial smile and helping hand of the Northern capitalist. She needs the donations of those generous friends of education in the North to aid in expelling the dark cloud of ignorance that is hovering over our Southland. She needs their superior skill and their capital in dotting our land with manufactories; in bringing to sight the countless quantities of coal, iron, mica, silver and gold. She needs more Bostwicks reared as benefactors to higher education in the South. Yes, our own interest, as well as that of others, bids us cease hating. We have faithfully tried sectional strife, and now let us away with it.

It is natural for us to review the past with heavy hearts when we remember the defeat of so brave an army as that of the Southern States. I dare say no fair-minded person will deny that the South has been immeasurably benefitted, and none who love the South wish the ante-bellum days again; but what Southern heart does not sigh when reading or thinking of the brilliant victories, the daring charges of the sons of Dixie, and almost weep over their defeat? But why should we thus be sad? Ours was a defense of liberty. We left the field thickly crowned with laurels and with a clear record. We were simply overpowered, not whipped in equal combat. In that defeat a friend visited us in the garb of an enemy. Let us now think of the past in a different light, and be benefitted by our experience. It was this contest that has shown, not only to the world but to each section, the true light of its neighbor. The North and South should be prouder of each other as sisters; should rejoice that both are so worthy of each other. Let us realize the great benefit it has proved to the South, the North, the whole Union. Let us hate sectional strife, believing all has happened for the best, and fill up this niche in the great monument which we are building to liberty ere it shall have climbed too high. And let liberty's monument be pure and spotless.

G. T. WATKINS.

A SYMPOSIUM—THE NEED OF A MORE OUTSPOKEN SENTIMENT AMONG THE STUDENTS.

The years of one's life spent at college glow with significance for the future. Whatever his age at matriculation, he enters college a *boy* and leaves it a *man* or the *counterfeit* of a man. The world expects you, upon leaving college, to appear in full panoply for the diverse duties of citizenship. This is not an unreasonable expectation.

I can conceive of no better place than college for a boy to cultivate those habits and to exercise those qualities which fit him for honorable, useful citizenship. Will not every boy admit, without a question, that the code of regulations now in force here is, upon the whole, indispensable to the wise and successful government of the college? If so, can he, then, be indifferent to a liberal and just enforcement of these regulations?

Would it not be far more honorable and noble in a boy to frown down a direct and flagrant violation of the college regulations than to encourage the offender by a guarded silence? Away with the puerile idea that the boy who divulges a really mean trick on his school-mate is meaner than the boy who is guilty of the trick.

There is a class of misdemeanors known to college students, not censurable alone for being forbidden by the college regulations, nor yet so much because they are crimes against the laws of the land, but because they are repulsive to the instincts of a gentleman. For instance, a boy who will wantonly and maliciously destroy public or private property is worse than the sneak-thief, for the simple reason that the poor thief does look forward to a personal appropriation and enjoyment of the article stolen, while the wilful destroyer of property can expect nothing beyond the gratification of the desire of inflicting injury on the public. Is there any difference between a poor negro's going to his neighbor's wood-pile and stealing a few sticks therefrom and a college student doing the same thing? Yet, if each is caught, the negro is sent to the Penitentiary, while the student suffers not even in his good (?) name. The school-boy who is guilty of petty theft, or the wilful and malicious destruction of property, or downright lying in denying charges or in any other form, should suffer social ostracism, not less surely and speedily than does the man guilty of the same thing in the well-regulated society of the best community in the State.

I have written the foregoing, not with any hope of deterring those so disposed from the commission of the misdemeanors referred to (for remonstrances usually serve only to strengthen such characters in their sinister purposes), but rather with the hope of eliciting such a healthful public sentiment among the boys as will make it

"too hot" for the offender to remain at ease among us.

F. B. HENDREN.

* * *

Who is responsible for the damage the students do the college by breaking window-glass, and otherwise destroying the gymnasium; by defacing the college walls, and by slipping books from the library? Why, those who do such things, and no one else, of course. Pause and consider.

A man was once, by legal authorities, tied to a whipping-post and the lash plied to his back as though he were a mere *brute*, simply because he sat on the fence near two men who were fighting, and never opened his mouth.

God never gave a man an influence merely that he should own it as a miser owns gold. You cannot make it that God will not hold a man responsible for his influence, as much as any faculty he has.

Now, if the best interest of Wake Forest College is not for your highest interest—both while a student here and, especially, afterwards—you had better leave for some other school, or go home to the farm and stop cheating agriculture. And, fellow-students, we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our fathers and mothers, we owe it to our *God*, to exert such an influence here as in eternity we will wish we had.

Then, let us not regard the Faculty as our masters, imposing upon us merely to display their power, and therefore justify ourselves in deceiving them if we can. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Better ask yourself, "Am I my own keeper?" and be sure that you have kept yourself right—in word, in *deed*, in INFLUENCE—and there will be little necessity for the former question.

Far be it from me to argue that one student should inflict discipline on another; but, on the other hand, let us forever away with this deluding notion that oue can *wink* and *laugh* at mischief done by others and not make himself *particeps criminis*—encouraging such, not indeed in word or in thought, far less in heart, but far more successfully with his *influence*.

R. B. LINEBERRY.

* * *

Some hold that what men do they do through necessity; but our own conscience is proof conclusive that we are creatures of free-will. What we wish to do we can do; what we wish not to do, we are able to avoid doing. Then, each rational being is responsible for his own acts, and so deserves praise or blame, according as his acts are meritorious or demeritorious. The acts of all creatures conform to the nature of their minds and characters. We know and judge others by their deeds. The bird sings, the dog barks, the owl hoots; the criminal transgresses, the dude struts. The man without a purpose, does everything to no purpose; the low character crops out in low, base, groveling deeds; narrow minds do everything in a narrow way; great minds, joined to good characters, flash forth in deeds which win, on merit, the applause of mankind.

That is a laudable ambition which seeks praise for worthy acts; but who would term it a worthy act for a rational being, made in God's image, to bark or hoot or transgress, however befitting these might be for other creatures. Shall moral, sensible beings destroy property or appropriate it? This belongs to the savage and the outlaw. Is it meritorious to play vexatious pranks and annoy others? This is befitting a monkey. Is it honorable for free persons to shirk duty? This is bad enough for slaves. We often wonder what possible motives could inspire certain courses of conduct. This institution deserves, and expects loyalty from every student. True, there are certain ties of friendship and common interest which bind students together; but these, in the proper sense, are not inconsistent with loyalty to the institution. The success of the institution means success to those within her walls. Then our interests are identical with the interests of the college, and whatever tends to derange the good order of the college, likewise results in injury to us. Together we form one whole, and an affection of any part is at once communicated to the other parts. Then it behooves us to stand by the Faculty, to support their just regulations, to discountenance disorder, to do our duty, and urge others to the same. By this alone can we reach that happy goal towards which we all aspire—honor, respectability and fortune. For the sake of virtue, on which character is built; for the sake of our parents, whose fondest desires, from our infancy, have been to direct our paths towards the true and good, and inspire our minds with high, noble, exalted thoughts; for the sake of our common country, the well-being of which depends upon the truth, honor and integrity of her sons; for the sake of heaven and Christianity, let us unite to frown out of existence base immoralities and to exalt the beauty of virtue.

D. A. DAVIS.

* * *

By reference to the "College Regulations" you will find these words:

"The following Regulations are intended for the information of students, and as guides in special cases. They are not expected to take the place of those principles of honor, truth and common sense upon which the government of this College is based. The deportment of a Christian gentleman is the standard to which each student is expected to conform."

Then follow twenty short regulations, so fair and simple that no one can object to them. In fact, I have never heard any complaint against any of the rules of this college, except that of compulsory attendance on religious services, and it is not included in the above number. What can be fairer than this? The Faculty take for granted that every student is a gentleman, and act accordingly. Yet their confidence has been sadly abused in many instances, and it has often been a source of regret that there is not among students more of that true, manly spirit, which looks down upon everything that is base and mean.

Why is this? First, it seems to arise from an evil inherent in our present college system. Says Macaulay: "One of the worst effects of college

life is that distaste for domestic life, which they almost inevitably generate. The system is monastic, and it tends to produce the monastic selfishness, inattention to the convenience of others, and impatience of petty privations." This is but too true. Students, the world over, are too prone to consider others than students their natural prey, whereas they are, or should be, mutual friends. But, alas! for us, we have very little excuse on this score. The people of the Hill are noted for their kindness and hospitality. A gentleman, who had lived in several States, once remarked to me that, in all his travels, he had never seen a more clever, generous people than those of this place. Now, a close and more friendly intercourse with the citizens cannot but be conducive to a higher tone among students, and of advantage to both.

Secondly, many of the errors into which students fall are due to thoughtlessness on their part. They are not, naturally, depraved. Find, if you can, the boy whose eye does not become moist and his tones soft when he speaks of his mother. Yet many of us do things we would not dream of at home. The boy that *hooks* the citizen's chicken breaks the law of the land. Although he may do it in fun, this will be no excuse in a court of justice. The boy that whistles at ladies or his professor breaks the laws of common courtesy and politeness, and reflects dishonor upon the parents that reared him. The boy that idles away his time, and then answers "sick" to the President, not only lies, but defrauds himself of so much money—for time is money, out of his father's pocket, if not his own. This is plain language, but such conduct allows no mincing of words.

H. A. FOUSHEE.

* * *

The day of "beating" knowledge into unwilling heads has passed away. Harsh discipline has given place to a wiser and better humanity. We are not watched in our every action by a lynx-eyed Faculty. In the main our Faculty meet us as men of honor, and expect us to respond. Are their expectations realized? It is a sad thing to see human nature break down where it would be so easy for it to stand upright.

It is a mean thing to steal wood, and meaner to steal on examinations, but the climax of meanness—for there is no excuse for it—is breaking the gymnasium furniture and shooting holes through the large windows in the Memorial Hall. By throwing a shot or a pebble in the dark a boy with a malicious heart can shatter a piece of glass several feet square, and thus mar a building we should all be proud of.

Now, there is nothing to be gained by appealing to the manhood of this vandal—he has no manhood. The only remedy is a sentiment among the students so hot that such a one will be forced to leave college and go home to his unfortunate parents. But what is a sentiment worth if it is not boldly expressed? A little over a year ago, while certain parties were attempting to unite a number of students in an

effort to expose any dishonesty they might see, I heard some boys say that they would not be guilty of exposing a fellow student; that they had no respect for one who would co-operate with the faculty in bringing a corrupt boy to justice. I beg leave to say that I have the most thorough contempt for a man who will, by withholding his knowledge, aid in covering up meanness. He is an accessory to the crime. If one student does another a wrong, in a few hours it is told all over college. If a member of one Society says a rough thing about a member of the other, the matter will be kindled into a fury, regardless of the consequences. But in matters fraught with far more importance to both students and Faculty, the guilty is shielded; he will not even be exposed among the students. Where did such a mawkish sentiment have its rise?

It would indeed be interesting to have some possessor of that strange sense of honor give us his ethical creed. It is an unaccountable sense of honor which is so injured by exposing a fellow student when the good of the institution is involved, but can herald his wrong doings afar when nothing is involved save the poor fellow's ruin.

Let us create a public sentiment so manly that the worthless and vicious will be compelled to reform, or leave, for very loneliness.

M. L. KESLER.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF LIFE?

Upon one's true conception of the answer to this query, and that answer put into action, depends a vast deal more than we perhaps imagine, in our attempt to make life a success. Young manhood finds us

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet."

We have wandered along the grassy banks of this babbling brook, as the poet terms the period of youth, bathing in its pleasure-laden waters, plucking the nectar-filled flowers which grew by the wayside, with never a care nor a pain, but living a dreamy, holiday existence, the recital of which would resemble a fairy tale in which each figures as his own hero. But the brook has been widening and deepening until now that name would hardly be applicable, and we stand just where it merges into the wide, swiftly flowing river of manhood.

As we gaze out on its placid surface, little we dream of the unpropitious winds and angry storms which it may be our fate to encounter, and the rocks of despair against whose sorrow-sharpened points our little bark may be dashed. We are just from the visionary period of youth, with its aspirations, illusions, dreams; our conceptions of the meaning and object of life are as yet unformed;

and just here the question which is the subject of this paper should receive the careful and thoughtful consideration of each one, for upon his conception of the true answer thereof, depends to a great extent the success or failure of his life.

To continue the figure: Go with me in imagination to the water's edge. We look upon a busy scene of confusion and bustle. The smoke boils from the stacks of an ocean steamer; the pilot stands in an expectant attitude near the helm; the captain orders the gangway drawn in; the hawsers are loosed, and with a mighty effort it clears the wharf and majestically stands out to sea. Think you that this vessel is beginning her ocean voyage with no fixed destination in view—with no trustworthy pilot at the helm—with no chart to indicate the shoals here and rocks there—with no compass to guide her over the pathless deep? You at once perceive the absurdity of entertaining such a supposition. Now let us apply the figure:

Is the absence of these agencies, which we deem indispensable in the illustration, more serious and deplorable than the disregard of the corresponding agencies by whose right application the voyage of human life may be made safe and successful? Then what is more lamentable than the sight of a young man in the prime of youthful vigor and healthful activity, looking down the long aisle of the future with no fixed purpose in view; but, drifting aimlessly with the tide, and led astray easily by pleasure's siren voice, not following the sure indications of that never-erring pilot, conscience; nor heeding the signs of that reliable compass, duty, whose magic needle ever points toward right; nor regarding the chart which the records and experiences of those who have sailed this same voyage before, furnish him? Just as the vessel possesses those equipments requisite for a safe voyage, and sure arrival at her destination, so, I conceive, man has been endowed with talents and faculties, by a diligent regard for, and a constant endeavor to improve which, he may attain the object for which they were especially given, which, I think, coincides with the first object of life, namely, the necessary preparation and education of the heart and intellect for a future existence.

It is not, however, the first object of life of which I purpose to write, but the second, which thought, of course, secondary to the first in the result of its attainment, yet is hardly subordinate in the necessity of its pursuit; for, indeed, upon the attainment of the second depends the possibility of the realization to its fullest extent of the happiness which becomes the reward of every successful pursuer of the first object.

The poet in the following lines suggests my meaning:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, and acts the best."

These three factors, then, I think, comprise the second object of life, and

are necessary to its full realization and true enjoyment.

The poet rightly mentions the faculty, thought, first as superior in importance to feeling and action; and, indeed, does not the capability of feeling the noblest and acting the best, depend on the education of this first mentioned faculty?

Education is the only key which will unlock the great vault of learning, between whose impenetrable walls lie the treasures of thought which have been left us, but which lie unappropriated, unappreciated except by him who possesses the magic key. But by its possession we may accompany in thought the masters who have given the world her most valuable and beautiful ideas. We may in their exalting company, hold sweet communion with the heavenly bodies, or travel every by-path in the vast realm of philosophy. With them we may sail out on the unfathomable sea of science, and make our deepest soundings into its mysterious depths. Not only should the desire for knowledge prove irresistable for the pleasure and profit thus derived, but for another reason, whose importance is not to be despised. Education is now the grand avenue to esteem and honor; by education, I mean both the mental and moral discipline. For a long time, wealth, fashion, and birth have been the powerful potentates before whose imperial throne all must submissively bow in order to gain a position in the world's ranks of honor. But their despotic rule is well nigh spent. Already has dawned the day of revolution when everywhere is being realized that knowledge is the passport to honor and esteem, and that "true worth is in being, not seeming."

As I have before intimated, he feels noblest whose thoughts are highest and purest. He feels noble in the pleasing consciousness that he is enlarging his capacity for thought and comprehension. The responsibilities which rest on all of us, to a greater or less degree—the confidence placed in us and the hopes and expectations centered about us—should awaken within us noble thoughts and the desire to prove worthy of them and to show forth by our lives their realization. I can conceive of nothing more ennobling to the mind than the intercourse we may enjoy with superior minds through books, for, thinking for the time with the authors' minds, we unconsciously appropriate their thoughts.

How noble must be the feelings which prompted the millionaire of California to commemorate the death of an only son, by the endowment of an institution which will confer upon the thousands of youths on the Pacific coast the posibility of a collegiate education of the brightest character! and how grateful will be the nation's memory of him for his great work for humanity! *We* are not millionaires, yet there is an opportunity for each of us to find amid life's possibilities a gem fit to sparkle "on the stretched forefinger of all time." A life thus lived finds "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Actions are the results of thoughts, and their character will depend on the

character of the thoughts which prompt them. So we again realize the necessity of having in our power of thought a clear, pure, fountain, whose ever-flowing waters coursing through our actions, and indeed our whole life, will reflect on its mirrored surface none but the good and beautiful.

During a man's existence we are wont to measure his life by its length in years, more, perhaps, than by its character. But when he shall have passed away, our memory reverts to his life with a degree of pleasure proportionate to the excellence or unworthiness of his deeds. What mean these marble shafts which point heavenward throughout our land, if not to commemorate the philanthropy of great-souled citizens—the statesmanship of those to whose fidelity to public trust we owe the progress and grandeur of our nation—the valor of those who willingly sacrificed life in defence of principle and right? Yet "peace hath *her* victories, no less renowned than war."

Already there is heard the measured tread of a vast army of seekers after truth, who, realizing the true meaning of life and its possibilities, and determined to make their presence felt in the world, march steadily on to the mysterious realms of the unknown. Let us enlist under their banner, where promotion ever rewards the deserving, and with them attain the true object of life.

America is but another name for opportunity. Never in all her history has there been an era in which more stimulating influences urged forward and richer rewards awaited the faithful toiler. What must be the feelings of satisfaction and gratification of him who looks back from old age upon duties well performed, and days well spent!

Then, realizing that life with its golden opportunities is given to us to live but once; realizing that the hopes and expectations of our well-wishers are ever centered in us; realizing that the destiny of America is soon to be placed in the hands of her young men of to-day—let us be worthy the places which our fathers have honored, and with the two objects of life ever before us, and the reward which awaits the successful life, let us, by thinking most, feeling noblest, and acting best, make "life, death, and that vast forever one grand, sweet song."

J. HIRAM GRANT.

EDITORIAL.

THE STUDENT'S AID FUND.

"If I had but one dollar in the world to give, I would invest that in the brain of some deserving young man."

These were the words of a prominent minister in an adjoining State, and they are worthy the consideration of every one who has means to give. We are not opposed to foreign missions; but if there is a spot on earth where a dollar is more needed and can do more good than in North Carolina, we don't know where it is. The ignorance of our State is appalling, and, despite our boasted progress, we are still in the rear of most of our sister States. We have not yet learned how to live. An Illinois farmer lives more in one year than a North Carolina farmer does in five. He is educated. His home is commodious and furnished with every convenience; his garden, orchard, and dairy supply his table with every comfort; he has a library and educates his children; he reads the papers and knows how to vote intelligently—in short, he is an intelligent citizen and prosperous man. The case is different here. Indeed. no one can reflect upon the condition of our farmers and not feel discouraged at the outlook. We mean no reflection on our good people by this comparison. We love the old State. We are proud of her past and try to be hopeful of the future—but the present is gloomy enough. Something must be done to lift this cloud of ignorance. We must encourage every effort and organization that make for the intellectual advancement of our people.

Such is the object of the Student's Aid Fund—to promote higher education in North Carolina. Rev. Charles S. Farriss, Secretary of the Organization, has taken hold of the work in dead earnest. Through his efforts a right good sum has been secured, which serves as a nucleus with which to begin. He has recently received letters from the Governor of the State, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and others bidding him godspeed in the work.

Some years ago a Board of Education was organized for the purpose of aiding young ministers. Hundreds have been educated by this board, many of whom fill the leading pulpits of the State. The propriety of giving even a minister his education is doubted by some; yet it cannot be denied that the Board of Education has been a blessing to the denomination and the State. Many have obtained a collegiate education, who, but for the aid received, would never have seen a college. But the majority of our students are not ministers. The

ratio at Wake Forest is about one preacher to five who are not. Many of these need help as much as the young minister. Indeed, in the struggle for an education, the ministerial student not infrequently has the advantage. Besides preaching during vacation, for which they are generally fairly paid, many obtain churches in the neighborhood of the college. No such way is open for the non-ministerial student. If he fails to secure a school during vacation, he has nothing else to do. Book-selling has not only ceased to be remunerative, but has degenerated until it is now regarded by many as dishonorable.

Mr. Farriss has computed that there are 40,000 young men in the State, of college age. Of this large number less than one thousand (918) are in college. If this number could be increased five-fold it would be worth more to the State than the introduction of thousands of immigrants or millions of Northern capital.

The Trustees of this fund propose to raise a sum from which young men of sound mind and body may borrow, at a small per cent., sufficient money to prosecute their studies. It seems to us preëminently a work for laymen. If all would join in, a sufficient amount might be raised to enable every aspiring boy in the State to obtain a collegiate education. One of the most promising young men in college was recently forced to quit school for want of means to defray his expenses. Before leaving he made strenuous efforts to borrow money, but with no success, be it said to the shame of the rich men in the denomination. He is now teaching in the West, lost to the State and denomination—all for the want of a little help and encouragement.

It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when no young man will have to leave college or the State for want of means to finish his education.

J. W. LYNCH.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

It has been a time-honored custom at this college for the graduating classes to "respectfully petition the gentlemen of the Faculty for "Senior Vacation." We remember well how our predecessors of last year wrought with the Faculty, as Liliputians with a conclave of giants, and we should, perhaps, have despaired of renewing the contest again this year, but for certain auspicious omens that have of late been observed by diverse persons interested. Somehow, the impression has recently obtained among some of the Senior gentlemen that the Faculty really mean to give us vacation this year. But alas! should their hopes be doomed to miserable disappointment!

These cheering and refreshing hopes have their origin in remarks certain members of the Faculty have let fall, either intentionally or unintentionally, in the presence of certain members of the class, and others.

We confess ourselves at a loss to know what course to take for the best. We are not really sure that we had better say anything at all. It has even been surmised that the Faculty means to give us vacation in the way of a godsend, provided what would

indeed be a phenomenal circumstance happens—that we say nothing about it.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to say just a few words on the subject, merely to show anew our interest in it, and to remind the Faculty that we are in a condition to receive a blessing.

We suppose that no man ever graduated from this college since its foundation who did not favor Senior vacation; and if any man ever had occasion to change his opinion in regard to it after graduation, unless, perchance, he became a member of the Faculty, we have never heard it.

All the reasons ever urged by all our predecessors in favor of Senior vacation now apply vehemently in our cases, besides abundant others which we might mention.

The idea of Senior vacation is not a mere hobby of the Senior Class. The societies have long recognized the right on which the class bases its demand, in the fact that they relieve members of the class from compulsory attendance and active duties a month or two before Commencement.

Our demand is both reasonable and just. It is not so much on the ground that we crave relief from so much work, that we ask for a month's vacation, but rather, on the ground that we are desirous of getting rid of the wearisome and fatiguing routine of recitations, in order that we may have a few free, unencumbered hours in which to make our final preparations for the consummation of our college course, and for the early embarkation on the somewhat uncertain voyage of active life that lies before us. We believe that it will scarcely be denied that a student can make more out of the last month he has to spend at college by reading a few choice books, that he has not hitherto found time to read, or by investigating, with the aid of the library, some scientific, social or religious subject in which he may have become interested, or by the manufacture of some "patent thunder" for future use, than he can by devoting himself to his text-books.

Is it not true that the college requires quite enough extra work from the graduating class to compensate for a few weeks lost at the end of the session? Every member of the class must, besides doing his regular work, prepare and deliver four original speeches during the year, or submit, in lieu thereof, an equal number of theses. This work, for the average student, is equal to at least two weeks of regular college work. Moreover, while the college does not directly require it, still it would not discourage it, several members of the Senior Class are called upon each year to devote much of their time to preparation for anniversary and to work on the STUDENT.

Now, gentlemen of the Faculty, the foregoing are, as you know, only a few of the many reasons which might be urged in support of Senior vacation. If, after duly considering them, you feel that you can consistently, and in keeping with your high and responsible trusts, give us—well, say a month's vacation just before Commencement, we shall be ever so much obliged; and if you feel that you cannot give us a

whole month, but will give us only "half a loaf," we shall thank you, with as good grace as we may.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

EFFEMINACY.

The term effeminacy does not necessarily signify that quality of character natural to the female sex, but a quality which too often characterizes both sexes. It may affect, in a general sense, all the capabilities of our organism, but more especially, in the specific sense, the mental and moral forces.

Many brilliant intellects have been dwarfed by a failure to appreciate the mystic influence of power and the marvellous beauty and strength which come from an active spirit. No age and no people have been free from effeminating influences. Our first parents, no doubt, were grieved when they saw in their undutiful son evidences of a feeble will and a shattered manhood. So great was the degeneracy of succeeding centuries, and so severe the punishment, that beings, both brute and human, yielded up their lives to the god of storms. Failing to cultivate those qualities of character that elevate and ennoble the mind, and thus gaining proper conceptions of life, they were gradually drawn into the whirlpool of their passions where, lust meeting lust and baseness meeting baseness, a horrible scene ensued, which sacred history hesitates to describe. This is not the only place where history has occasion to withhold the details of an offensive drama. Its pages are blurred with accounts of miserable lives of cowardly tricksters, feudal despots, unscrupulous tyrants, and men of mean thoughts—the fruit of which is sufficient to deter, it would seem, every young man from contracting such habits as will inevitably lead to the same end.

But we need not pore over the musty volumes of ancient history to find striking examples of the influence of unworthy thoughts upon character. Present living affords us enough examples to spur the aspiring to a fiercer conflict with the enemies of refinement, good breeding and philanthropy. But we are drifting, drifting. It is a great deal easier to float quietly down stream, even though within hearing of the falls below, than to pull the boat toward the headwaters against the tide. Why such is the case, we cannot tell; but we have only to stop our drifting or pulling and for one moment look around, to see that such is the present state of affairs.

How different in disposition and character are those who have contracted good habits of thought and action and those who have not! The one you may trust, honor and esteem, and know that your regard is not misplaced or unappreciated. The one possesses pure motives, chaste thoughts and high aspirations, while you suspect the other of treachery, even when most honest; to honor him is to cast your pearls before swine—to esteem him is to be duped. He is not capable of philanthropic acts—swayed by his own selfish desires, he is indifferent to the pleasures of others.

How incomparable the two! The mind of the one floundering in the cess-

pool of its own habit; that of the other growing nobler, grander and more powerful. The body of the one, a gravestone, marking the place where the intellect lies buried; that of the other, a laboratory in which thoughts are born, affections preserved and wholesome theories compounded. The aim of the one is to possess a clean heart and a right spirit; the other coats the outside, more completely to smother the fumes of inward putrefaction.

Effeminacy is vividly illustrated in the case of the fop or *dude*. He moves in the highest circles only, and calls himself *aristocracy*; with the appear ance of goodness, he walks with good people; with the semblance of honor, he talks with the honorable. He has the comforting consciousness of thinking himself smart and handsome, and, too, a special favorite with the ladies—perhaps he is, with some; and, after all that has been said about him, I do not doubt that he is a happy fellow. However important he may imagine himself, could not society dispense with him?

D. T. WINSTON.

WHAT WE NEED.

I don't believe in the spirit of dissatisfaction, though holding to the theory that we should always strive to reach the highest goals in life. But, as things go now, for one to say that he is at ease, and perfectly satisfied with himself and the world, is a pretty sure sign of his laziness, and a ten dency in him towards the don't-care, let-the-world-wag-as-it-will state of mind. Life means a species of death, and death means, in one sense, a consumption of material. For life to be continuous, then, there must be a constant supply of material.

Now, Wake Forest College is *living*, as the world gives it credit, and not only living, but progressing. And it needs material. We need tools, and some one must give them to us.

A BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

We return our heartfelt thanks to the liberal people who have just had erected for us one of the handsomest and best equipped chemical laboratories in the South; but we are equally in need of a biological laboratory. The universal, or almost universal, consent of mankind to-day is, that the study of Natural History is on a par with any of the other branches of knowledge. There is but one successful way of teaching this branch, however, and that is, by demonstration, or experiment.

Our apparatus for this work is comparatively small, considering the growing number of students who are turning their minds in this direction. True, we do excellent work now, but only through the sacrifice of Professor Poteat, who stays five hours a day at his post and personally oversees the five different divisions of his class, which come in at different periods. I think this is too hard a strain upon him, and so must every one else who will think on it. Things are not going to change, however, unless you give him a biological laboratory, for he is one of the kind who stands faithfully to the post of duty. But, as I

have just said, his task should be made lighter. There is no reason in overdoing even a good thing. Is there not some liberal lover of the cause of education who will cast a few thousand in the way of starting the ball a-rolling?

ASTRONOMICAL APPARATUS.

Astronomy is almost as dead a thing, without the proper instruments, as is Natural History; and if we have anything more than a four-inch refracting telescope for this work, I beg pardon for making the statement. It's strange how some things will happen, but I dreamed the other night that some one had presented the college with a ten-inch refractor. Wouldn't some one like to make my dream a reality, and thus confer a lasting benefit upon the college? A sextant, a spectroscope and a transit instrument would add greatly to our stock.

ANOTHER SOCIETY.

Among the greatest needs we have, is that of another society. The Alumni will hate to hear this, but it is a fact. The number of students now here is such, that for each one to get the maximum benefit out of his society work, is almost an impossibility. I would like to suggest some way to go about remedying the evil, but 'tis wholly beyond my power. I simply call the minds of the Alumni and officers of the college to a notice of what is a very general sentiment among the boys—at least, I have heard a good many mention the fact—that something ought to be done, in order that the societies should not be so crowded, as 'tis impossible to do the best work with such numbers.

SENIOR VACATION.

This has been the most prosperous session in the history of the college, and we propose to make next Commencement the best Commencement in the history of the college, if the Faculty will pursue their line of mercy which they have begun. I'll not discuss this point, as Mr. Hendren has plainly demonstrated the urgent need of this boon, but refer you to his article in this issue.

GEO. C. THOMPSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

HON. J. G. BLAINE recently issued a manifesto from Florence to the Republican party of the United States, disavowing any intention on his part of becoming the candidate of his party for the presidency. He has since been interviewed by a representative of the New York *World*, in which interview he reiterated his intention of declining to allow his name to be considered in connection with the presidency, alleging as his reasons

that he did not think that a defeated candidate should again seek the nomination, and that his health was too delicate to bear the fatigue and worry of a campaign. This leaves no doubt in the minds of his countrymen in regard to the sincerity of his intentions. Mr. Blaine is one of the most astute politicians in this country, but, so far as the presidency is concerned, destiny is against him. The Republican party is hardly worsted by this action of Mr. Blaine, beyond the necessity of again groping in the darkness of doubt and uncertainty for another standard-bearer in the coming campaign. We regard it as a matter of indifference whom the party selects.

THE FISHERIES TREATY between the United States and Great Britain has just been concluded. There is, however, some doubt of its ratification by the Senate of the United States. The treaty seems to effect a fair and honorable adjustment of the petty differences between the two governments, and it is to be hoped that partisan considerations will not be allowed to defer the final settlement of the troubles which have been the occasion of annoyances and hard feeling between this country and our nearest neighbor on the North.

ONE of our country's most venerated citizens, Mr. William Wilson Corcoran, passed away, at his residence in Washington City, on Friday, February 24. He was born at Georgetown, D. C., December 27, 1798, about a year before Washington's death. He has seen every President since Washington's day. Having spent the greater part of his life, so full of years and honors, at the National Capital, he enjoyed the rare distinction of being personally known and respected by all the leading men of this country for many years before he died.

Few greater philanthropists have ever lived than was Mr. Corcoran. His munificencies are estimated at over $5,000,000. He was a great patron of art. He founded the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington City. It cost $350,000, and has an endowment of $2,000,000. For this noble work alone the cultured men and women of this country will, for generations to come, bless the name of William W. Corcoran. He also founded the "Louise Home," so named in memory of his only daughter, who died in 1867. This is a home for widows and other women who have once belonged to prominent families, but have, by the death of their relatives, or some other misfortune, been reduced to a dependent condition. No nobler deed of charity has ever been done. It is said that a daughter of President Tyler finds a home in this institution.

Mr. Corcoran was a great friend of the South during the war, and has since given largely to various institutions in Virginia and elsewhere in the South.

FEARS of a general European war increase with the approach of spring. The war seems to be inevitable, but it may not come for several months. We hope to give our readers, in a future number, a general survey of the situation.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

—It is thought that an industrial school for women will be established at Salem, N. C.

—The total number of schools, of all sorts, in Russia, is 41,492, with an attendance of 2,489,934.

—The cause of education lost a benevolent friend in the recent death of Mr. Corcoran, of Washington.

—Baltimore and Washington have contributed, it is said, $150,000 for the new National Catholic University.

—The school building for the negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New Orleans will cost $50,000.

—Knoxville College, Tennessee, was closed on February 24, by order of the Health Department, on account of an epidemic of typhoid fever among the students.

—In a recent affray between the Freshmen and Sophs of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, it was decided that Freshmen have rights which must be maintained. It is thought that hereafter the Freshmen will carry their canes unmolested.

—The Congregational denomination has seven theological seminaries in the United States. Among the number is Andover, which has lost more than half of its patronage within the past few years, on account of a "departure from the faith."

—John Wilson, a wealthy bachelor of Montgomery county, Ala., died a few days ago, and left his entire fortune of $75,000 to educate the deaf, mute and blind children of his county.

—Our Representative from the Second District, Mr. Simmons, has introduced a bill to deposit $65,000,000 with the States and Territories, the interest of which is to be used as an educational fund.

—At a meeting of the Trustees of the University, held at Raleigh, a resolution was passed allowing teachers to attend the special spring sessions for instruction of teachers, at $2 per month, or $5 for three months.

—President Elliot, of Harvard, has been talking plainly to the students of that college. He says: "The tone of inter-collegiate athletics must be elevated, if those who participate in these contests are to retain the respect of the public."

—The Georgia State Board of Education now mourn the recent death of Dr. Gustavus J. Orr, who was a faithful member of that Board. The present common school educational system of Georgia owes much to him, its father and constant supporter, for its great success.

—At the Chattanooga University, on the 22d ult., two students, named James C. Johnson and Ben. Magill,

got into a difficulty, when the latter struck the former with a base-ball bat, crushing his skull. Johnson is dead, and Magill made his escape.—*Sunny South.*

—The Hon. Henry W. Taylor, of Canandaigua, N. Y., is, since the death of Rev. Dr. Hume, said to be the oldest living graduate of Yale. He recently celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of his birthday.

—Francis Landey Patton, who has just been chosen President of Princeton College, to succeed Dr. McCosh, comes from an old Scotch family, and was born in Warwick, Bermuda Island, January 22, 1843. While a boy his family moved to Canada, and he received a collegiate education at University College, Toronto, and a theological education at Knox College. After being graduated from both these colleges, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. Patton is better known as a writer than as a minister or professor. He was editor of *The Interior*, and is now one of the editors of the *Presbyterian Review* and the *Princeton Review*. He has given to the public over one thousand magazine and press articles.—*Ex.*

—Senator Edmunds was given the degree of L.L. D. by Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., recently. Mr. Edmunds at once sent the college a check for $100, saying that it was customary, in England, for the recipient of a college degree to pay the cost of registering, engraving, printing, and such other expenses as might pertain to the granting of a diploma.—*University.*

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

THE poetry of Edith M. Thomas, like the poetry of Keats, is nothing if not poetical. It is characterized by a sense of spiritual loveliness, a sense of inborn melody, and a sense of pensive sweetness. It lives, moves and has its being in the beautiful—now in suggested description, now in hinted emotion, and at all times in whatever is most womanly in woman.—*R. H. Stoddard, in Bookbuyer.*

RUSKIN, in a note to the London *Times*, declares that ke knows nearly all of "Pickwick" by heart, and that he loves Dickens with every bit of his heart.

ROBERT BROWNING is said to have nothing poetical in his personal appearance. He is described as short and stout, with a red face. He is a great diner-out, and enjoys his roast beef and port wine like the most common-place Englishman.

One instant, loved one, do not move? That pose,—
What memory of long ages gone doth stir
And tremble near my consciousness? So close,
It yet eludes the grasp that would deter!
Surely, beloved, we have once before
Lived through this moment in some other state.
The spell is on me,—stir not—more and more
I read the past,—the veil is lifting—wait!

I see a forest dim,—but thou wert there;
The young world, half chaotic, was just born;
And keen with the fresh life of that new air
I sought thee through the star-enchanted morn.
I know not what our forms, nor whether form
Or animated life we had; I only know
I yearned unrestingly, and calm nor storm,
Nor strange scenes with unusual light aglow,

Nor yet the first rare bird-song ever sung,
One moment stirred or stilled my thoughts from thee;
Mayhap the veriest atom, thrilled and strung
To such sweet tenor, seeks affinity.
In what deep Aryan woodland, waiting long
My passionate summons, didst thou tarry, love?
And with what tender fibres were our strong
Exultant hopes forever interwove?

And then we seem for ages separate;
But once again I found you,—yes,—be sure;
I see the tropic fern, the fig, the date,
And in your twilight hair and corals pure,
We wandered hand in hand by Southern seas,
Happy and all unthoughtful of the day,
Content to love, content to watch the breeze
Make fragrant ripples on our white-reefed bay.
Ah, love, you stir: the spell is broke! But I,—
What care I for our primal selves, when now
I have the great calm joy to sit near by
And rest my gaze upon your radiant brow?
If all that has been never were, just this—
To blend our souls in this dear present hour,
To hear you speak, to breathe my reverent kiss—
Were surely consummation's perfect flower.

—*Charles Henry Phelps, in Lippincott's.*

SPEAKING of Robert Louis Stevenson, a recent writer has the following to say: "There is a notable absence of the atmosphere of professionalism in him, and if the midnight lamp was ever lighted, it was blown out before the pen was put to paper. We are in contact with a man, and it is this native, original element which separates his work by a hard and fast line from a good deal of current production in fiction and discursive writing. One's thought is always on the scent for the personality of the writer when he drops such hints of himself along the path by which he leads to certain conclusions of his own, and Mr. Stevenson is probably as much a centre of personal interest as any man now using the English language for literary purposes."

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has been suffering severely for months from his old enemy—the gout. He is said to have dictated the most exciting scene of the "Moonstone" while in the grasp of that foe. I imagine there are many who would exchange their good health for the gout, if it proved to be as good excitement to the brain in every case.

"HEARTSEASE AND RUE," a little volume of poems recently published by Mr. Lowells, has this appropriate little stanza prefaced to it:

Along the roadside where we pass bloom fern,
Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue;
So life is mingled: so should poems be
That speak a conscious word to you and me.

THERE is something rather remarkable in the fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley, the two greatest living apostles of Evolution, are both contributors to the February number of *The Nineteenth Century*. The title of Professor Huxley's article is, "The Struggle for Existence: a Programme." Mr. Spencer gives

"A Counter Criticism" to a piece of the Duke of Argyle, written in the January issue of the same magazine; and, to a candid mind, the "Counter Criticism" is quite satisfactory, as far as it goes. He has to break off, though, before fully reviewing the Duke's paper, on account of an ill state of health, under which he has been suffering for some years.

LIPPINCOTT'S, for March, gives the following Scottish rhymes, as accounting for the origin of the "three borrowed days" of March:

March said to Aperill,
I see three hoggs upon a hill,
And if you'll lend me days three,
I'll find a way to make them dee;
The first o' them was wind and wet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze
It froze the bird's nests to the trees;
When the three days were past and gane,
The three silly hoggs came hirtling hame.

MR. J. A. GILLESPIE has a short poem in this issue, entitled "Pro Memoria," which has in it the spirit of true poetry. It will be remembered that he had a narrative poem in our last number, entitled "Elsinore." Mr. Gillespie is a young man, of considerable talent, and has written a great deal of genuine poetry—poetry which speaks to the heart. I understand that he is going to publish a volume in the near future. We sincerely hope he will, for in so doing he will confer a great boon upon the lovers of the beautiful, beside meeting with the highest success for himself.

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

The *Biblical Recorder*, the organ of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, is an uncommonly vital and vigorous paper. Besides its special work of fostering and building up the interests of its church people, and always containing something excellent for the edification and benefit of Baptists, it has recently acquired a special general value by the introduction of a weekly essay or treatise on some popular current subject—always totally leaving out politics. These articles are either the work of the editor or are contributed by the most learned, able and widely known writers in this and other States, and are as forceful, discursive and interesting as the articles that appear in the leading magazines of the day.

Among the subjects recently treated are: "A Proposition to Create another lot of Officers;" "Arbitration of International Disputes;" "Roman Catholics: Their Plan of Work in the United States;" "Evolution;" and like matters. Among the articles forthcoming, are: "Insane Asylums and Treatment of the Insane," by Dr. Eugene Grissom, Superintendent of the North Carolina Insane Asylum; "Prisons and Convicts," by Capt. E. R. Stamps, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Penitentiary; "Education in Germany," by Geo. W. Manly, Ph. D., of Leipsic University; "Female Education in North Carolina," by Rev. C. A. Jenkins; "State Education," by Rev. Dr. C. E. Taylor, President of Wake Forest College, and other very timely and interesting articles by learned and distinguished gentlemen from this and other States.

Altogether, it is a happy combina-

tion of an excellent denominational and family paper and general magazine. It fosters thought and encourages home literature. No Baptist can well afford to be without the *Recorder;* and it would prove of as much general value to the public generally, as any periodical published in the country.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

A Sick Tree.—It was a noble looking specimen, some eight feet in girth, spreading its protecting branches across a bright stream whose recent flood had left an ugly ring high on its flanks. The bark near the ground was still damp, and I noticed here and there a number of russet balls adhering to it. They were recognized as the fruiting stage of a kind of fungus belonging to the *Gasteromycetes* order. The common puff-ball, or "devil's snuff-box," is a member of the same order. The fine dust which rises from a ripe puff-ball when it is kicked consists of the myriads of minute seeds (spores) which, disseminated by the air, germinate and reproduce the plant when suitable conditions are met. The little balls springing from the breaks in the bark, being the spore-producing portion of the fungus, suggested that, running through the bark tissue or beneath it, might be found the vegetative portion of the fungus. So the bark was rent and pieces of it split off; which latter was easily done, for a very delicate structure had gone ahead of me and destroyed the tender cells that bound the bark to the wood. And there, making a net-work of fine threads, which branched and again united in all directions, was clearly seen the white mycelium (vegetative portion) of the parasite, which was the cause of a part, if not all, the trouble in our noble tree. The complete destruction of that tree by this and associated fungi is only a question of time. The fine threads of mycelium penetrate between or into the cells of the tree, disintegrate and absorb their substance for the nourishment of the parasite, and, spreading gradually throughout the whole trunk, ultimately overthrow and obliterate the imposing structure.

A Lively Tree.—I have just been looking at quite a different sort of tree. In the first place, it is not so large as that spoken of above; for instead of being two feet eight inches in diameter, its main trunk is only one-

twelve-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch in diameter. Its diameter is stated thus exactly, because it was measured five minutes ago. Secondly, while it has something analogous to bark and to branches, it has no leaves. Thirdly, its "fruit," growing on the end of each branch, has about four times the diameter of the main trunk. Fourthly, and chiefly, this microscopic tree is a colony of animals, instead of a wide-spreading plant. I have called it a tree, because the mode in which the colony has branched will suggest a tree to any observer; that it is a "lively" tree is even more apparent. I saw, attached to the sides of an aquarium in which fresh-water algæ are growing, faint clouds, say a sixteenth of an inch across. On being removed and put under the microscope they were found to be colonies of tree-like Infusorians, called by zoölogists *Carchesium*. The colony consists of a main stem, by which it is attached to some stationary object in the water; this stem divides at its summit into a number of branches, and these in their turn give off short lateral branches, each of which is terminated by a bell-shaped Infusorian, called "fruit" above. Through the stem and branches runs a muscular thread, which, when the colony is disturbed, contracts and suddenly draws the Infusorians into a spherical mass, in which the individuals are scarcely distinguishable. When all is quiet, the muscular thread relaxes, and the elasticity of the cuticle of the stem (called "bark" above) pushes the organisms out, and the aspect of a tree laden with enormous fruit is again observed. The muscular thread of each branch has an independent origin at the base of the branch, so an individual Infusorian may, on disturbance, jerk himself back to the base of the stalk on which he stands, without affecting any other. This sudden contraction of the individual, and groups of individuals, and frequently of the whole colony combined, the wheel-like motion of a circle of fine hairs on the outer end of each one, presents a lively spectacle of rapid and energetic activity.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

—Hurrah!

—Commencement bound!

—One more base, and then the "home run."

—Joy, joy, 'tis done! 'tis done!
The goal is passed; the "sheepskin" won!

—Mr. Ed. Wingate and bride, of South Carolina, spent their honeymoon with relatives and friends on the Hill.

—The WAKE FOREST STUDENT, for February, is a good number of a college monthly that, as it seems to us, leads all its Southern competitors. It is a credit to the college that sends it out each month. The current number contains a readable poem of several pages, after the manner of Scott, entitled "Elsinore: A Tale of the Shenandoah," by J. H. Gillespie. Terms, $1.50 a year.—*Wilmington Star, February* 16.

—Mr. John W. Purefoy, one of our clever merchants, has moved to Henderson, to the regret of his numerous friends at Wake Forest. The house and store formerly occupied by him are, we understand, to be remodeled into a hotel, with the fat and jovial Mr. W. E. Riddick as proprietor. This will be a welcome announcement to the students, and people generally, as Wake Forest is greatly in need of another hotel, and no better proprietor could be found than mine host Riddick.

306 E. CHESTNUT ST., LOUISVILLE,
February 1, 1888.

Messrs. Hendren and Lineberry, Wake Forest, N. C.:

DEAR SIRS—I have your favor of the 24th of January, notifying me of the honor that has been done me by the Graduating Class of Wake Forest in electing me to preach before them on the evening of the 15th of June. I beg leave to reply that I accept the honor, and that it will give me sincere pleasure to meet the engagement.

Yours truly,

WM. H. WHITSITT.

Dr. Whitsitt is the youngest professor at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, but has already made a reputation as a preacher that will draw many here to hear him in June. Senator Vance, the best known and most popular man in the State, will deliver the literary address.

—Mr. J. H. Mills, in his bright little paper, *Charity and Children*, has this to say about the work of one of our professors: "Dr. Royall's 'Moral Lessons,' appearing in successive numbers of the *Biblical Recorder*, have enabled many readers to see their errors and to avoid dangerous grounds. The distinctions between right and wrong are clear and lucid. These lessons, in book form, would be superior to average text-books on Moral Science, and would be a blessing to

general readers, as well as to careful students. Small boys and girls could use them in learning to read and in shaping their characters; and surely every boy and girl needs a clear code of morals."

—Mr. Willie M. Dickson and Miss Mary Walters, both of Wake Forest, were married February 5th, at the bride's mother's—Rev. Mr. Vann performing the ceremony.

—The two societies recently elected the following Marshals for Commencement: Euzelian—D. Boyd Kimball, W. J. Ward (of Wilson), J. B. Spillman: Philomathesian—H. C. Upchurch, L. E. L. Yates, A. L. Betts.

—At a recent meeting of the Wake Forest Medical Society, Dr. W. C. Lankford was re-elected President. The Society meets quarterly, and is a source of improvement and enjoyment to its members.

—J. W. Lynch, F. B. Hendren, M. L. Kesler, H. A. Foushee, D. A. Davis and T. E. Holding have been elected by the Euzelian Society as competitors for the essayist medal.

—At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the college, it was decided to raise $3,000 for furnishing up the new Laboratory, and making other needed improvements.

—A graduate of the college, who took his diploma only some six years ago, and who now fills an important place in another State, says, in a private letter, this appreciative word: "The last issue of the STUDENT strikes one very favorably indeed. Who is your man Gillespie? After looking through the number, I spoke again of the marked improvement of the intellectual environment of a student of W. F., over what it was when I was there."

OUR COLLEGE POET.

I've found a thing, 'tis such a thing
I'm sure you ought to know it;
It is a rhyme, simply sublime,
Of our young *college poet.*

Now, men of earth, give way to mirth;
Your joy, O let us know it.
Come celebrate the joyful fate
Of our young *college poet.*

He writes of owls—O how he howls!
His meter—can't he strew it?
All this in time he sets in rhyme.
Ah! he's a clever poet.

Falling in ditches and rending new breeches,
And how the Senior bore it,
Compose the themes and fill the dreams
Of this our *college poet.*

If you should see a falling tree
I pray you run up to it,
For, ten to one, 'twill fall upon
And kill our *college poet.*

SENIOR.

—Wake Forest has just opened its Spring Term. The college sustained a severe loss in the young Professor of Chemistry, Dr. Duggan; but the vacancy has been filled by Dr. C. L. Reese, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins and of Heidelburg Universities. The writer has met him often since his election, and has found him to be a charming gentleman. He comes with the highest recommendations, and will doubtless fill, to the satisfaction of the college and its patrons, the important chair to which he has been elected. Since the sickness of

of Dr. Simmons, Prof. W. H. Michael has been filling most acceptably the chair of Natural Science. He is a thorough student, and thoroughly well qualified for the position.—*N. C. Correspondent of the New York Examiner.*

—Miss Lucy Raines left, last month, for Person county, to assist Rev. J. A. Beam in his school at Bethel Hill.

—Messrs. T. E. Cheek and W. P. Stradley ran down from Johns Hopkins, to attend the Anniversary and spend a few days at home.

—Leap year has been signalized, thus far, by many and terrific storms. A matrimonial cyclone recently passed over Wake Forest and swept away some of its most charming young ladies. The most brilliant wedding of the season was the marriage of Dr. I. G. Riddick to Miss Annie Dunn, which took place in the large chapel on Wednesday evening, February 15th. The hall was decorated with elegance and taste—there appearing in the festoons and wreaths the choicest lilies, roses and geraniums. The ushers were Messrs. D. B. Kimball, T. E. Holding, G. C. Thompson and R. S. Collins. The attendants entered as follows: Misses Nellie Brooks and Belle Wingate; Messrs. Hal Ayer and Rob't Williamson; Misses Rosa Fowler and Altona Gill; Messrs. R. P. Dickson and Henry Simmons; Misses Mary Strickland and Lena Williams; Messrs. Jack Harris and Oscar Riddick; Misses Neda Purefoy and Lizzie Dunn; Messrs. J. N. Holdlng and Walter Riddick. Then came the bride and groom, preceded by little Mattie Dunn and Lizzie Allen. Rev. R. T. Vann performed the ceremony, and Mr. H. L. Grant played the wedding-march with his accustomed skill. After the ceremony the party repaired to the hotel and partook of an elegant supper.

On the morning of the 29th the sister of the bride, Miss Lizzie B. Dunn, was married to Mr. P. E. Fowler, of Louisburg. The attendants were Miss Rosa Fowler and Mr. C. W. Gill; Miss Altona Gill and Mr. J. J. Barrow; Miss Belle Wingate and Mr. G. E. Gill; Miss Neda Purefoy and Mr. J. C. Harriss.

This makes the third marriage at Wake Forest within the last month.

—Hon. John S. Long, of Newbern, delivered an excellent lecture in the little chapel on the evening of the 28th, ultimo. Mr. Long is a pleasant speaker; his appearance is prepossessing, his gestures are graceful, his delivery good. The lecture was so compactly written and fluently delivered that it is impossible to do it justice in an off-hand report. His subject was, "The College Graduate in Pursuit of a Living." The social education of the student is one of the most important factors that affect his after-life. The world often gives him a cold reception. The honors won at college make him an exile among the masses. The test of his genius is, not how well he can read Greek, but his skill in making bargains. Let him not suppose, because he carried off the declamation medal at college, that he is going to step at once to the height of his profession. Some fail because they

have married the wrong profession. College graduates want practicality. They have been dealing with theories; they must now come down to the practical. Sanford's arithmetic is, to them, of more practical value than integral calculus.

The speaker noted the meagreness of our literature.

The dearth of literature is due to a lack of literary taste among the people. The minds of our graduates have been turned in other directions. Political ambition has been the curse of Southern youth. Against the assertion that literature will not pay, the speaker said that the continent is covered with publishing houses, which are offering large prizes for contributions. Sound literary productions will sell wherever there is money, and be enjoyed wherever people are educated and refined. If the children of your brain are not appreciated at home send them abroad.

The lecturer emphasized the importance of economizing the affections. These must be repressed. In conclusion, he urged instructors to instruct their pupils in practicality.

The lecture was pregnant with thought, abounded in classical allusions, and had the advantage of being just forty minutes long, beyond which time it is not safe to go, unless the subject be one of special interest.

Mr. Long made a good impression at Wake Forest, and we should be glad to hear him again.

—With our last issue the selection and correction of contributions passed into the hands of the Senior editor from the Phi. Society, the Senior editor from the Eu. Society having had charge of the work for the first five months.

—The following have been elected by the Philomathesian Society to compete for an essay medal: G. C. Thompson, R. B. Lineberry, Henry Simmons, F. L. Merritt, D. T. Winston and H. H. Covington.

ANNIVERSARY.

[*Reported by M. L. Rickman.*]

Every time a new wave dashes on the beach it leaves a different impression on the beautiful sand; so every Anniversary at Wake Forest stirs up our society, awakens new thought, incites deeper investigation, and thus stamps its own impression on the public mind. This is not the place to write about weddings, though just two evenings since a handsome young man was seen kneeling at the altar and beside him a fair maiden, smiling modestly and sweetly, as if unconscious of her rich satin attire, and the parson said something about the marriage in Eden's bowers. This accounts for the splendid decorations, which added much to the beauty of Wingate Memorial Hall.

Friday morning came out in beautiful sunlight. The face of old Earth smiled under so warm a greeting from the King of Day. All the forces of nature were combined to give Wake Forest, once in her history, a day suitable to the occasion. The weather could scarcely have been more inviting. At 2 o'clock p. m. the bell tolled, and large

numbers assembled to witness and enjoy the debate, while the Durham Band greeted them with a cordial welcome. At last the officers and speakers approached the rostrum ; the house was called to order by Mr. J. N. Boothe ; the minutes of last meeting were read by Mr. F. B. Hendren ; and he also announced the question for debate : "*Resolved*, That *Laissez-faire* is a false theory of government."

Mr. M. L. Kesler was the first speaker. His speeeh was well arranged, compact and forcible ; his language terse, his manner self-possessed and characterized by confidence in the correctness of his views. This gentleman touched us with pathos, but he is distinguished more for the sarcasm with which he dealt his opponents heavy and merciless blows. " No political economist in America can refute those arguments in Kesler's speech."—W. P. S.

He said the theory of *Laissez-faire* means to let alone ; to allow men to gratify their own desires. The police must not interfere except in cases of brute violence. It implies that all men will work to their own best interests and for the good of others. It involves two propositions : first, that all human interests are the same ; second, that each man knows his own interest and will follow it without restraint. But men will not dispense with present enjoyment for future good. This theory makes the functions of government few and simple, but, according to natural law, the more advanced the organism the more complex are the laws of its activity. The social organism is the last and highest term in the series of natural development. "Competition is the life of trade," but may also be the death of trade. He condemned monopolies. Jay Gould is a railroad king and a telegraph tyrant. The common-school system is a success. Men need environment. Prohibition laws are the thoughts of God.

In reply, said he had smelt star dust till he had grown tired. The gentleman is troubled about marriage. Nothing strange ! for he (Kesler), Lineberry and Boothe composed the trio of the ugliest boys at college.

The first speaker on the negative was Mr. R. B. Lineberry, who manifested tact and readiness in reply. He advanced many strong arguments which, spiced as they were by oddity and humor, took fast hold upon the audience. This gentleman possesses a manner peculiarly his own and quite difficult to define. His reputation as a fine speaker was firmly established by the delightful surprise which he gave us twelve months ago. He began by recalling to our minds that amusing illustration gotten up on the nepotism of President Grant. There was the picture of Grant, and a government bowl of soup surrounded by swarms of his poor kindred, and away in one corner sat a dried-up, ugly forty-second cousin, crying, " Cousin Ulysses! can't you give me an office?" It is like Sut Lovingood's puppy keeping his hold on the old man's nose : *hard* on taxpayers but it is the making of Presidents' kin-people. The principle of government we advocate is to let things take their own course, mod-

ified by such limitations as will give equal rights to all, and not suffer one individual to interfere with the rights of others. He ridiculed the idea that the State is the mother of her citizens and ought to furnish them with food and clothing. He denounced what is called the divine right of kings, the tyranny of despots, and the cruelty of religious persecution. Our rulers do not know the wants of the people. "Liberty is justice, and justice is the natural law." Liberty! sang the Israelites as they passed through the Red Sea, exchanging the Egyptian yoke for the glories of the Promised Land. Liberty caused Phœnician ships to plow unknown seas. Liberty flooded Greece with patriot light, and her rough marble became ideal beauty.

The mortgage system is a curse. State interference is like the old man who would not let his hogs out in the field, afraid of their being poisoned on spiders. It makes men parasites, tempts to idleness and puts a premium on poverty.

"I say Mr. Lineberry is handsome, and a real funny speaker."—Miss ——.

The next speaker was Mr. F. L. Merritt, who evidently *merit*-ed higher compliments than any other, though he was more youthful. His arguments were clear and systematic. He has a warm and lively imagination, and possesses a voice of more than usual compass for one of his age. His enunciation was good, the oratorical effect almost perfect. His manner was pleasing and his gestures graceful. He said: "The question is this, 'What is the proper sphere within which State action ought to move?' Does it exist to protect the individual in his person and property alone, or must it include all his interests? Must it prevent evils, or wait till our rights are invaded? The negative assume that the State is to enforce private contracts and to act as policeman, but that it has no right to limit corporations, or to prevent the spread of epidemics; to do anything for free education or to support hospitals or asylums. Government ought to interfere when it can promote the interests of its citizens. Everything is done according to law. The laws are made by men chosen from the people, who try to do the will of the people. Government is not a necessary evil—it is for the protection and progress of the people. The theory of government for which the negative contends is a *lazy affair*, instead of *Laissez-faire*. The gentleman from Chatham grumbles because, as he says, the State interferes even with marriage. That gentleman ought not to grumble, for he will never be married, if the State does not interfere." [Prolonged applause.]

Mr. D. A. Davis was the last speaker. He is tall. His manner is impressive and sometimes dramatic. He possesses a well trained voice, a forcible style, and he employed language emphatic and engaging. He made vigorous attacks upon his opponents, appealed to the patriotism of his audience, became eloquent in sentiments of liberty, and condemned tyranny in the strongest terms. He referred to Daniel Webster, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington as supporting

his views. This theory is an embodiment of the true principles of democracy. The *Laissez-faire* is called a theory, but it is a reality, weighed in the balances and *not* found wanting. The mainsprings of individual development are desires implanted within man; therefore to allow each man to seek his own gratification, in his own way, must result in the greatest progress in the entire body politic. It was not the State that developed the sciences which have made the nineteenth century the noonday of civilization. Equality of rights is found in our Constitution, and the first century of the republic clearly demonstrated the success of the *Laissez-faire* theory. Paternalism is inevitable when *Laissez-faire* is rejected. Paternalism, rather maternalism, is the mother of Socialism, Communism, Anarchy and Nihilism. "Paternalism is a hydra-headed monster, which carries in its bosom a brood of vipers that, in the end, will sting to death the dearest liberties of the people."

Mr. Davis, in comparing the probable fate of America to the ruins of Troy, rose to a height of eloquence and sublimity, so that his audience felt rather than heard.

"Mr. Davis, yours was the most scientific speech I have ever heard."—Prof. W. H. Michael.

The debate having closed, the vote was taken, resulting in a majority of one hundred and fourteen votes in favor of the affirmative.

At $7\frac{1}{2}$ p. m. the people again assembled, to hear the orators of the two societies. Mr. J. W. Lynch, of Leaksville, N. C., the orator from the Euzelian Society, had chosen the subject, "America holds the Future."

In a calm and earnest manner he advanced one ponderous argument after another, until his audience was held spell-bound. Once in our lives we felt that we were in the grand old ship of State, sailing on a smooth sea, while her so-called perils—Mormonism, Anarchism and Romanism—were nothing more than passing waves, washing the sides of a proud ocean steamer, which

> "Walks the waters like a thing of life,
> Seeming to dare the elements to strife."

Mr. G. C. Thompson, Wake Forest, N. C., was the orator from the Philomathesian Society. His theme was, "Across the Alps lies Italy."

Mr. Thompson has given much attention to elocution. His voice is well trained, his manner graceful, his gestures faultless. He graphically pictured the struggles and triumphs of great minds, especially in the progress of the sciences. His oration abounded in strains pure and beautiful. He often indulges in poetical flights, and his imagination is a rare gift, admired by all. The orations will appear in the STUDENT.

Chief Marshal, H. M. Shaw, invited the audience to a social gathering in the Literary Halls, and announced the close of the Anniversary. We hastened away to enjoy pleasures—more lasting? and profitable?

It would be unpardonable to close without mentioning the presence of a goodly number of young ladies, whose sweet smiles recalled to us, from the poet Burns:

"His hand he tried on man,
And then he made the lassies O."

Cupid was busy and soon became reckless. If you doubt my statement, please consider the following observations: First, it is leap year; second, the courting galleries were full to overflowing; third, and "lastly," far more than the usual number prolonged their stay till the "wee small hours" of the new day pressed them away. The moon, with sweet reflections, witnessed their quiet and solemn stroll homeward.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { FRANK B. HENDREN, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

—'57. Rev. A. F. Purefoy, who has been for some time in Connecticut on business, has been spending several weeks on a visit to his family here.

—'62. We most heartily congratulate the *Kinston Free Press* on its good fortune in having secured Rev. G. W. Sanderlin to take charge of its Agricultural Department. A thorough scholar, a successful farmer and of the highest type of North Carolina gentlemen, Mr. Sanderlin is pre-eminently qualified for the work he assumes, and *The Progressive Farmer* cordially welcomes him to the field.—*Progressive Farmer.*

—'77. We were glad to see in attendance upon the Anniversary exercises, Rev. C. W. Scarborough, of Chowan Female Institute.

—'79. Ed. F. Aydlett, Esq., a clever and prosperous young lawyer of Elizabeth City, spent a day or two on the Hill visiting his brother, while *en route* to Raleigh to attend the Supreme Court.

—'81. Rev. L. T. Carroll, late of Dainsville, S. C., is now pastor at Winlock, Washington Territory.

—'83. Rev. E. S. Alderman goes to Paris, Ky., to become pastor.—*Louisville Seminary Magizine.*

—'84. Rev. W. S. Royall becomes Assistant pastor at Savannah, Ga.—*Louisville Seminary Magazine.*

—'84. Prof. J. C. C. Dunford, of Judson College, was recently married to Miss Olivia Millard, of Goldsboro, and attended the Anniversary with his bride.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding has relinquished his former profession—that of teaching—and is farming at this place. We are glad to have him back among us.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson is editor in chief of *The Seminary Magazine*, published by the students of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. It will be remembered that he was, during his course

here, an editor of THE STUDENT. Do you read in this a suggestion of the importance and influence of our magazine?

—'86. Rev. J. L. White has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church Raleigh, N. C. The *Biblical Recorder* of that city has this to say in connection with the event:

"This step, on the part of Bro. White, was a great surprise to the church and to the citizens generally. Few, if any, had any idea of such a move. All was peace and harmony, the splendid church was never so prosperous or united, its outstanding obligations were either met or in due course of liquidation, and its meetings were all largely attended. Indeed, the church seemed on the high tide of spiritual and temporal prosperity. To Bro. White and his prudence and piety, much of this prosperity was due. God had signally blessed his ministry, and years of prosperity and success seemed opening up before him.

But our brother, after careful and prayerful consideration, deemed it best to sever his pastoral connection with the church. The church will hold him in loving remembrance, and point to his brief stay with them as one of the brightest and happiest periods of its history."

—'87. Mr. J. J. Lane is farming in Marlboro county, S. C.

—'87. Mr. Lee Vann is teaching at Franklinton.

—J. L. Webb, Esq., State Senator from Cleveland county, and a former student of this institution, has recently been appointed P. O. Inspector, at a salary of $3,500.

—Mr. E. C. Robertson, until recently one of our number, is now teaching at Vesta, Ark.

—We learn also that Rev. W. G. Jones, a student here during the fall term of the present session, is now in charge of churches in Washington Territory.

—We learn that Rev. J. H. Lambreth, pastor of several Baptist churches in this county, has recently had calls to quite a number of other fields, among which are Martinsville, Va., and Fayetteville and Durham, N. C., but to the delight of his churches here, and many friends generally, he has concluded to remain with us.—*Person County Journal.*

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—*Here*, with finances.

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—We have sent bills of back dues to several subscribers, not many of whom have responded. The STUDENT, like everything else, cannot live without money. Please let us hear from you at your earliest convenience.

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—The Doctor cured your little boy of a disease about to seize him for life, and you paid him $5. The STUDENT, by furnishing wholesome and yet attractive reading, has eradicated that morbid craving for *dime* novels and other trash which is often only a sugar-coated poison that will, in time, lead to disgrace and shame, and hurl the soul into eternity, a moral wreck. Do you not feel willing to pay us $1.50 for it?

—Boys, when you want goods, consult the STUDENT Directory. When you go to Raleigh, remember *our* men.

Mr. W. B. Wingate and Dr. I. G. Riddick are both married, but still you will find Riddick's is headquarters for drugs, and, if you need anything else, go to Wingate's, unless you want confectionery and toys, and then it is only one door to Marion Purefoy's. See "ads."

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

The following editorial appeared the other morning in the daily Boston *Journal*, one of the leading daily newspapers in the North, and speaks for itself. Remember, when you read it, young men, that it is not from a religious paper, but was written by the editor of a great political journal:

STRONG MEN FOR THE MINISTRY.

"In another column will be found a list of thirteen Boston churches without pastors. This is rather startling, and properly leads to search for the reason for this dearth of men fitted to fill these important places. At the headquarters of nearly all the denominations the answer is that the young men, the college graduates, are not entering the ministry in such numbers as formerly. The cry is for young men of earnest purpose. There is an idea abroad in our colleges that strong and vigorous manhood and life in the ministry are irreconcilable. There could be no greater mistake. Now, more than ever, is there need of men of strong and forceful character to carry on the great work of the ministry—men of ability and, withal, amply gifted with great store of sanctified common sense; men who will attract the young, and whose power will be felt for good. To build and mould and round the character to that shape is no small task; it is large enough for any man to lay hold upon and finish in a worthy way. The men

who make a success in the pulpits and parishes of our cities are not 'namby pamby.' They are men who would probably succeed in any line of life. They are strong men. There is room in the ministry for the college athlete as well as the college scholar, and vigor and force will tell for good as quickly there as anywhere else. It is just such hearty men that our churches need, and they would gladly welcome to the ministry the strength and force and might that marks men on campus and river, knowing that with it would come a greater power for good."

There is no field of life to-day that calls more loudly for men of strong brains and big hearts than the Christian ministry. Young men of brain and heart, what are you going to do about this thing? Are you a Christian?" "Yes," I hear one answer, "I am."

"Are you apt to teach? Have you gifts that fit you to lead others, or shape and fashion their characters?" I ask again.

"Yes," he replies; "I have some gifts as a teacher, am a fluent speaker, and possess some gifts of leadership."

"And why, then, do you not enter the ministry?"

"Oh, I haven't been *called!*" he replies.

"But your talents have been called. Hundreds of vacant pulpits and moral deserts cry aloud for them! You must answer for the use of those gifts —whether one, two or five. How can you escape the responsibility of thus using those talents in the highest and grandest way possible?"

The Christian who possesses talents that qualify him for the ministry, it seems to me, has *prima facie* evidence of the highest call to the work. Are you waiting for a vision, or a dream, on the subject? Few of us ordinary mortals are thus favored in these times. Certain I am, that I never dreamed a dream or saw any vision, but laid aside my law books and political campaign, from the conviction, deep and thorough, that I was making a poor, weak, mean use of the talents God had given me, and that I owed it to Christ and humanity to make the highest and noblest use possible of those talents.

Young men, what are you going to do with this question of a life-work? Take it to God in prayer, and see what the answer is.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Boston, March 8, 1888.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT MOUNT VERNON.

One would think that the 4th of July would be a gala day in Washington, and I guess it is sometimes. The Washington Monument and its associations, together with many other circumstances that would serve as reminders of the valor of those fathers of Liberty, ought to inspire the people enough to make them, at least, parade the streets with a brass band, followed by a herd of ragged urchins. But you remember it was the 4th of July, and it sometimes happens to be hot about then, and last year was no exception. Furthermore, Washington is not situated in the region of perpetual snow. It rained a day or so before, and the beautiful, broad asphalt streets didn't get muddy at all, but they acted about like a heated stove when you pour water upon it, and sent off clouds of suffocating steam and vapor, so to speak, which made it almost unendurable. I don't blame the people for not displaying their patriotism at that time, for it would certainly have melted if exposed to such wilting heat, as all but celluloid collars did.

It is not surprising, then, that the people all celebrated the day in the surrounding country. Many parties went on excursions to different places in the adjoiniug country.

Arlington Heights is a beautiful place, and receives its crowds of visitors. But the larger number spend the holiday by taking a pleasant ride down the Potomac to some picturesque spot, and there, after picnicing for the day, return in the cool of the evening. The writer was among this latter number, and it seemed, from the number of steamers, and the crowds on each one, that the entire city was floating down the river. Being desirous of seeking the shades of Vernon, we boarded the steamer W. W. Corcoran —named in honor of the great philotechnist and philanthropist, who has just departed this life, and who has done so much for this country, both in encouraging art and relieving humanity, giving in all about $5,000,000 to charitable objects.

The boat was, to say the least, crowded; some might say it was packed, and the man who said it was full to overflowing would not have missed it much. But that was a small matter; we were off intent upon pleasure, and we were not disappointed.

Five miles below Washington lies Alexandria, on the right bank of the river. Here the town, that is, the people, was, literally, on the river, and all who couldn't get a boat took the banks. There were vessels filled with gay crowds in holiday attire; the vessels all gaily decorated with flags that seemed to catch the spirit and ripple in the breeze with mirth. Others were preparing for the races. Indeed, the races were the attraction of the day. Now and then along came a tug, drawing a larger vessel, that would

remind one very forcibly of an ant carrying a dirt-dauber, only it kept puffing and blowing all the time as if it were about to give out. The row boats in which the races were run, between a Virginia and a Maryland crew, were very gracefully built—long, narrow and flat, the side only coming a few inches above water. The crew sat flat on the bottom, the one behind the other. Their oars kept time with the beat of the watch, and the boat glided over the dancing water like a thing of life. With a salute to the joyous crowd we pass on.

Here and there on the banks of the river, in some pretty grove, you can see a band of merry children delighted in some game, their little hearts running over with mirth. On a rustic seat beneath some shade, in a little more retired spot, you can see some older ones, whose hearts, even if they are not so merry, are just as surely running over with thoughts and words that tongue can but poorly express. The picture is completed by some matronly ladies, who seem to be in charge of the party, and are watching the sports of the children and retailing the latest gossip, while the baskets, always essential on such an occasion, sit conveniently near.

We pass several such parties on our way down. Indeed, the banks of the river abound in many places calculated to charm the eye.

Here our boat salutes another and is answered; they draw near to each other; hats and handkerchiefs are flourished in the air, and we pass on to Mount Vernon. We are reminded of our approach to it by the usual solemn tolling of the bell. The steamer steers for the right bank towards Virginia soil, draws up to the landing, and we set foot on the venerated soil, which once was pressed by the foot that led the cause of freedom to victory at Yorktown.

A winding road leads from the landing up the steep hill to the summit, where stands the dwelling. Besides the deep interest attached to the place, it is decidedly pretty. The grounds extend down to the bank of the river, sloping gradually until near its margin, where they break off precipitately. The brow of the hill is crowned by the quaint, old-fashioned residence, overlooking the river, directly in front, and its winding sheet, as it hurries on to meet the waters of the Chesapeake Bay.

It is a beautiful scene. In front and across the river, the blue hills of Maryland rise up, one above another, as they recede from the river. On either hand broad fields lie stretched along the Potomac, and here and there acres of woodland lend variety and beauty to the scene.

How well worth a visit is this favored spot! And, then, is it not suggestive to stand here on the 4th of July, to spend Independence Day at the home of the one who did more than any other one man to establish that independence? It is pleasant to sit here at his home, and think upon his noble deeds and those of his noble followers. We feel our hearts expand with love for our country and her true sons, and we say, "Sail on, thou ship of State, guided by arms as strong and hearts as true as those that

launched you, until the nations of the Old World shall sit at your feet and learn the true theory of government, and have their hearts filled with patriotism." It would be pleasant to spend an entire day with such thoughts, but we came to see, and so must be going. An artist had come with our party, and so, arranging ourselves, with the residence in the background, we let him take us.

We then enter the mansion, which is supposed to be as it was left by Washington. We are allowed to pass through one or two of the rooms, in one of which there is an excellent portrait of Washington, his sword and other things of interest. Several of the rooms are closed by little iron gates, so that we cannot enter them, but can see from the outside enough to gratify our curiosity. After looking at the bed-rooms, dining-room, etc., we stroll into the garden and through the park. The pleasant breezes and cool shades are delightful, when compared with the sultry air of the city.

We stroll down to the tomb of the departed hero. 'Tis a very unpretentious affair, simple yet neat. It is safely closed from the hand of the grave-robber by iron gates and walls. There, on the side of the hill, where he spent a part of his life, he lies buried; but 'tis only his mortal remains, for he lives in the lives of many of his countrymen, who strive to emulate his deeds, and will ever live in their hearts while Americans love liberty.

Of course, every one who visits his tomb wants to bring away some relic, and so an old darky stands ready to sell you a stick cut from the premises, so they say, or a little block of wood, or some other such trivial relic, and many are the pilgrims who come away with a relic, treasured because it came from Washington's grave.

The grave where he was formerly buried is very near. It is neatly enclosed, and covered with turf and wild clover. Besides the other relics, we plucked some blossoms of the wild clover and brought them away as relics and reminders. It would be interesting to analyze the feelings which lead us to prize these trifles—but the whistle of the steamer breaks the spell, and reminds us that our stay is at an end.

With reluctance we turn from these scenes; with reverence we take a farewell look at the house, the grounds, the tomb, and wend our way slowly down to the river's brink. With a peculiar, indescribable feeling of reverence and love combined, we cast one backward glance at the shade of Vernon, behind whose hills the sun is going to rest in the West. But the spell must be broken. We must quit the scene—it may be for years, it may be forever; but I am sure we join our companions on deck with greater love and respect for humanity, with an earnest desire for truth and right, fully convinced that "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and finding solace in the thought that,

> "The lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of Time."

W. C. Dowd.

"AMERICA HOLDS THE FUTURE."

I know of no better way of introducing my subject than to relate an anecdote that is told on a party of Americans in Paris. Just afte the late war they met together at a dinner-party. On this occasion various and sundry toasts were propounded, bearing not so much upon the past as upon the glorious future of America. In these discussions geographical considerations were very prominent, and the one idea elaborated and emphasized, was the unprecedented *bigness* of our country. "Here's to the United States," said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific, Ocean." "But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject: In assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States; bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising and on the west by the setting sun." Emphatic applause followed their aspiring prophecy. But here a third speaker arose—a serious looking gentleman from North Carolina. "If we are going," said this truly characteristic tarheel, "to leave the historic past and present, and take our manifest destiny into the account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our countryman who has just sat down? I give you the United States, bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the day of judgment!" These boundaries, I presume, are a sufficient basis upon which to build the future.

I desire to say in the beginning that the hopeful view I have dared to take of the future finds a sufficient apology in the pessimism of the present. Ours is the age of the *dark* side. The air no longer pulses with the flowery rhetoric of the Fourth-of-July orator; it is now black with the sulphurous fumes of the pessimist. Socialism, anarchy, ruin, death are the all-absorbing topics of the day. The prophet of evil has penetrated the future and painted it black. He sees Mammon riding in his chariot of gold and grinding thousands beneath his ponderous wheels; intemperance, a hydra-headed monster, devouring the life-blood of the nation; Mormonism, an eating cancer, gnawing at its vitals; Roman Catholicism, a giant with growing locks, biding his time to pull down our temple of government; immigration, a tidal wave of destruction, undermining our institutions and bearing upon its crest the scum of Europe; socialism, a pent up volcano, whose smouldering fires of discontent are ready to break out afresh; anarchy, the maelstrom of destruction, toward

which the ship of State is drifting—this, the picture the pessimist paints. Lord Macaulay has predicted that America will fall in the twentieth century as did Rome in the fifth. And our own Joseph Cook expects to see this land bathed in blood, and the fabric of its institutions torn to shreds by civil dissensions. In short, Dante's Inferno does not hold horrors more hellish than those which threaten the future of this country. That these are grave and vital questions, I shall not presume to deny; but there is no need for despair. America is not the child of chance. She was born in the mind and thought of God, and there is folded in her future the eternal purpose of her maker.

The alarmist views with dread akin to horror the rapid spread of socialism. Evil though it is, both to be feared and fought, it is refreshing to reflect that it is European and not American in its origin. It is an exotic, the offshoot of tyranny, born in infidelity and nourished on discontent. Europe is the hot-bed of such growths, and to Europe its votaries must look for recruits. In the land of triumphant democracy it must wither and fall. The greatest triumph of modern democracy was the trial, conviction and execution of the men who abused its privileges and sought to subvert its ends, and this, too, in a city where eighty per cent of the population are of foreign descent. The socialist may and doubtless will continue for a time to blockade streets, hurl dynamite and kill policemen, but learning, statesmanship, respect for law, love of justice, patriotism, religion cannot be blown up by dynamite—and these are the nation's dikes. We are a people of mercurial temperament and much given to excitement, but in the hour of peril we have never failed to do our duty and do it well. Underneath the froth and filth that ever rises to the surface, flows the deep and strong current of public opinion that will eventually sweep it into the sea of oblivion.

We are told, moreover, that wealth and power are centralizing, and that this fact forebodes our speedy destruction. It is true that much wealth is fast passing into the hands of a favored few, but after all this may be regarded as a hopeful sign for humanity. With few exceptions the millionaires of America are philanthropists, first to respond to every cause that appeals to the benevolence of man. The Girards, Peabodys, Coopers, Corcorans, Rochefellers, Bostwicks, Carrs are benefactors of their race, and deserve to be recognized and esteemed as such. It is not infrequently the case that the minister takes for his text the camel and needle and preaches the rich man straight into perdition, but when he needs an endowment for his college or a few thousand for missions he knows where to go. There are men living in marble mansions who will wear as bright a crown in eternity as Spurgeon or Moody; for he who contributes his means, honestly accumulated and wisely and generously bestowed, renders as great service to God and humanity as he who gives his brain and muscle, for money is both. I believe God is going to use the concentrated and consecrated fortunes of America

as a lever for tearing down the walls of superstition and the up lifting of fallen humanity.

Roman Catholicism has, undoubtedly, done its worst. It has never repudiated the essential doctrines of Christianity. True, they have been perverted and covered up with the rubbish of ages, but the root is there, and it will yet grow Heaven's choicest flowers. The dead limbs—the infallibility of the Pope, the confessional—are falling off. Bereft of these the tree will yet blossom in beauty. In the Catholic Church, so much despised and universally dreaded, there is much to love and emulate. In practical religion, as well as in zeal for propagating their faith, Catholics will put Protestants to the blush. Marry Catholic works to Protestant faith, and we will take the world.

Intemperance is our greatest foe. Against this monster let the thunderbolts of a united Christendom be hurled. It is not enough to cut off a head here and there by local prohibition. The wound must be seared, or, like the fabled monster of old, seven more will grow.

The only practical solution of the temperance question is the power of the Church.

Prohibition can never succeed until it is supported by public sentiment. The ministry moulds public opinion. Show me a minister who has labored long and well in a community, and I will show you a people who think as he does. The ministry must take a decided stand against intemperance, and then temperance reform will extend from pulpit to pew, from pew to poll. A church must be built where the bar-room stands, a Sunday school opened in the drunkard's home—we must save the child, and the man will save himself. Let us hope that our Republic, the infant Hercules among the nations, will yet be able to strangle the serpents that are sent to take his life.

Having thus briefly noticed some of the perils that menace our safety, I pass to our present advantages and future possibilities. Surely America is God's storehouse of energy for the amelioration of the condition of the human family. Three million square miles of territory, fifty thousand miles of navigable streams, a half million of railway and telegraph, iron, lead and coal enough to supply the world for a million ages—these are the alphabet that spell out the future. In the vastness of our resources there may not be a fortune for every man, but there is a home; and a home in America, blessed with peace and plenty, is better than a palace in Europe. There is not an honest workingman in the United States, who is not happier and more independent than the autocrat of all the Russias.

In the domain of thought, as well as in the field of action,—in theology, ethics, law, politics, education, history, romance and poetry, we are abreast of the world; and in the realm of science Americans are the acknowledged pioneers, exploring and marking out the way in advance of all other nations. In a few years Niagara Falls will be bottled up in the form of electricity and shipped to all parts of the world as the motive power

of the future. The Nicaraugua Canal already exists in the mind and pocket of the capitalist, and ere long the twin continents will unclasp their hands, and the Atlantic and Pacific be united in the bonds of marriage. The New York *Herald* was to-day printed and sold in the streets of Paris, and carried by a hundred flying trains to every part of Continental Europe. Deep down in the ocean's bed, where lie the wrecks of vessels, bones of animals and skeletons of men, by day and night, in storm and calm, flash those currents of American thought, breathing new life and energy into the cold bosom of Europe.

In addition to our material advantages over other nations is that of race. Our's is the Anglo-Saxon race. To one studying the origin, growth and characteristics of this race, it is not hard to see that it is to dominate the world. In origin it is the youngest, in growth the most rapid, in composition the most complex, in characteristics the most favored of all the races. From eight millions scarcely two centuries ago, it has increased to over a hundred. A century hence it will number some seven hundred millions in the United States alone. These numbers are large, but they are coming—coming for bread, for home, for liberty. We are a composite people, an amalgam of many mixtures, tending, according to the best authority, to produce a stronger race and higher civilization. "The Anglo-American is the king of men. He possesses all the powerful and commanding nature of the Anglo-Saxon; the clear, cool head; the sober, calculating mind; the regard for law, the obstinate adherence to justice; but fused and fired by the pure, bright air of America into the go-ahead and tireless energy which endures no delay and brooks no opposition." He is the controlling type, the leading element of our future population.

With comparatively few exceptions, immigrants are assimilated and incorporated into the nation as fast as they come. The majority are ambitious, sturdy, honest, patriotic. They have contributed brain and muscle to the development of America, and would shed their blood in her defence. In the name of oppressed and starving humanity, I say let them come. If Christianity cannot manage them here at home, then in Heaven's name let us stop sending missionaries abroad. At the present rate of increase the land will soon be full. What then? A race for existence. The result will be as it has ever been—a survival of the fittest. This means that the negro will have to go—peaceably if he will, forcibly if he must. Like Israel in Egypt, he brought his plagues, and, like Israel, he will have to go. His mission here is almost filled. For brawn and muscle he has received learning and religion. Beyond the sea his future lies. He came here a slave, he will go back a missionary. *Negro suffrage, society, civilization are a failure, a fraud, an outrage, and soon or late the North will find it out.* For twenty years and more his would-be friends have propped him up.

They armed him with the ballot, stuffed him with Latin and Greek, clothed him with civil rights, and yet they have failed to make him an American citizen. A hundred years hence there will be no room for props —every man must struggle for himself. Then the negro will have to go, crowded out by the superior numbers and energy of this all-powerful race.

Soon this Anglo-American race will spread itself out over the North American continent—Canada, Cuba, Mexico will be incorporated into the Union. "On to the ocean!" will be the cry. The Atlantic and Pacific, that wash with never-sleeping waves our eastern and western coasts, will mark the confines of this mighty race. Throned between two oceans, this giant will stretch forth his hands to Europe and Asia, holding in the one the torch of Liberty, and in the other the Book of Truth. Here it will set up its empire, the pole-star to which the eye of struggling nations shall turn. Then will the poet's dream be realized, and his prophecy find fulfillment in the achievements of this race,

"Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the batte-flags are furl'd
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

Then will it begin to shape the legislation and control the destiny of mankind. Its own characteristics, personal liberty, pure Christianity, love for commerce, indomitable energy, will be imprinted upon the nations of the earth. Its influence is already felt in every quarter of the globe. Monarchy is doomed. Our example stings and goads the restive democrats of Europe into revolts and revolutions. The Genius of Liberty, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at the tyrant's bidding. All the armies in Europe cannot put this down. Across the Atlantic the cry is borne, "Come over and help us." Ireland looks to America. She writhes and groans, and begs for bread and liberty. Poor Ireland! Thy cries will yet be heard, thy reckoning day is coming. For every tear England forces from thy eyes, her own blood will flow in torrents. God speed thee on, America, in thy Heaven-sent mission. Pull down the walls of tyranny, disband the armies of might, break the shackles of the enslaved lift up the fallen and oppressed.

And what part is the South to play in the great drama of the future? As it has suffered most in the past, it is meet that it prosper most in the future. It may never be as rich and populous as the North, but its skies will ever be the brightest, its daughters the loveliest, its sons the bravest. Already is being quickened, not the new, but new life in the old. Its dry bones are moving. The warm breath of the nineteenth century is breathing a living soul into its cold bosom. It has long slumbered, but it is not the sleep of death. Its locks shorn by the war are growing out again, its eyes, long blinded by ignorance, are opening to the light of learning, its limbs, once fettered by slavery, are free. The giant is rising up.

Last summer I stood upon the rotunda of the Nation's Capitol, and looked down on the beautiful city that lay at my feet, for beautiful it is. To the south flowed the broad, beautiful Potomac, as it rushed down from

the mountains and widened out into the sea. Far down the river, nestling among the trees that line its banks, was Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington and Mecca of Americans. At the further extremity of National Park rose that lone shaft of marble until it seemed to kiss the skies and crown its top with fleecy clouds, symbolic of the life of him to whom it is errected and whose name it bears. Just over the river, crowning the eminence of a lofty hill, could be seen "Arlington Heights," the home of Lee. And standing there I turned toward the South—the South, land of the palmetto and the pine, of fair women and brave men, of warm hearts and helping hands—the South, where lie burried the blasted fortunes and blighted hopes of a lost but fondly cherished cause—and I thought of the future. Ay, that is the thought that thrills. From the dome of that Capitol I peered down the vista of future ages. Along the heights the lights were burning. I did not read in the book of destiny that the South is ever to be as beastly prosperous as the North, and I do most devoutly pray it may not be. To make money is not the chief end of man. The East will continue for the most part to manufacture the goods, the West to raise the grain and cattle, but the South will yet excel in statesmanship and literature. Do you ask me why? I answer that climate, soil, rivers, mountains, flora, fauna, civilization, race, religion—all combine to make this the native home of Poesy. Our climate corresponds more nearly to that where most of the great bards have lived and sung; our civilization is less materialistic than that of the North; our religion is not tainted by isms, and our field of literature is as yet untouched. Political ambition has been the curse of Southern youth. Had they devoted themselves to letters instead of politics the literature of the South would compare favorably with that of the North. The history of the South has not been written; we dare not write now, but the time is coming when the story of our wrongs and sufferings will be told, and the world will be glad to hear it. The Shermans, Blaines, Forakers and South-haters will then be dead, and only their loathsome memory will live in the hearts of the people they have outraged and slandered.

I am proud that I live in this age so pregnant with future possibilities; where there is so much for which to live, to labor and to hope. I rejoice that I was not born in *ante bellum* days, when there was nothing to do but to live. I am glad that I was born in the darkest hours of my country's history, that my infant eyes first saw it bathed in blood and shrouded in the darkness of gloom. I want to help it, to be one of a million young men to mend its shattered fortunes, to bind up its bruised and bleeding hearts—to lift it from the ashes of destruction to the highest place on earth. This is our sacred duty, our glorious destiny.

The South does not need foreign immigration or even northern capital. Our growth must be from within. We need young men—young men well furnished in mind, pure in morals,

strong in faith, noble in aspirations, to stand fair and free and fearless upon the mountains of thought, and shout to the twentieth century, "Come on, we are ready for you!" Then will the South shine forth in her beauty, that shall eclipse the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

We may likewise ask, what is to be the religion of the future, and how is it to affect the destiny of mankind? We are told that science and humanitarianism are to be our only religion. I don't believe it. As long as there is a God there will be a religion, and as long as there is life there will be a God, for He is its only source. There are two sides to the world in which we live—a material and an immaterial. In the one we feel, taste and smell; in the other we think, love and hate. Until the immaterial becomes the material, there will be a God, a Bible, a Christ. The church of the future will have more of humanitarianism and less of creed in its polity. We have been preaching the soul into paradise and sending the body to the poor-house. Why not save both? The time is coming when more importance will attach to how a man lives, and what he does, than to the mode of his baptism and manner of his worship. Better believe wrong and live right than to believe right and live wrong. Creeds are going to die, but Christ will live forever.

A broad and liberal spirit will characterize the church of the future. If I mistake not the signs of the times, a revolution is imminent among the various sects, tending to a consolidation of power and concert of action. God speed the day! Had all the time and labor wasted in quarrels and controversies over Greek verbs and prepositions been employed in preaching the gospel, the millennium had long since dawned. If any one sect is right, and all others wrong, Christianity is a failure and the world is doomed; if, on the other hand, all that make for God, virtue and immortality, are branches of the true body, it is a grand success. What mean these union services and international meetings of all denominations? It means that the narrow walls of prejudice and bigotry are crumbling away, that all faiths are being fused into one, that Christendom is coming together, and a united Christendom means a conquered world.

The development of science is not to be feared. There can be no conflict between a divine religion and a divine science. Both are thoughts of God, and both are true. Not science and religion, but their blinded votaries, are at war. The result of the contest we cannot foresee, but we have nothing to fear—only the fearful are afraid. In the clash and clamor of the conflict I say let truth prevail though the heavens fall.

Materialism, not science, is most to be dreaded. It comes like a wave from the infernal regions; it steals noiselessly upon the shore; it is undermining the nation's faith. Better pull down the dikes civilization has reared, and give the world back to the sea of barbarism, than to tear from man his faith in a higher power than himself. The safety of our country

does not lie "in thick moated gates and high raised battlements," but in the faith, virtue and wisdom of the people; and when wisdom ceases to build her temple in the American mind; when virtue is no longer native to the American heart; when faith relaxes its hold on the infinite God—the darkness of death will fall upon the ruins of this Republic, and from the grave of our departed glory, in the gloom of a shoreless night, the ghost of a once proud civilization will wail the requiem of a ruined world.

On the coast of Spain there is a rock seventeen hundred feet in height and two miles in circumference. At its base there is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, while from its rugged sides a thousand cannon frown, ready to sweep the strait with murderous fire. For ages the powers of Europe have tried to wrest this stronghold from England's hands. The waves have lashed its base, the lightnings kissed its summit, shot and shell have been poured into its sides, but still it stands, strong and immovable, the lone monitor of the Mediterranean. Christianity—pure, positive, practical Christianity—is the Gibraltar of America. Revolutions, dissensions and upheavels may come, but against the storm and fury of the maddened sea the Rock will stand, for it is the "Rock of Ages."

Long live the United States. O long through the ages may it stand, the light-house of the world, the home for the homeless, the asylum for the oppressed. The prayer of our poet is the prayer of us all:

"Thou' too. sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wind and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale,
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

J. W. LYNCH.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS.

As my name is now consigned to obscurity, you will pardon me if I relate in this simple story a few incidents, in which it was my fortune, or misfortune, to play a prominent part.

There are episodes in the tide of men's affairs which, for the time being, are regarded as mere matter-of-fact incidents, but long afterwards, when time throws about them a romantic

halo, just as distance lends enchantment to the view, they loom up as a beacon light on a distant hill, towards which we are compelled to look.

I remember that I had just returned from college, with haggard countenance and emaciated form, to spend vacation at my home in Western North Carolina. You can easily imagine how fondly I embraced every opportunity to regain my strength and revive my desponding spirit. Being, from my cradle, a passionate lover of nature, her smiling landscapes and flower-clad hills, her silver-decked skies and bright sparkling rills, it was natural that I should now turn to her and bow at the shrine of her graces.

It was a bright morning in July, while the dew was yet glistening in the sunlight, that I was leisurely strolling along a rural highway, meditating on the exqusite loveliness that encompassed me. The fields and forests were clothed with flowers of the most delicate tints, symmetrically arranged by nature's own hands. Amidst these scenes my soul, caught up on balmy zephyrs, was wafted away like the flight of an eagle into an ideal realm. Led on, as a blind knight by a fairy queen, into regions I knew not where, when the strange spell that fettered my brain relaxed, I was shocked to find myself amid scenes none the less pleasing but strikingly unfamiliar, now wending my way along a quiet glen, the supreme stillness of which was unmarred, save by the soft murmurings of the rivulet which played by my side and the ecstatic voices of the birds in the air. The foliage and vines, whose tendrils were delicately intertwined, clustered so densely over my head that the light of the King of day was shut off, save an occasional broken ray.

How long I had been wandering, and how far I had come, I know not, so absorbing had been my thought. "Can it be that some mysterious, invisible hand has led me thither? and, if so, for what purpose can it be? How calm is my spirit! Surely, it cannot be an evil omen, that bodes no good, or my instinctive nature would bear the impress. And, too, my environments are so pleasant—verily a haven of rest. Truly, a friendly hand guided me to this spot, and for some fortune of mine, I know not what. Or is it all a dream? Am I a rational being, or has some fiend stolen my life?"

Here my reverie was broken by sweet music, scarcely perceptible over the distance. Though faint, there was a strange sweetness for which I could not account. Nearer and nearer, louder and louder, grew the swell, till, enchanted, I stood speechless, with ears erect, eyes distended and gaping mouth, eager to catch every wave of that strangely melodious tune. Now, dimly through the distant verdure, I espied the shades of angelic white forms, and as the throng approached more fully into view, to my supreme satisfaction I saw the figures of seven beautiful damsels, all clad in stainless white, advancing with smiles and laughter, interspersed with joyous talking. The one in front, who appeared to be queen of the party, bore on her bosom a guitar, which she played with a dexterous hand. Fol-

lowing in order was a company of bright-eyed swains, for the narrowness of the glen made traveling in this way necessary. Knowing not what to do but meet the issue, I bowed with all the worshipful grace that I possessed as the maiden in front neared my place.

"My courteous friend," said she, "pardon me; I know not who thou art, but if it is thy pleasure to accompany Viola Hart, we will show thee as lovely a heath as ever thou didst see, where a bubbling fountain, clear and deep, and viands rich with choicest flavor, shall satisfy thy craving and make thy heart leap."

"Most hospitable maiden, my name is Anthony Lockhart; but why I am here I can hardly tell, for over me came a strange spell, and through the woods and winding hills I steered my way to this murmuring rill. My ears were saluted by a sweet anthem ere I saw this approaching seraphim. So, coming to this position, I must lay to fortune's dictation. Therefore, if it be thy bidding, I will escort thee willingly to any place soever thou couldst lead a lover."

Enchanted by her matchless beauty and the sweet melody of her lute, I could think of nothing save purity, and said only what was true.

Now it was possible for us to survey a huge table, on which was spread the dainties of every clime, clear under the canopy of blue skies. Would that my capacity to describe were equal to my voracity to devour what on that table was spread, than which a prince could no better desire. There were sweet meats and sour beets, cucumbers and cakes, with pies of green grapes; kisses and hearts and forget-me-nots; bananas, pineapples and dates, all arranged in exquisite taste. To the right was a fountain of pure, fresh water to quench thirst and quicken the appetite. From its perennial flow, I was told, he that drinketh would never grow old. Well might this be termed one of nature's palaces, for on every side there arose a wall of nature's own build and decorated with her own artistic skill, the top of which lay bare under heaven's canopy.

The programme of the day was arranged designedly for the enjoyment of all. Some were intent on success at croquet, others laughed at each other's repartee; the brains of some were taxed with draughts; others preferred to walk and talk along nature's verandas. Some sought the daisies and plucked the roses; others lurked hard by the fountain, as if hoping to imbibe the germs of perpetual youth.

But as for me, my mind would dwell far off in another realm, for something within longed to speak to Miss Viola *tête-à-tête*. While standing near the fountain, I observed, across the hill and winding down, a telegraph line bearing a bucket for the fountain bound. As if possessing human reason, the old bucket submerged itself in the pool, but when an effort was made to return, the apparatus accidently succumbed. Thrice did I see the time-worn bucket quiver and surge, and then grow deathly still; but to give assistance I could not, for the machine was strangely new. A short time

intervened without the occurrence of anything of interest, save the incessant glee and boisterous exultation of the happy crowd. But soon the flying steps of a steed were heard coursing over thc stony road, and almost instantly into our midst was rode a fiery black with quivering flesh and swollen nose, bearing a rider whose countenance bore the marks of intense excitement, for his brow was contracted and his eyes flashed fire, as he said:

"My friends, yon telegraph stretches over marshes and cliffs to a dwelling on a distant hill, where lies a fair maiden, gasping for breath;" and his tones grew pathetic. "Hither was sent by lightning express an empty vessel for a fresh draught to extinguish the flame now consuming her flesh, and by some fiendish hand it has been retained. So hither, by a long circuitous route, I have come for the scalp of him who is guilty of the deed;" (and his face colored like crimson as the last word fell from his lips). In reply, stepping forward, I said:

"My good friend, I alone was standing by the fountain when the gliding bucket refused to rise, bnt what was the cause I cannot tell, and to lend assistance I knew not how. So the sad mishap must be attributed to fate."

"Thou villain, thou wretch," said he, "you have caused the death of one dear to me, for which your blood shall pay the penalty." And he leaped from his horse and sprang, with glittering dagger in hand, at my uncovered breast. I caught his wrist, and with the strength of my manhood let him have my fist. Then seizing his larynx I dashed him groaning at my feet. Here some friends, who happened to be near, interfered to save the wretch's life. Bearing me in one direction and he in another, I saw nothing more of the fiend for the time being. But I observed that my shirt bosom was bespattered with blood, which I judged to be from a wound made on his head. After I had sufficiently recovered my reason so as to reflect on the bloody affray, I was made to suspicion that some unseen cause had instigated that desperate assault. This suspicion became a certainty when I was informed by a confidential friend that this same man, whose name was Junius McDonald, resided just over the way, and had been for some time a close attendant on Viola Hart; that this same McDonald had been in our company early in the morning, but, Miss Hart having manifested a preference for another, had departed abruptly, rending the air with threats on his more successful rival. Here lay bare the whole mystery—the phenomena at the fountain, the pretext of an expiring maiden, had all been preconcerted to thrust through my heart the fatal knife. But rather than mar the enjoyment of the day, which had begun so propitiously, my friend and I swore to smother in our breasts these sad reflections, for the combat, which had taken place a few rods distant, behind some densely set foliage, was yet unknown to the company. And not till this day has the charity of that silence been broken, though years have elapsed since the sad affray.

How strange had been my experience in the short space of a few hours! It all seemed like an airy vision. But now I began to come to a realization of my true situation, and strange, inexplicable forebodings came over me, producing in my nervous system a deadly apathy and rendering my physiognomy unusually serious. But time, the great healer of all diseases, soon began to obliterate these melancholy reflections, and after a few hours I was again jesting in the midst of the jolly dinner party. Blithe for me! that other passion which, at one time or another, enters every human breast, now for the first time began to shed a bright halo about my remorseful heart. Welcome, ye joyful sunlight that dispels from the human breast corroding cares, though it endureth but for a moment!

Ah, the whole course of human existence seems to be mere ceaseless alternations of sunshine and shadows; but, just as the shadows make the sunshine all the more welcome, so the occurrences of this morning, which were so foreign to my nature and breeding. and which soon caused such a remorse of conscience that my soul seemed to burn with real fire, only magnified the intrinsic worth of purity and peace as exemplified in the character of Viola Hart. She more and more elicited my admiration, until I was lost in a passionate desire to do her homage. And she was worthy of homage, for a fairer maiden I had never seen; even Venus would find in Viola a formidable rival. To me every intonation of her voice, accompanied by involuntary flashes of her laughing blue eyes, was the very essence of sweetness. Her dark, flowing locks overhanging her arched forehead, cast a delicate shade over her rose-tinted features, adding to her countenance unusual freshness. She was of medium height and clad in stainless white, which seemed so fitly to symbolize her spotless character. About her neck was suspended some plain jewelry and on her hand was worn a diamond ring, but withal she seemed to be a model of simplicity. There was something in her mien so dignified and irreproachable that my attachment was not blind infatuation, but possessed all the reality which supreme confidence in the virtue of an angel could inspire. It was while in her presence that I concluded, after all, the deplorable scenes through which I had passed were but the entrance into endless bliss, for I seemed to be standing on the shores of unspeakable peace.

Alas! for me! I was never more mistaken. As I had played a prominent part in the tragedy of the morning, I was destined to play a still more conspicuous part in the comedy of the evening.

Just above a grass-covered mound, on which I happened to be reclining, was placed a melon of superior quality to serve as a parting meal. Now, one Miss Jenny Roland—the very embodiment of mischief, who had already during the day not a few times laughed me out of countenance, so that I smiled as if to mock myself and scorn my spirit that it could be made to smile at anything—espied the melon, which had been crushed by some in-

dolent knave previously occupying the mound. I was utterly chagrined when Miss Roland, casting her hawk eyes at me, raised the cry, which rang out like an electric bell: "Who ever heard of a fellow 'making a mash,' sitting on the grass."

I cannot describe my consternation. While I felt a proud sense of innocence, which ought to have *ruth*-lessly shaken off the calumny, still, had there been a shadow of escape from the taunting crowd, I should have availed myself of it, though it were to accompany the wolves of the adjoining hills to their caves. But, worse still, the wrath of the entire party now began to fall on my unprotected head in a manner not unlike the fiery darts of Zeus and his council of angry gods. I was at once put on trial for the crime of "sitting on the grass and 'making a mash.'" And I do believe, had it not been for able counsel I should have been convicted and ostracised, and my name would have gone down to posterity as a vile culprit. But, fortunate for me, there happened to be in our company an eminent advocate, a young man of fine talents, who had already distinguished himself, both at the bar and on the hustings. When the court was ready for business I was ushered into its august presence. How I was provoked when Miss Rowland continued to croak: "Who ever heard of a fellow 'making a mash,' sitting on the grass?"

Here my advocate, with all the dignity of his profession, raised his voice in my behalf: "*Ladies and gentlemen, friends and foes*, hear ye my voice in behalf of insulted innocence. Anthony Lockhart, here arraigned for a gross violation of the laws of *polite society*, is a youth of good breeding and dignified proportions; for him to be guilty of the charge alleged against him is for nobility to be guilty of infamy; it is to erase the distinctions between manhood and servility; it is to degrade the virtues to the level of vices; it is, in short, the denial of external truth and the obliteration of the eternal fitness of things. If my intuitions are worthy of consideration; as surely as all knowledge is based on the *a priori* concepts of the mind; as certainly as conscience is an unerring and irrefutable guide to right action; relying upon the uniformity of nature, conceived and perfected by the hand of an omnicient omnipotence—I declare before heaven that Anthony Lockhart can no more be guilty of this offence than can the sparrow, instead of singing, turn to hooting like an owl, or yon crystal fountain, instead of running pure water, begin belching forth polluted blood." Here my advocate's voice was drowned with applause, and the entire party, *ad unum*, not only declared my innocence, but actually confounded me with their ebulitions of praise and congratulations, and no one was more hearty in this than the witty Miss Roland.

Here the scene changes. The young attorney, who had so ably defended me when I was sorely in need, was called away on pressing business. It was with a sad heart that I bid him adieu, for his genial disposition no less than his good services had won my love. The warm grasp of his hand, in

return for the gratitude which I duly felt towards him, made me to taste of the cup of true friendship, which hides a multitude of sins, and makes life worth living. I cannot describe the sensations which thrilled me when, after laborious climbing for more than half an hour over crags and precipices, we emerged from the ivory and spruce which thickly environed our ascent upon a broad open summit, taking into view a vast Eden land. We were in the vicinity of the Pilot, standing on one of its prominent spurs. Several hundred feet below where we were standing almost perpendicularly the waves of the Yadkin were lashing against the opposing rocks, which produced solemn harmony in the murmuring noise which reached our ears. Far to the west, as our eyes followed the white face of this meandering stream, until like a silver thread it faded out of sight, there extended along in plain view the blue crest of the lofty Appalachians, from whose bosom the fountain of this noted stream proudly leaps forth to run its course exultingly to the sea. It was an enchanting scene. The sun, whose rays were now falling thick on these mountain ranges, cast over them a golden hue, which finally ripened into an exquisitely beautiful violet. Ah! methought, yon spot is fit rather for a council of angels than for a habitation of men depraved and wicked, for the scene filled my ideal of Paradise. On the lower eminences, ranging along either side of the river and overlooking the expansive bottom lands adjoining the water's edge, stood imposing mansions of the *ante-bellum* stripe, still marked by their pristine magnificence. From these happy homes the honest tiller of the soil looks out over fields verdant with luxuriant crops and avows with complacency that an alwise and beneficent Providence will assuredly reward faithful labor, else He would not have said, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." During the time I was scanning these interesting scenes, by a sort of spontaneity I kept near by Viola Hart. I think I whispered in her ear sentiments of love, though the words fell from my lips *sua sponte*. For more than two hours we had occupied this elevated position, and the entire party, except Miss Rowland and her friend Mr. Edgar Lewis, had long since left us for their respective homes. The sun was now fast setting in a clouded atmosphere. The loveliness of the scene was vanishing.

"O my mamma! how anxiously she is awaiting our arrival! we must be off," said Viola looking wistfully across yon pale face to a mansion on a distant hill, where a faint light was flickering through the drapery overhanging a front window. "It seems to me," she continued, "the roar of the river is growing harsher, and those clear placid waves which we looked down on but an hour ago appear slightly foamy and rugged. Look! is not refuse floating on its bosom? What can this mean? I feel very peculiar; I fear we have lingered too late."

"O pity us!" answered Miss Roland, "I noticed, just as we reached this place, a heavy dark cloud impinging on the western horizon, but after

a few flashes of lightning it vanished; so I kept silent. I fear there has been rain ahead." But we moved on toward the place where our boat was landed. Encouraged by Mr. Lewis, who, being trained in such feats, assured us that the passage could be safely made, we embarked and the spot whence we started was soon lost in the darkness as we steered out on the foamy waters. There were ou bursts of joy from our party, but each one, as by some awful fore-sight, grew deathly still; the low moaning of the waves, and the steady clash of oars, alone broke the dread and ominous silence. The pale light of the moon, refracted through intervening clouds, formed hideous spectres on the rugged surface. The ladies were seated in the centre of the boat and a more touching picture I have never seen than when from my post in front through anxiety for their safety, I beheld them in each other's embrace, with heads together and eyes downcast, though not a whisper uttering. "O heavens, my life I lay down freely, but grant the deliverance of these fair faces!" From the rear Mr. Lewis cried, "Bear to the left; fatal rapids are on your right." Though faint and weary, for we had resisted a violent stream for some distance by sheer exertion, knowing that life or death hung on the effort of the moment, I linked the courage of my soul to the strength of my limbs, hoping by one desperate stroke to ride over the rapids upon the placid surface beyond. When we were on the verge of a safe delivery, and hope was lighting up our faces, with a tremendous crash my oar fractured, almost capsizing the boat, and by the merest accident I avoided being submerged head foremost. A wild shriek rose from the centre; I looked instantaneously, but those sweet faces had disappeared. "O heavens! O thou, the eternal God! hast thou forsaken us?" My first impulse was to throw myself into the waves and perish too, when my friend Lewis cried, "be not alarmed; the fair damsels have only swooned; they are safe within the boat; seize that oar lying at your feet; work for life or we perish!" But my strength was gone and friend Lewis was growing weak. Thither into a whirlpool of rapids we were dashed; the water was splashing into the boat, when a light appeared approaching along the shore. "Help; come quickly; only a moment of existence is allotted us! Help for the fair and radiant maidens, Jenny Roland and Viola Hart!" No sooner had the last word fallen from my lips than a strong cable was thrown within reach, which, seizing, I fastened to the prow, and in a moment we were riding on calmer waters to the place of our landing. By this time the ladies were recovering, their disheveled locks flowing about their frightened countenances; but their sad hearts were beguiled into smiling when they saw near by the light on the hill. But our deliverer! All hearts were turned to him. Who should he be but Junius McDonald, he having seen us embark at night fall, and knowing the adventure to be perilous, had come forthwith to our assistance. How was I to meet him? Can I regard him as my friend who but this morning sought my life?

Yes ,I forgave him, extended my hand, and observed to him that he had much of the milk of human kindness in his heart, whatever else there might be there. My friend Lewis embraced him, and the ladies showered on him their favors and blessings. Perplexing thoughts racked my brain. "Who has been the real deliverer of Viola Hart? For this will he ask her hand and will she give it? Better for me that a mill-stone were hung about my neck and cast into yon current than to see it thus." Here malice got the better of my generosity, and I was for challenging him to mortal combat on the spot, but he was off. On taking his leave I observed Miss Viola grasped his hand fondly, and on his speaking something to her in a low whisper she smiled. That smile brought a tear from my eye. As we passed out thence through the fields of indian corn, whose long blades, wet with the evening mists, were variously reflecting the clear light of the moon which, since the direful tragedy, was unobscured by intervening clouds, I was reminded of the innumerable hosts on the plains of Arbela, with glittering shields, plumed helmets and silver-tipped bayonets, oscillating in the breezes. But these scenes only elicited a passing notice. The mansion before which we now stood, situated on an elevation above the surrounding level, was antique in appearance, but with marks of past splendor and refinement. A long avenue, on either side of which clustered vines decked with violets and lilies, led up, beneath wide branching oaks, to the front piazza; thence we passed beneath swinging chandeliers into classic halls and apartments, inviting and hospitable. Here I longed to pass my days, delving into those dusty volumes of forgotten lore, for which I have always had a peculiar fancy, but time and destiny hurries me away. But I came near forgetting. Before this, however, I had pressed my suit to its ultimatum, to which she replied, with a sigh and a tear amid blushes, that it could never be, for her hand and heart were pledged to another. Soon after my departure thence fortune wafted me away to the far west, and now here, under the shadow of the rockies, with my heart intent on gold, forever estranged from woman's love, I often wonder by what decree of fate I was led during that day through so many checkered scenes, strange and unfamiliar, the last of which is to this day wrapped in mysterious shadows.

ANTONIUS.

EDITORIAL.

LET THEM GO.

In a previous issue we endeavored to point out some of the evils arising from the system of marks and medals. The sentiment therein expressed received the endorsement of a number of our exchanges and many others. The question of the abolition of the medals is now being agitated, by both professors and students, and will probably be submitted to the Faculty and two Societies at an early day. Pending the decision, we again desire to record our vote in favor of a "clean sweep." That the medals are a nuisance to the college and a positive harm to the students, is, we believe, pretty generally admitted; but the proposition to abolish the Society medals is likely to evoke some opposition. The two Societies annually give five medals, one each for the best essay and for most improvement in oratory, and one jointly for the best contribution in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. It is argued that this last stimulates students to write for their magazine. This is questionable. It is very seldom that an article is prepared solely with a view of its taking the medal. Most of the contributions submitted for this purpose are orations and theses, composed for objects other than the medal. We are inclined to the opinion that the abolition of the STUDENT medal will not affect the magazine in the least.

It is further maintained that the medal for improvement in oratory is necessary to good work in the Societies. These arguments are all *a priori*. Because the work is good with the medal, it by no means follows that it would be otherwise without it. On the other hand, is it not true that the Societies have come to rely on the medalists for the debate? Members often excuse themselves for the lack of preparation and faithful performance of duty, on the ground that the competitors want all the time. In this way a few men monopolize the debate, and the Society, as a whole, reaps but little benefit. That medalists make decided improvement in speaking cannot be denied, but do they not lose more than they gain? All neglect their studies more or less, and some abandon them altogether. The habit of "cramming" is by no means confined to the class-room. We see it in the Societies—in the broad assertions, inaccurate statements and ridiculous conclusions that we are forced to hear. One speech well prepared and delivered is better than a half-dozen of the air-splitting kind; better speak once a month, and do it well, than to *half* do it every week. The finest speaker that has ever gone out from the Euzelian Society, spoke only when on for duty—then he had something to say and said it well.

It should not be overlooked that awarding of this medal is often unsatisfactory and unjust—necessarily so. The Senior Class constitute the judges. They are to award the medal to the man making the most improvement during the year. Half the time they are absent, and had just as well be absent the other half, so far as concerns a fair and intelligent vote. Where eight or ten men are in the contest, it amounts to little more than guess work to say who has made the most improvement.

We are also opposed to the retention of the declaimer's medal. It has never benefited the Societies, and has, in not a few cases, hurt the men receiving it. Besides, it is beneath the dignity of an institution like this to devote one evening of its Commencement week to the recitation of "Regulus," "Asleep at the Switch," and such like pieces, that have been spoken until they are threadbare.

We believe the time has come for the abolition of medals. They are detrimental to mind, body and soul—they narrow the mind by confining it to one channel; they injure the body by close confinement; they impoverish the soul by neglect of religious duties; they provoke jealousies; they encourage dishonesty; they alienate friends. They have lost their former significance, and are no longer an index of worth. True worth will always shine brighter than gold. Genius needs no sign nor symbol to advertise itself. If a man is an orator, the world will find it out. One good speech is worth a dozen medals outside the college walls. The world is growing sick of appearances. The colleges are making less D. D.'s than formerly, and the world is applauding. O for more Carlyles to hate and fight shams! O for more students who study because they love to study, not for the hope of reward, but for the intrinsic value of knowledge. *Esse quam videri malo.*

J. W. Lynch.

WOULD IT HELP THE SCHOOLS?

A great deal has been written and said about the Blair Bill. It has passed the Senate, and should it become a law some think it would give great progress to the cause of education, especially in the Southern States.

Public free schools, in most States, are mainly supported by local taxation, which is a sore vexation to many tax-payers. In view of the fact that the funds in many of the Southern States are insufficient to make the schools a success, it would seem that the Blair Bill would indeed be a great help to them. But does it not contain many objectionable features, and would it not, in the end, serve rather to impair than to advance the cause of education?

Aside from the serious doubts as to the constitutionality of the measure, and the objection to it as tending to encroachment upon the powers and duties of State governments, there are, to the most sagacious friends of public education, even more potent objections to the proposition. The bill would require a change in the school age established by State legislation. Indeed, while it would, only

for a time, furnish the States with a limited fund, it would require a general change of the State system to make it conform to the Federal system. Without considering the effect which this must have to create opposition to public schools in the States, and to arouse jealousy and distrust on the part of those who now favor public education as a State measure, it is worth while to consider where the schools would be left in three or four years, when the Federal Treasury surplus had been exhausted.

The school age of many of the States is between eight and sixteen, and they maintain schools from five to seven months. The scholastic population in these States would be increased 20 per cent. under the Blair Bill. It would require to maintain schools in these States the number of months as now attempted, an addition to the available school fund of 20 per cent. from the Federal Treasury. Granted that in the apportionment contemplated these States should secure that increase, the schools would be maintained no longer per session, and at the end of three or four years, when the Federal contribution was withdrawn or exhausted, these States would be required to increase the school tax very largely over the present rate, to provide funds for the school population under the extended scholastic age. Some may assert that the scholastic age could be contracted to what it had been, but this would be difficult. After the Blair measure had forced radical changes in the State system of public education, in three or four years, when the new system had been well organized, an immediate change back to the old system would be required, or tax-payers would be required to double their contributions for the schools. Confusion and disorganism would probably ensue, to the great injury, for many years, to the cause of education.

If the Southern States are disturbed in the steady progress which they are making in this direction, and the people of these States shall learn, though only for a short term of years, to depend upon the Federal Treasury, they will be disposed to suffer the schools to languish when again called upon to provide the means of support, or else to be satisfied with nothing short of a national system of public free schools, supported wholly by the Federal Treasury. The Blair measure, if adopted, must grow into a permanent Federal school system, supplanting the educational departments of the States, or else these departments will be thrown into confusion, from which will spring a strong party in every State opposed to State and local taxation for schools. It is thought that the best friends of public education are the strongest foes to the Blair Bill.

D. T. WINSTON.

THE SYMPOSIUM.

The "Symposium," which appeared in our last issue, we are glad to note, has received the avowed approval of that class of boys for whom it was intended, namely, the better class of boys, who have a decent regard for

law and order, and are not indifferent to the manifest principles of honor and manliness. It has had an effect of a very different kind, however, on that other class of boys—happily a very small class—namely, those whose vicious propensities will brook no remonstrances, and who are sunk head and ears below the plane of common honor. We refer more specifically to that class whose members will break into a recitation-room in the night-time, and, after the manner of a sneak-thief, steal certain valuable books belonging to a professor, and then, having escaped detection, enter the same room on another occasion and steal all the wood in the rack. You may say this is a hypothetical case, but, if it is, it serves admirably well to illustrate the character of the class we are talking about; and just such a class, will, perhaps, be found at all colleges where two hundred boys are collected together. Another actual case, even worse than the one just supposed: Scarcely can a lovelier spot be found in the State than the campus in spring-time. A number of flower-beds have recently been tastefully laid off and set in the choicest and rarest flowering-plants. Some one, impelled by an irresistible propensity for meanness, clipped a number of the young plants before they had bloomed, and left them lying broadcast on the ground. We say that an act of this kind is meaner than stealing, simply because it is prompted by an abnormal desire of inflicting injury on the public without any provocation whatever, and without the hope of any personal benefits accruing from it.

Now, such deeds as these should be unreservedly exposed. But, of course, the offenders in these particular cases are secure in their secrets, if they keep silent themselves, for we cannot believe for a moment but that three-fourths of the boys in college would have already reported them had they known them.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

AMELIE RIVES.

It is said that great political revolutions are generally followed by periods of literary activity. The truth of this statement is seen in the literary tendencies in our own South at the present time. We have a score of young authors, of whom any section or any country might justly be proud. One of the most prominent of these is Miss Amélie Rives, of Albemarle county, Va. A brief sketch of this brilliant young authoress may not be uninteresting.

Her grandfather, William Cabell Rives, was Minister Plenipotentiary to France in the early part of the present century, and it was during his ministry that his son, Alfred London Rives, the father of the young authoress, was born. Miss Rives, herself, was born in Richmond, Va., in 1863. She received the beautiful name, Amélie, in honor of her aunt, who was born at Paris, and to whom the queen of Louis Phillipe bequeathed her own name.

Miss Rives is described as beautiful; a rosy country-girl, with golden-brown tresses. She is a fine equestrian; fond of sport and out-door

exercise. From childhood she has been of a morbidly sensitive nature, thoughtful and studious. Her first published work, "Brother to a Dragon," appeared in the *Century Magazine*, under the anonymous title of "A Visiting Friend," and was received with much favor. Quickly followed a number of other stories and short poems, which have, perhaps, received more notice than any other recent literary productions from the South.

Some one has said that Miss Rives dips her pen in herself and writes, and another has added, "the productions must be sweet."

Her works show a highly imaginative mind, a truly cultivated style, and, at times, thoughts sublime enough for maturer years.

F. B. H..

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Things which seem most obvious to one looking on, are sometimes passed by unobserved by the leaders of an enterprise. In fact, a man can, generally, see better another's business than he can see his own, and especially is this true when he doesn't try to see his own. Everything goes wrong to him—except, of course, himself. I hope, however, I'll not be classed among this number, if I say that our law-makers have not done their duty in regard to instituting an international law (if such a thing can be done) between the United States and other countries, to the effect that all renegades and outlaws shall be surrendered, if found, to the country from which they come. Of course, I don't mean that the United States shall make these laws by themselves—which would be an impossibility—but that they take means of making such a treaty with other nations.

The very idea that, because a man crosses the boundary line into another country, he is exempt, should be banished from the heads of our people. "It is neither manly, good, godly, nor right," and should not be tolerated. If a man commits an outbreaking sin against society he should be prosecuted for it to the uttermost limits of civilization. It is not enough that one country should be rid of him—humanity should be rid of him. His tracks ought not to be seen, save in the jungles of Africa, or the snow-bound regions of the poles. The old custom of ostracism—not ostracism from home, but ostracism from civilization—should be his portion.

I am not sure but there has been some talk of instituting means for getting hold of such rascals as those who skip with the funds of banks, but if any decided measures have been settled upon I am not aware of it. Our Congressmen should see to it, for all good people want this law, and will have it at some near day.

GEORGE C. THOMPSON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.—The presidential campaign is already practically upon us. It bids fair to be the most earnestly waged of any in all the history of the country. The two great political parties will each make strenuous efforts to carry the country at the polls. The tariff will be the paramount issue. There is now scarcely the vestige of a doubt in the minds of any well-informed politician that Mr. Cleveland will be the candidate presented to the people by the Democratic party for re-election. His name at the head of the National ticket will have the prestige of four years' successful administration. He has largely shaped and moulded the issues upon which his party will rely in the campaign.

There is at this time not the least certainty as to who will be the candidate of the Republican party. An elaborate canvass was recently made by the Philadelphia *Times* in several of the strongest republican (and some doubtful) States, to ascertain the preferences as to a presidential candidate. The result of this canvass was certainly not encouraging for the party. It shows no crystallization of public sentiment as to any one candidate. There is no doubt that a large majority of the party desires Blaine, but he is nominally out of the race. Next comes Sherman, and after him—well, almost any one of pronounced republican proclivities.

EMPEROR WILLIAM I.—Germany is in mourning over the death of her venerable emperor, Frederick William, which occurred on the 9th of March. One has felicitously said, "his cradle was rocked at the close of the eighteenth century and his grave was dug near the close of the nineteenth." He was born on the 22d of March, 1797, and was therefore in his 90th year at the time of his death.

He was crowned King of Prussia in 1861, and Emperor of Germany in 1871. His reign was signally prosperous. In his boyhood days he saw Prussia cut in halves by Napoleon. The royal family were fugitives and the country was bleeding at every pore. Then it was that the queen mother wrote: "We have fallen asleep on the laurels of Frederick the Great."

During his reign, the confederation of the North German States was brought about and he became emperor of the German Empire—of which Prussia is the leading State. Germany has during the past ten years become one of the strongest military powers on the continent of Europe.

He was succeeded by his son who was crowned Emperor of the German Empire under the title of Frederick III.

CHIEF JUSTICE MORRISON R. WAITE died at his home in Washington, on the 23d of March. He was past the age of 70 at the time of his death, and

therefore was entitled at any time to be placed on the retired list with full pay. He was the fifth man to hold the chief justiceship on the Supreme bench of this country. He was appointed by President Grant in 1874, after Hon. Geo. H. Williams and Hon. Caleb Cushing had both been named for the place and rejected by the Senate. Hon. Roscoe Conkling had also been tendered the appointment by Grant, but declined it.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

—Dr. Yates gave Richmond College $1,000 a few days before his death.

—The Presbyterians of Atlanta will soon establish there a denominational college.

—Harmony Grove, Ga., is preparing to issue bonds to build an $8,000 school-house.

—The management of the Indian School at Hampton, Va., is to undergo a Congressional investigation.

—J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have recently donated to the Secretary of the Teachers' Assembly $100 for the new building at Morehead City.

—It is stated that the people of Arkansas are much interested over the Blair Educational Bill, and it is becoming quite an issue among the politicians of the State.

—There are 40,000 Indians of school age, but when every school is well filled only about 12,000 can be accommodated. This includes government schools, Roman Catholic schools, and all.

—The recent anniversary exercises of Howard University is reported to have been a great success. Forty-two graduated. The institution has more than five hundred registered students.

—Mr. J. J. Coghill, of New York City, a native of Virginia, gave Richmond College, some years ago, $500. He has recently enlarged the gift with a deed to 337 acres of land in the best portion of Virginia.

—The Danish Minister for Ireland has recently announced that, at the University of Reikjavik, the only institution of the kind in Iceland, lady students can be permitted to attend all the classes of the theological department, except those of practical theology, and can be admitted to examinations in exegesis, dogmatics and church history.—*Independent.*

—The largest and most widely organized college society is said to be the College Young Men's Christian Association. "It exists in nearly three hundred institutions in the United States, Canada, Japan, China,

India, Ceylon, Syria and Turkey." These institutions have over eleven thousand Christian students connected with them.

—Dr. Asa Gray, the great American botanist, who recently died, said, in reference to Darwinism: "I am, scientifically, and in my own fashion, a Darwinian; philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the 'creed, commonly known as the Nicene,' as the exponent of the Christian faith."

—The new Berlin school for the study of Oriental languages has one hundred and fifty students, forty-five of whom are preparing for the diplomatic and colonial service. There are about as many who expect to be teachers and naturalists or explorers, the remainder being merchants and clerks. The Arabic and Chinese classes are most numerously attended, the Japan and Turkish coming next.—*Ex.*

—The Trustees of Columbia College recently passed a resolution establishing another department in the Collegiate Course for Women, which corresponds to the Post-graduate Department of the College in the School of Arts. By this new course, women who have taken the degree of Doctor of Arts or Master of Arts at Columbia, may pursue a higher course of study for the degree of Doctor of Letters or Doctor of Philosophy. The resolutions provide that this course shall not be less than two years.

—The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, on the 16th ult., was duly incorporated. The objects of the incorporation are set forth as: "(1) To enable teachers and friends of education to meet for discussion of educational questions; (2) to give them an opportunity of hearing the opinions and methods of distinguished specialists in the various departments of the teacher's work; (3) to aid teachers in securing situations; (4) to afford the means of combined action in obtaining such educational legislation as the best interest of the State may demand."

—H. J. Furber, Jr., a young man not yet twenty, is preparing to found a great university in Chicago after that of Heidleberg. He will devote $1,000,000 as an inducement for other citizens to join in the movement. He is a graduate of the late Chicago University, and is now in Berlin studying philosophy under German masters.—*Ex.*

—A bill has passed the Senate, which provides for the establishment of an industrial boarding-school upon every Indian Reservation having a tribe of five hundred or more adults, and for the teaching of all branches of useful labor, in addition to the usual studies in primary schools Nothing in the act is to prevent the education of Indian children in schools outside the reservation, without the consent of their parents or guardians; and the five civilized tribes and the Osage Indians of the Indian Territory are exempt from its provisions. That the Roman Catholics will, in the event of the enactment of this bill, push for the control of those schools, is indicated by the fact that Senator Vest,

in his remarks preceding the passage of the bill, declared that the best Indian schools on the continent were those conducted by the Jesuits—a remark which only illustrates the degree of ignorance a Senator may possess on some subjects, however able in others.—*The Interior.*

It is claimed by many, and cited as a sign of progress, that the methods of teaching now in vogue are far superior to those of a half century ago, and that the lately prepared text-books are such a great improvement on the old ones, that the acquisition of learning is greatly facilitated. Such may be true; but there were many fine scholars produced under the old system, and the old-time teachers, with all their faults, inspired some boys with the elements of greatness, the results of which would doubtless favorably compare with that produced under the new *règime*. It remains to be seen whether the boys who have these modern advantages, and are "mounting Parnassus by gentle windings, softly reclining on the cushions of a palace car," will excel those who climbed the rugged heights.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

A NEW and popular edition of the novels of George Meredith is to be started soon.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, of Brooklyn, has added $25,000 to his previous gift of $100,000 for a new library building at Yale.

THE HARPERS will publish a volume of stories by Miss Amelie Rives, a Southern writer who has grown quite popular in a short while.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS will publish shortly in two volumes the life and letters of George Perkins Marsh, by Caroline C. Marsh. Mr. Marsh was one of this country's most distinguished scholars.

FRANK R. STOCKTON is said to be at work upon a story longer than any he has yet written.

PROF. FRANK H. FOSTER of Oberlin University, has completed a book explanatory of the German Seminary method of original study in the Historical sciences. The book contains many valuable suggestions to our colleges.

THE BOOKBUYER for April presents as a frontispiece the portrait of James Whitcomb Riley, a poet and humorist of some recent note. The same number contains an interesting sketch of his life and characteristics.

THE SCRIBNERS have in preparation a volume of poems by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "Befo' de War." Mr. Page's "Marse Chan and other stories" have long since made him popular as a delineator of negro character.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS' volume of stories, "Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches," has been issued in cheap form by the Scribners.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE announces a "no name number" for next month. Several popular writers will contribute, and it will remain with the public to guess their identity.

ROBT. LOUIS STEVENSON'S "Treasure Island" has been republished by Roberts Brothers, with numerous illustrations. This is one of the most fascinating of all the stories for boys that has been published since De Foe's day.

A PORTRAIT of Miss Amèlie Rives is given as a frontispiece in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. Miss Rives contributes a novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" the longest story she has yet written. In the same issue may be found a brief sketch illustrative of Miss Rives' habits and peculiarities by .....

"UNCLE SAM AT HOME" is the title of a book by Harold Brydges, the point of view being that of an Englishman writing for the instruction and edification of his countrymen. The author finds many things that are odd and amusing in our manners and customs. As is usual in such cases, some of his comments are just and others grotesquely extravagant.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been translated into Italian.

MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL, author of "Prisoners of Poverty," is in London investigating the condition of the working women. The results of her work will be embodied in a book.

"IN spite of all the chivalry due to a young and beautiful woman, and that woman a Virginian, it is necessary to say that 'The Quick or the Dead,' the first long story written by Amèlie Rives, is an hysterical and entirely morbid novel. It is hard to imagine how a vigorous Southern woman, fond of outdoor exercise, and a lover of nature, could write such an unhealthy novel. Everything about it is false to the best instincts of a sensible woman. It is certainly not colorless. One might call the love-making gross, were it not so ludicrous: as recently demonstrated in Mr. Finck's book on Romantic Love, it has become a refined and complex art, which is intellectual as well as emotional. But, according to this novel of Miss Rives, love-making is almost brutal in its manifestations." * * *

The above criticism is taken from *Life*, a magazine published in New York, and hence a prejudiced one. I have not read "The Quick or the Dead," but if it is a sorry story it is not in keeping with her other work. As for Mr. Finck's notions on love, any one who has read his book must admit that it is a poor reservoir to go to for true life. It is nice to read; but there's no science or common sense in it.

Why Winter lingers in the lap of Spring,
With such apparent zest would seem most queer;
But doubtless now the minx to him doth cling—
It is Leap year!

H. E. W.

Like a beautiful flying bird it came
Out of the sunlight and breath of Spring;
I could not name it by any name
Half fair enough for so fair a thing.

Into my life and my heart's deep heart,
Bringing a song and a laugh—a dream,
Sweet tears, glad silence, and that strange art
That makes Life's shadow like sunshine seem.

Safe on my breast, with swift wing still,
And dear head nestled, it long had lain;
I could not dream that the yearning thrill
For flight would waken, ever again.

But out of my life it swept one day,
With song and silence and shadow-flame;
And I never knew by what unseen way
It came and went—nor its unnamed name.

Mary Anige DeVere.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

An Ocean Waif.—He was picked up on the morning of March 21st about three miles from Wake Forest, probably borne thither by the storm of the previous night. He proved to be a wanderer from the circumpolar seas, and a member of a small family of birds which are graceful swimmers and high and rapid fliers. Among the scientists who study birds he goes by the name of *Crymophilus fulicarius*, and his popular name is hardly more euphonious—Red Phalarope. His breast had a thick coat of feathers, and the much compressed legs and lobed toes showed clearly that he was made for the water. Given the freedom of the room, the little stranger made no effort to escape, but seemed quite at home, and soon dropped down on its white breast duck-fashion to rest. He would start up and shake his tail if approached too suddenly, though by being gentler one might stroke him with the hand. Was this his first introduction to human beings? and was his tameness due to the fact that in the far north he and his ancestors had been free from their persecutions? Mr. Darwin, speaking of the birds of the Galapagos archipelago, says, "The few dull-colored birds cared no more for me than they did for the great tortoises," and he tells of killing them with a switch and of punching a hawk with the muzzle of his gun. His conclusions about the matter seem to be correct: "1. Wildness of birds with regard to man is a particular instinct directed against *him*, and not dependent on any general degree of caution arising from other sources of danger; 2. It is not acquired by individual birds in a short time, even when

much persecuted, but in course of successive generations it becomes hereditary." But our ocean waif evidently had some natural enemies, otherwise one interesting feature of his behavior could not be explained. Whether sitting on the carpet or floating with consummate grace on a basin of water, he would depress his head and seem to diminish the size of his body when approached from the other side of the room, and as you passed by him he would tilt over toward you as if to put his inconspicuous wing and back between a possibly hostile observer and his white side and breast. This was observed a number of times in a number of different situations. Several times he rose and flew toward the lighted lamp from the darker side of the room. Once he alighted on the marble table and assumed his resting posture on a crocheted mat beside a Bible, Ruskin's Præterita, and Flint's Anti-Theistic Theories. The scene proved not a little suggestive,—this little wanderer from the polar seas thus composed and unabashed amid the symbols of man's highest achievements. Almost immediately after being put into an aquarium with some tadpoles he recognized them as dainty morsels and proceeded to capture them with his admirably adapted bill. He was delighted with his new environment, and stretched his shoulders and flapped his wings in the water, and then quietly dressed his feathers. Now and then, however, as if stirred by some memory, he swam violently against the sides of the aquarium trying to get out. Finally, after five days of interested observation of him, I found him one morning dead in the aquarium, his pathetic posture as he floated on the water being quite as graceful as any he assumed in life.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

—Spring!

—White dresses!

—Evening strolls!

—Senior speaking on the 27th.

—The hard rains badly washed the campus walks.

—Mr. Vann preached an appropriate sermon to the children, on Easter Sunday, from Leviticus, 5: vii.

—The "spring fever" is now raging at Wake Forest; many students are down. Drs. Taylor, Royall, Reece, Manly, and their colleagues, are in attendance.

—The college lost but $4.41 in the failure of the State National Bank of Raleigh, its funds having been withdrawn from that bank, some time ago, and deposited with the Citizens' National Bank. Some of the students and citizens, however, lost more or

less; Mr. W. J. Wingate lost about $2,000.

—Dr. Hufham was here on the 2d inst.

—Mr. Edgar Cheek was recently on the Hill for a few days.

—Mrs. P. G. Fowler, of Louisburg, *née* Miss Lizzie Dunn, is visiting her father, Mr. W. B. Dunn.

—Rev. C. S. Farriss left, a few days since, for New York, in the interest of the Students' Aid Fund.

—We are glad to state that Dr. Simmons' health has been much improved. He is expected back in May.

—Mr. A. C. Livermon, one of our old students, who recently graduated at the Baltimore Dental College, spent a few days on the Hill last month. We noticed in the papers that Craige was Secretary of his class.

—Dr. Taylor delivered a very entertaining lecture last month on "The Secret Service of the Confederacy." Dr. Taylor was in the service during the war, and probably knows more about it than any living man. We should like to see his lecture in the *Century*.

—The College Library was lately enriched by the addition of the theological library of the late Rev. J. F. B. Mays, D. D., of Apopka, Florida. The collection bequeathed to the college numbers about one hundred volumes and contains some rare and valuable books.

—The two Societies have engaged the Iardella Band, from Richmond, for Commencement. This is Kessnich's famous band, that has been here for a number of years, with the exception of the Captain himself, who has organized another band. They promise to give us more and better music than ever before.

—The Class of '88 numbers seventeen—eighteen, if the young lady member be given a diploma. Of this number, seven, Kesler, Ward, Buchanan, Howell, Wooten, Pendergrass and Lynch, will enter the ministry; three, Winston, Hendren and Kitchin, will study law; three, Simmons, Lineberry and Carmichael, will teach; Woody will study Chemistry, Thompson Science, and Holding is undecided.

—An alumnus, in a private note, says: "I simply wish to express my satisfaction at the progress the STUDENT is making. It continues to get better all the time. Let's have other 'Symposiums' such as the last. The boys are right in the view they express, and I hope to see it carried out. Not the Faculty so much, but the students are the ones to keep order."

—Important changes in the college curriculum are now under consideration. It is proposed to abolish the B. L. and B. S. degrees altogether, making four years the minimum time in which a degree can be taken. We believe the proposed change will meet with universal approval among the friends of the college. There are alumni in the State who reflect no special credit on the college, for the simple reason that they got through too soon and too easily.

—On every side the question is asked, "Can't something be done to

stop the rude behavior of the students at the train?" Not only the railroad authorities, but the travelling public are making complaints. Almost every evening ten or a dozen boys run from one side of the cars to the other, staring and grinning at the lady passengers as if they had never seen one before. This is not only rude in the extreme, but it is mean, low and vulgar. Students who do this are not only lacking in common politeness, but even in good breeding. For the sake of the large majority of our students who know how to treat ladies with politeness and respect, we are glad to say that this class of boys is very small; still it is large enough to injure the college and the rest of the students, inasmuch as all must bear the blame. There used to be a regulation against students going to the trains without special permission. This regulation was repealed and the matter turned over to the Societies. In spite of the stringent laws passed by them the complaint is still general. Something must be done. Let every boy who loves his own mother and sister unite in the effort to check those who would insult the mothers and sisters of others.

—One of the most enjoyable occasions of this session was the entertainment given by the Ladies' Aid Society in the big chapel on the evening of the 4th inst. Notwithstanding the short time for rehearsals, the affair was a success in every particular. The exercises consisted of tableaux, statuary and Mrs. Jarleys wax works. All acted their parts well. Mrs. Theo. Dunn personated "Mrs. Jarley" in such a manner as to elicit the continuous applause of the audience. "The Snow Angel" and "The Artist's Dream" were sublimely beautiful. The receipts for the evening were $61, which did very well, as the admission was only twenty-five cents. The success of the entertainment was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Poteat and others, who worked almost day and night preparing for it.

—The medalists in both Societies are now on the home-run. Lights can be seen in the halls every night till late hours.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, Dr. Matthew T. Yates, the foremost missionary in the Baptist Church, having borne himself in the fight against heathenism like a bold and stalwart knight of the glorious olden time, has fallen in the thickest of the fray, meeting death while faithfully serving his Master, after having lived an humble and devoted Christian life; and,

Whereas, He was once a student of this college, a member of the Philomathesian Society, and at the time of his death a son of Philomathesia, one whom we all loved to honor, and whose noble career we all loved to recount; therefore be it

Resolved 1st. That we, as a Society, receive with the deepest regret the announcement of his death.

2nd. That the cause of Christian Missions has lost one of its most zealous and enthusiastic workers.

3d. That his self-sacrificing devotion to duty furnishes us an example well worthy of emulation.

4th. That we extend our tenderest sympathies to those upon whom the shadows of his death have fallen thickest.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of our Society, published in the STUDENT, the *Biblical Recorder*, and sent to the bereaved family.

W. C. DOWD,
R. B. LINEBERRY,
C. G. WELLS,
Committee.

Wake Forest College, March 31, 1888.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITORS, { DAVIE T. WINSTON, FRANK B. HENDREN.

—'45. Matt. T. Yates, D. D., the most distinguished of Wake Forest's alumni, was born in Wake county, N. C.; died in China on March 31, where he had labored during the last forty-two years. He was regarded by many as the ablest missionary who has ever left America for a foreign field. More will be said about him in the next issue of the STUDENT.

—'54. T. H. Pritchard, D. D., of Wilmington, N. C., has recently been appointed a delegate-at-large to represent American Christianity at the World's Missionary Conference, to be held in London, June 9–19, 1888.

—'55. Mr. P. W. Johnson, of Wake Forest, N. C., has the oldest and finest Le Conte pear orchard in the State; also about sixty varieties of grape. Mr. Johnson is thoroughly devoted to the nursery business.

—'68. Prof. J. B. Brewer, President of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, intends to make the advantages of his school equal to the best; he has recently added many valuable books to the Institute Library.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Wake Forest, N. C., will preach the Commencement Sermon for Thomasville Female College. He will also deliver the address to the graduating class.

—'76. Dr. W. C. Powell, Wake Forest, N. C., will deliver the Alumni Address at the approaching Commencement.

—'78. Mr. F. R. Cooper is practicing law at Clinton, N. C.; also editing *The Caucasian*, a breezy local paper.

—'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Winston, N. C., was recently married to Miss Kate Johnson. He is Cashier of the Gastonia Bank—has not gone to Canada yet.

—'84. Rev. W. S. Splawn has accepted a call to LaGrange, Ky. He reports himself well and happy.

—'84. Mr. W. H. Kornegay is yet Principal of the Richmond High School, and, we learn, is making quite a reputation as a teacher.

—'86. Rev. E. P. Ellington has moved to Greensboro, N. C., where he has charge of a missionary station and two or three good country churches.

—'87. Our J. B. Carlyle is Principal of a flourishing school at Lumberton Bridge, and, in addition to his school duties, is reading law. He expects to attend the summer session of the Law School at Chapel Hill.

—Mr. O. T. Smith, who recently quit college on account of his health, is traveling in the interest of the *News and Observer*, and reports himself greatly improved.

—Rev. J. D. Newton, a former student of this college, has, during the past year, been studying at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. He has recently been appointed a missionary to Concord, North Carolina.

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THEY WERE "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING."

In these often vaunted times of progress in art and civilization, these times, when man has rendered the once wild and unknown forces of nature submissive to his dictation, we are rather much inclined to feast on the benefits, as the hog does on the acorns, and never think how we came by them. We grow wild with enthusiasm in portraying our near approach to absolute perfection in every respect. We sing aloud the praises of those whose efforts, we think, are consummating the millenium of all things possible. The cry is, "See what has been done!" The mass of the earth swings the pendulums which accurately measure time for us. The weight of the atmosphere causes a column of mercury to indicate the heights of mountains. The trackless ocean, around whose shores fragile crafts once clung, fearing to venture far on its fabled horrors, has become the most intricate system of public highways. The energies of nature, which for long years lay undiscovered in the sparkling rill and majestic forest, have been combined in steam and bridled to do man's bidding. Electricity still flashes across our sky, all ablaze with threatening and defiance; yet this same force has been tamed to man's control. Whence these developments? We usually regard the past fifty years as having brought about all these varied improvements. A little consideration will convince us that this is not the

case. Before going further, however, I must say that nothing in this article is intended to indicate that the God of nature is not the true source of all our advantages and the one to be praised for them ; but, for developing, combining, and rendering serviceable to man forces which nature's God has stored up for us, let us give honor to whom honor is due.

For the past one hundred and fifty years the steady tread of progress in inventions and scientific investigation has been almost continuous. We can look down the long lines of inventions, and see how one thing has opened up the way for another. And yet, while we see one invention bringing on another, and see many advances which seem to depend largely on the circumstances peculiar to that time, still we can see an occasional man towering above the commonality, lifting the veil of ignorance and letting the rays of the hitherto unknown fall upon the masses, just as the tall mountain peak splits the clouds and lets the undimmed sunlight light up the surrounding hillocks. Of the whole mass of mankind, only a few deserve to be ranked as mountain peaks ; only a few merit distinction. The rest are largely parasitic—parasites in literature, in art, and in inventions and progress of all kinds. Not, perhaps, so clearly marked a parasitism as the hermit crab, but nevertheless parasites, deriving sustenance, making a fortune, reaping fame from the results of other men's labors. Could we muster in one mighty phalanx that long line of pilgrims who have crossed into the beyond, how *few* would we find that have distinguished themselves in original investigations ; how *few* who have done more for their fellows than their fellows have done for them ; how *many* who are mere passive recipients of the sunshine and rain which fall alike on the idle and the diligent. However, we would see, standing upon the shores of the unexplored realm of nature, some few whose lives and labors were not buried with their bones. Oh ! ye illustrious heroes whose achievements stand out as beacon lights for succeeding generations, how is it ye chanced upon such success ? The answer comes stealing back to us :

" The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Toiled upward through the night."

Well, what has all this to do with us ? Does not every man have to work out a support for his brief existence in this world, in the sweat of his face ? I would say yes and no, with emphasis on the *no*.

We live in an age of steam and electricity ; an age of railroads and telegraphs, and it is with difficulty that we can imagine how people one hundred and fifty years ago did without them. The story of reaping-hooks and wooden plows, of the old-fashioned hand-loom and spinning-wheel seems almost incredible.

To whom are we indebted for all these improvements ? Of course, we cannot say to any one man alone. If we could, I should say

JAMES WATT.

He it was that harnessed steam to do our work for us. He it was that made possible all our manufacturing.

We call upon Watt for his application of steam to pick our cotton, spin it and weave it; we call for the same power to plow our fields, reap the grain, thresh it and turn the mill which grinds it. How many, many inventions in the way of machines would be fruitless if they had to be turned by hand or run by horse-power? True, Watts' mother reprimanded him for idly standing around the kettle, lifting off the lid and watching the steam rise and fall; and yet we are indebted to this same idleness for being able to do in one day more than we could have accomplished in a life-time without it. Mention some of these wonderful benefits? Why, I scarcely know how I would mention anything else. Did you ever sit down in your room and count up the articles, the production of which was not effected, either directly or indirectly, by the application of steam? Try it. When you have it all written down it will not be difficult to add. It will be a short column. Sit down to dinner, and what could you eat that has not, in one way or another, felt the power of the steam engine? Go to your wardrobe, and find a *single article* of clothing which does not owe its production to old James Watt's steam engine. No wonder Wordsworth should say: "I look upon him (Watt), considering both the magnitude and universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country has ever produced."

But if we are to honor men in proportion to what they have done for us, we must bring into account the energy and ambition which guided the genius of

GEORGE STEPHENSON

to originate a railroad. Who will estimate the value of a railroad? For commerce, it is worth—well, we could not do without it. The whole nation is joined in one common family, so that each can benefit all the rest and be benefited by them. The magnitude of the work done by railroads could not be approximated by horse-power. A train of two-horse wagons forty-seven miles long could not haul the freight in a day that one engine pulls in the same time. But the time in which the work is done is of far greater importance than the amount of work done. Distant parts of the continent are brought in more intimate connection than nearest neighbors were one hundred years ago. But some may urge that this is the result of more recent inventions, and that Stephenson's locomotive was a "slow coach" compared with those of to-day, and a rude contrivance at best. This is true, and yet the principles of the locomotive engine were there; and, indeed, "Mr. Smiles says it is a fact worthy of notice that the identical engines constructed by Stephenson in 1816 are to this day in regular, useful work upon the Killingworth Railway."

Engines and railways constituted the hourly thoughts, and the daily life-work of Stephenson, but not exclusively, for he it was that invented the safety-lamp for miners, though Sir Humphrey Davy got all the honor because he effected a neater contrivance.

These two men, Watt and Stephenson, have left us an inheritance from which we have been able to acquire all that steam power has done for us.

There are many men worthy of mention here but space forbids; however, I cannot close without mentioning

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

This man, with Hargreaves and Crompton, has given to the masses of the people what was once only a coveted luxury of the rich. Before his invention of the *Spinning Jenny*, it would have been utterly impossible to supply present demands for cotton goods, and it would have been equally impossible to reduce the cost so as to create this demand.

Now, have not these men "*been more sinned against than sinning?*" Have they not done manifestly more for the world than the world has for them? And they deserve all the more honor for having accomplished these things under the difficulties which they encountered. First, all of them were pinched by poverty, which is too common a saying to be credited with the weight it merits in these cases. Besides this, Watt had an extremely weak body; and then he had not the works of others to combine in new inventions, as inventors do now. Stephenson was discouraged by disbelief in his plans. He dared not make it known that he expected his engine to run fifteen miles an hour, and yet, in twenty years, he surprised the world by succeeding in making thirty-six miles an hour with one of his engines. Arkwright was hated and persecuted for taking away the employment of hand-spinners.

If a man in a community does a thing which is censurable, the whole community suffers some, though the wrong-doer may be well known to act independent of his neighbors. Likewise, he who does anything praiseworthy brings credit to his neighbors. Now Watt, Stephenson and Arkwright have not only left us an incalculable inheritance of tangible benefits in the way of inventions, but have ennobled all mankind, and brought special honor to the English-speaking people. The horizon of human discovery has been widened, and the Anglo-Saxon race have been especially distinguished as inventors by the lives of such men as these.

Though, like Christopher Columbus, they had to pass "through clouds that mutter and waves that roar," they persevered and attained a success of which the world is proud. And now, while their mouldering skeletons fertilize the lands of the people whom their inventions have enriched, silent admirations of their true worth come softly stealing over us, like a gentle evening breeze.

Oh! ye worthies, who have trod the path of investigation through brier and bramble, may your lives inspire within us noble aspirations of research; and may your mouldering ashes rest in peace till generations yet unborn, having, by experience, fully realized the worth of your investigations, shall give you praise and honor commensurate with your benefactions.

R. B. LINEBERRY.

INVENTION AND CIVILIZATION.

In Westminster Abbey, "the place where England honors her great men with burial, and records their names and achievements," there stands a monument to James Watt, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham, who counted it the greatest honor of his life that he was called upon to record the nation's appreciation of the great inventor. The world has always honored the famous statesmen, warriors, orators, poets, artists, philanthropists, historians, and all who have left their foot-prints behind them. It is not until recently, however, that inventors have received any considerable share of these honors. As a class, they hardly had an existence till within a hundred years. Within that time, however, they have risen to the highest place among those who are regarded as benefactors of mankind.

It will not be unprofitable to spend some time in contemplating how much we owe to inventors for what we have and what we are. We rarely stop to consider how little man has or enjoys that is not the fruit of invention. We are accustomed to apply the term "invention" only to modern things—things whose origin we know. But in reality, almost anything which we use is either an invention, or the subject of an invention in its adaptation to our use. Water is the gift of nature, but we drink very little water except from some vessel which human hand has fashioned. Butter is a production of nature, but the churn which separates it from the milk is an invention of man. Cotton grows in the fields, but clothing comes from the factory. Gold lies buried in the earth, but coins come from the mint. Grapes grow in the vineyard, but wine comes from the wine press. The sugar cane is a production of nature, but sugar is an invention of man.

Probably the earliest inventions of man had reference to the procuring and preparing of food, and the ingenuity of man is still exercised upon this more eagerly than ever before, and the ability of man to produce food has been vastly increased during the past fifty years. Fifty years ago a large part of the wheat and other grain raised in this country was cut, a handful at a time, with a sickle, and a man could not, as a rule, reap more than a quarter of an acre a day. Now—thanks to the inventors—we have reaping-machines which seem to do their work with almost human intelligence.

Fifty years ago the grain was almost wholly threshed from the straw by pounding it upon a floor with a flail. Such a process was of course difficult and expensive. Now we have machines which thresh out hundreds of bushels in a day, at a cost quite inconsiderable.

Invention has wrought some changes upon our vocabulary. Fifty years ago,

a *reaper* was a man who reaped with a sickle. Now a *reaper* is a complicated machine driven by steam or horse-power.

Let us glance for a moment at what we are accustomed to regard as the small things. For example, could we get along without needles? Could we give up pins without a sigh? Are knives and forks and spoons a necessity? These are among the simplest things made by man, yet he has not obtained them without a great deal of mental labor.

It is less than fifty years since those little articles called matches came into use. When our fathers were boys, it was considered a great calamity if, through negligence or otherwise, the fire was allowed to go out. Every night the live coals upon the hearth were as carefully buried in the ashes as if they had been pieces of gold. In spite of all precautions, the fire was often lost—a calamity, in their estimation, scarcely less serious than the loss of an umbrella or silk hat would be to us. Some devices were known in those days for obtaining a light or fire artificially—the tinder-box among them—but they were inconvenient, somewhat expensive, and not in general use. With such devices the process of striking a light involved much skill, profound patience and some swearing. Says an author: "Who can estimate how much of vexation and trial of nerves and temper has been saved to the world by the invention of friction-matches! They are now so common and so cheap that we use them almost as freely as we do air and water, without thinking at all of their real value, and yet how inconvenient it would be not to have them!" Simple as the invention is, it took the world a long time to find it out, and the inventor made a most important contribution to the comforts of man.

What recollections arise at the mention of the tallow-candle! What vexations attended its use! Think of the difficulty of lighting it by a coal of fire, the constant snuffing it required to make its light tolerable, and its favorite pastime of melting and besmearing everything in its vicinity! Those who used oil-lamps got a little better light, but scarcely less discomfort. But now, the poorest people can enjoy, at the most trifling expense, a light better far than anything which a millionaire could, at that time, have commanded.

Can we estimate the greater value of the evening hours for work, or study, or reading, which have resulted from these inventions?

And now inventors have advanced yet further, and given us a light for our homes and streets which rivals the sun itself in brightness, employing that agent which, since the world began, has "lighted up the sky with its angry flashes only to alarm timid and superstitious man."

Paper is justly considered one of the great inventions of man, and if the heathen Chinese, to whom we are indebted for the invention, had given to the world nothing more than this, they would have made no small contribution to civilization. Paper made possible the art of printing—the "art preservative of all arts." It made the

newspaper possible, and especially the daily paper. It made possible a system of general education. Perhaps the modern daily newspaper is one of the greatest triumphs of the age, but a long line of antecedent inventions is involved in its use. Paper is largely made of rags. Rags presuppose the existence of cloth. Cloth implies the art of spinning and weaving. But it also implies very much more. How many inventions are involved in the raising of the cotton and its transportation to the factory!

If it be true that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then surely soap is the most important of human inventions. Soap has been called a means of grace. Be that as it may, we are doubtless warranted in saying that no other single invention has done more for the good of mankind.

Few things have done more for civilization than the invention of glass? How could we live without it? We would almost as soon think of living without light or heat as to live without glass, an article made from a substance which is so cheap that it has given rise to the expression, "cheap as dirt." The invention of glass goes back to a very early period, but it was a long time before it occurred to men that it might be used for windows.

At length, men found that glass could be used for other purposes. The lens was invented. This invention consisted simply in the form given to a piece of glass. From a knowledge of the lens came the invention of spectacles. No man can estimate their value. When we consider the fact that nearly every person over forty-five years of age, and many below that age, use glasses, we can form some idea as to how largely they enter into the sum of our comforts.

From the invention of the lens have come those wonderful modern instruments, the telescope and microscope. By means of the former a large part of our astronomical knowledge is acquired. While men have not been able to read their destinies in the stars, they have been able by the aid of the telescope to form grander conceptions of the immensity of creation, and of the power which gave it birth. It has given new meaning to the expression of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

But while the telescope opens up to man in the boundless regions of space a universe which he could not glimpse without it, the microscope also opens up to him a no less wonderful universe in regions which, because of their littleness, lie equally beyond his powers of observation or the powers of his imagination. The microscope has produced nothing short of a revolution in the study of Natural History. By means of it the structure of the various tissues of the body has been accurately determined, and the circulation of the blood, that untiring traveler, has been distinctly discerned.

It would be profitable to consider the results produced by the invention of the cotton-gin, the steam engine, and many other important inventions,

but time forbids. I shall take time to consider only one more invention, the electric telegraph. Electricity has achieved grand triumphs, but it is yet to achieve grander still. Who can predict the future? Men used to believe that electricity revealed the presence of a mysterious power which might be destructive, but which never could be made the servant of man. A little more than a hundred years ago the galvanic battery was invented, an instrument by which electricity could be generated. But many years were to elapse before men turned the instrument to much service. Many years later another observer noticed that, when a wire which was carrying a current of electricity generated by a battery was placed near the needle of a compass, it turned the needle on the pivot. Afterwards, Faraday discovered that such a wire, when wrapped around a piece of soft iron, made a magnet of the iron. From these simple observations grew the inventions of the telegraph, the telephone and the electric light. The telegraph, which is the oldest of these inventions, is only about forty-five years old. The utmost incredulity and amazement was manifested when it was claimed that such an invention had been made.

We think that electricity has spread over the world with wonderful rapidity. But, in reality, the world has just begun to use it. Comparatively few people use the telegraph. It is estimated that the number of messages sent in the United States during the past year did not exceed one to every two persons, while the number of letters written, including postal cards, exceeded ten to each individual. When messages can be sent, as they most certainly will be, to any part of the country for a few cents, multitudes of people, who never think of using the telegraph now except in matters of the most pressing importance, will use it upon the most common occasions. How pleasant it would be to exchange the simple "All well," with our friends each day, if it could be done at a cost of five cents!

When the telegraph was first invented, many persons had very crude notions about how it worked. It was not an uncommon belief that the paper on which the message was written was in some way fastened to the wire, and then pushed along by electricity to its destination, and many ignorant people still entertain the same idea.

Later inventors have made it possible to send several messages over the same wire at the same time. A multitude of inventions have been necessary to make the telegraph what it is, and its improvement was never going on more rapidly than at present.

HENRY SIMMONS.

*BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY.

Just a little more than twenty-one centuries ago one of the largest armies of ancient times, led by one of the proudest generals the world has ever seen, halted for the night on the lovely plain lying between the river Rhone and the Alps. For several days they had been marching in sight of these famous mountains; but on the morrow they would bid farewell for a time, perhaps forever, to the music of crystal streamlets and the happy sections they had passed through without resistance. Their camping-ground henceforth for awhile would be the mountain's top; their resting-place the brow of mighty chasms, and their shelter—alas! of how many the everlasting shelter and winding-sheet—the driven snows. But what mean they here? Why seek they thus the haunts of death? Who are they, any way?—wild men, that they thus dare the heights the chamois scarce can scale? Nay, not wild men, but Carthagenian victors who have put the Roman soldiery to shame and are pushing their way—where?

Only let your minds wander for a moment across the Alps as we know them now, and what would you then have seen? Barren wastes and tenantless homes? Far otherwise, I ween. But instead the fairest land beneath the skies—Italy!—Italy, the land where every god did seem to smile; where siren singing seas kissed by kind zephyrs ever break on flowery shores, and the sun unclouded lights the azure skies! The land at that time that held the balance of power of the world; at whose beck the nations bowed and gave their treasures up, and to have been conqueror of which would have been the height of glory and of fame! We cease to wonder, then, that Hannibal, with all his hatred and ambition, dare to cross the Alps. He had an aim—the great purpose of his life—to be conqueror of Rome and make Carthage the mistress of the nations. But with this highest aim he had the greatest difficulties opposing. He had to cross the Alps, for *beyond* the Alps was Italy. Beyond the Alps! which seemed as though placed there by the Builder of the universe as barriers to his chosen spot of earth. They did not, however, cower Hannibal, but only made the goal appear the brighter. "What are the Alps, after all?" said he, "They are but high mountains, and since they do not reach to the skies they are not insurmountable." And so the die was cast; the effort made, with what result the almost total ruin of the proudest republic of ancient times bears ample witness. This was no game of chance either. It was the child of a strong and steady purpose; the natural result of a natural cause; the offspring of means guided by reason and worked with perseverance.

*Anniversary Oration, February 17, 1888.

One by one he climbed the Alpine peaks which lifted their bare and rugged heads far above the eyrie of the eagles' flight, and, crowned with the snows of a thousand centuries, bade him an eternal defiance. Around him forever rushed the maddened waters of mountain streams; storms, never tired of their fury, howled destruction in his ears, and death from cold and hunger stared him in the face. Still he cheered his men and plodded on—on, over the trackless wastes of snow and ice, stirred by the silent voice, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"

But it is not immediately to Hannibal crossing the Alpine mountains in order to reaching Italy, and thus lifting himself and Carthage higher, that I wish to call your attention, but to the striking analogy presented here to all Nature. Waiving, for the present, all moral considerations, and viewing it from a purely scientific standpoint, I think there can be traced in this mighty undertaking of the Carthagenian chieftain a few striking points that will serve us as a groundwork for a healthy analysis of the process by which Nature in her universal sweep has operated in the past and does still operate. I would say, that is, that Hannibal, in making this grand progress, in the eyes of civilization was doing exactly what Nature's self has done in the past; that he obeyed the same laws in making this progress that she has obeyed in her own history of progress, and which she still obeys in the last detail, for accomplishing anything—namely: the *law which requires that natural forces be made subservient to the will only by the use of contrivance.* And, last, that he, like Nature, had a *purpose* in obeying this law.

But the objection may arise in the minds of some, as it has in the minds of many of the ablest thinkers of the world, that Nature can have no purpose. However, as this objection will be noticed later on, we will assume that Nature *has* a purpose—that is, that she is not fortuitous, not spontaneous, not the blind equilibration of forces, whatever that may mean—in short, that she is unique, harmonious and designed; the intelligent result of an intelligent cause. Let us examine this more closely.

I say progress is a law of Nature, meaning by law "an observed order of facts," without any reference now to purpose, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. And before going further, it will be well to see what the definition of progress is. Evidently, it is, primarily, dependent on an existence of some kind, for progress is an active verb, and there can be no action without something through which to act, just as there can be no existence without an active principle. Progress involves more, however, than existence; more than an acting existence indeed. There must be an upward-acting existence; and as there are two kinds of existence, this upward-acting cannot be identical in both cases, though, as we shall see, the same principle holds for both. For instance, we speak of matter's existing. Here we mean nothing

more than that it *is*. We simply know that it is uncreatable and indestructible. There is no possible means by which we can modify it so as to lose one atom. On the other hand, we speak of combinations of matter existing whose identity can be created or destroyed. Existence here is not absolute but relative; an existence dependent upon the pre-existence of something else. Man may be spoken of thus, as well as all other combinations of matter. But if everything is dependent upon matter, how can you speak of an upward-moving? Can honor from dishonor spring? Well, absolutely, no; but relatively, yes. Absolutely, nothing is higher than the elements from which it sprang; but relatively, the building is more worthy than the bricks and mortar which enter into its structure, the man more honored than the parts of which his body is composed. And so it is on this principle that we speak of high or low existence. That is, by high existence we mean *a differentiation of functions* so as to result in *order*, yet *complexity* of organization for the organic, and order, yet complexity of structure for the unorganic world taken as a unit; and by progress, of course, simply a transition from this low to high existence. Increase, then, in order and complexity of organization would be an increase in the scale of existence, and the highest order and complexity of organization, the highest existence. But what is order, what complexity?

The best definition I can frame for order is: the harmonious adjustment of Nature's forces working through matter; and for complexity: the different combinations and arrangements of matter resulting from the working of these forces. These definitions, with a little explanation of natural forces, will apply to both the organic and the inorganic world. By forces in the inorganic world. we have reference only to the physical forces, such as light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity and gravitation; while in the organic world there is an another unknown force we call the internal force, which, working in harmouy with the external force or forces, constitutes life. Let us bear this distinction in mind as we further investigate the subject of *progress*, or the transition from lower to higher existence. But has there been such a transition in the history of Nature?

Looking out upon the vast domain of existence, our minds naturally ask this question. Has it always been thus? Have the seasons always come and gone and come again, as they do now? Has the earth forever bloomed with flowers; the trees brought forth their fruits; the rivers ever wound their courses majestically to the oceans; the oceans rolled their mighty waters from continent to continent and sung to the pebbles of the beach, as they do in the nineteenth century? Has animal life, has man always existed upon the earth? The answer to which questions has amply been given in the story of creation told in Genesis, as by science also. "In the beginning," says the Bible, "God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and *void*." In the beginning, says the man of science,

the earth was identical with the sun—as were all the other planets—which consisted of a vaporous mass, and all rotating in one direction around a central nucleus. The outer rim of this mass, he says further, in explanation, would go faster than the other, and thus be thrown off in a ring which would collect in a separate mass, and by gradual cooling and condensation finally become a compact body. In this cooling and condensing, first one compound of which the earth is composed would be formed and then another, and so on, till the whole mass, which at first consisted of more than seventy substances or elements generally diffused, would be differentiated into the almost countless number of compounds which are found in the earth's crust, the air and the sea. The Bible doesn't attempt to give an explation of *how* the earth was changed from disorder to order, as does the scientist. It simply gives an outline, stating that light was separated from darkness, the waters above the heavens from the waters beneath the heavens, the land from the seas, and the order of their separation. But the men of science demand for this cooling and condensation an enormous period of time, some estimating it at one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand years, and others at nearly as many a million years, when the Bible says God made the earth and all there is in it or in it on six days. As you all know, though, there is no conflict between the statements, as the word used for day may mean an indefinite period of time.

Here, then, we have two, and the only two, records of the earth's history, both of which declare that the earth is the result of the working of forces upon an incoherent mass through an indefinite period, which incoherent mass we call chaos, or disorder and confusion, and the result of which, under force, we call order and complexity. Shall we believe them? I think we cannot help doing so, for three reasons: First, because we can't believe anything else if we look at the facts presented by all scientific researches; second, the Bible is the author of the one, and doesn't contradict the evidence of the other; third, because they tally with what seems to be the history of all order and complexity of organization of which we are intelligent in the organic world. This last statement, however, remains to be investigated, and will receive our immediate attention.

This department naturally divides itself into two sub-departments—(1.) The Plant and (2.) The Animal. Let us see if there is reason in believing that complexity, yet unity, has been the result here. All that the Bible has to offer is the record of the first appearance of life which took place on the third Aeon. "And God said let the earth shoot forth herbage--the herb yielding seed and the fruit-tree yielding fruit." After this we have mention of no more life creation until the fifth day. How do we suppose this creation of herbs and trees to have taken place? Do we suppose there was simply a springing up and decay of herbs after their kind, and trees after their kind,

each in its perfection? If so a reason for the enormous lapse of time between the beginning of the third day and the close of the fifth, in which there was no high animal life, is hard to assign. Besides the facts of geology go to contradict the idea. The evidence we have from this is that the first appearance of vegetable life was nothing more than vegetable protoplasm which performed its function of making ready the atmosphere for the lowest vegetable plants the Algæ or sea-weeds. Following these were the Lichens, and then the land plants of higher organization—each preparing the way for the introduction of a type higher than itself. This seems a necessary arrangement if the theory of the formation of the earth be true; for such were the conditions of the atmosphere at one time that none but the lowest plants could exist. Such have been the conclusions of scientific men, and the proof they bring forth is so overwhelming that the most dubious cannot but believe. They tell us that from the study of fossil remains they find there is a difference in the age of their formation, that the older of these are, in every case of which they are capable of judging, the more simple, while the more complex follow later on: and further that each of the different varities which flourished at different periods attained to their highest development before wholly giving place to a higher type. For instance in the Palæozoic period some of our lower forms of vegetable life constituted magnificent forests. Now what do these facts unquestionably lead to? How can we, were we to try, escape from the conclusion forced upon us that there has been a succession of vegetable life proceeding from the simple to the complex? True we may ignore science, if we choose, but facts are stubborn things. Facts, says some one, are the fingers of God. And all that science offers here are facts.

From the same source we learn that this law has been still more marked in the order of animal life.

Let it be observed here that in passing from the so called Dead World to the Live World, we have made no distinction *in principle* in defining high and low existence. In defining progress in the inorganic world it had to be considered of course as applying to the whole inorganic world taken as an *organic unit*—a resulting heterogeneous *order* from a previous chaos—else our definition could have no meaning. It will be well though to change the terms, or rather to broaden them a little for the Animal Kingdom, for here we see more distinctly something that corresponds to our idea of life, beings more or less masters of their surroundings and in correspondence with a greater number of natural forces. Let us say then that complexity has here for its exponent the different things the organism *can do* and the degree of division of labor that is illustrated in his structure; while order has as its exponent the perfection with which the different organs are co-ordinated in respect to one another and to the forces with which they have to do. As an example of this we say the Amoœba is a representative of the lowest form of

life, since he has but one organ with which to perform all his life functions, waste, repair and reproduction. While man is the highest animal, because the most highly differentiated, he can do more things than any other animal; and his body is the most perfectly adjusted machine to be found in all nature. The division of labor is carried to its highest point, not only in degree but in kind.

Taking, then, this differentiation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous as our basis of classification of animal life as high or low, we find from the study of fossil remains that there has been a gradual rise in the scale of being *in time* as we approach the age of man, and a corresponding retrograde as we recede from this period, the oldest fossils being those of the Eozoa or one called animals found in the Laurentian system of rocks. Following these in order are the ages of Invertebrates, Fishes, Amphibians, Reptiles, Mammals, and last the age of Man.

A broad sweep, this—from Eozoa to man! From matter to mind! A mighty march, a grand transcendent progress. And yet—and yet is this the end? Is man—man "the being midway twixt nothing and divinity"—is he the last in nature's chain of endless progress? If so, why then no better than he is? Has nature failed to reach perfection where 'twas needed most? Ah yes! he can but be her crowning glory; for he *thinks*, he *knows*, he reasons and believes. He doubts, he hates, he *loves*! What better signs than these of highest worth can there be found in all the universe? Then cease to ask is he the last. Perfect! we know that he is not, nor has been ever. But his history is not in the past. 'Tis a secret known alone to future ages. His destiny in nature is and must remain a mystery to the mind of man: for how far he *may* develop cannot be even guessed at. And on *à priori* ground he must continue to exist till he has reached his highest possible degree of development. No matter what the date when he has reached it. It will necessarily be a time removed from us; for everything must reach perfection slowly. Yet I believe 'twill come. Slowly but *surely* will he carve his pathway upward through the darkening hosts that crowd around his better self, striving to crush him down, until he wins the heights of almost purest day, and breathes the air of almost perfect being.

It would be interesting here to notice some different kinds of progress apart from that strictly termed natural progress, for in every department of life there has taken place a development—a change from the simple to the complex, from the low to the high, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Societies, institutions, politics, laws, governments, mind, mechanism, all are subject to its laws. Governments may be traced from the time when every man was his own master, and every woman a slave, up through the paternal, the tyrrannous, the semi-kingly, the hereditary kingly, etc., to their highest form, the Republican. Language had its cradle in the nouns and verbs. Painting and sculpture and written language meant the

same and were but the appendages of architecture in the days of early civilization; and have gradually been differentiated from it and from one another till they have attained their present state of excellence. Poetry and music have one and the same origin which was laid in the monotonous chant and measured words and measured tones of savage warriors. Finally they became separated and continued slightly to diverge until from the specialization of poetry we have the embodied essence of the abstract beautiful in pieces like Shelley's "Skylark," or the embodiment of nature's self in the plays of "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's Child." And from the specialization of music the matchless strains of a Jenny Lind and the varied symphomes of Beethoven. And so if we might continue our investigation indefinitely, until we had exhausted every department of nature, we would find in the end that in every case progress has been the law—the law from eternity and destined from the indestructability of force and matter to continue to be the law in some form or other through eternity.

I say progress must continue to be the law in some form or other, and evidently it will be in the realm of mind and all that mind includes. Moreover' I believe it will be subject to the same conditions of growth that it is now—namely, to proceed by slow degrees. I do not believe that the mind of man, however good he may be, will suddenly emerge from darkness into light, from a state of ignorance to a state of knowledge, from a state that grasps not even the meaning of this little world of ours to a state that grasps the secrets of the universe. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This is the teaching of more than eighteen centuries, and 'tis as true now as it ever was, and seems to be eternally true.

The next question or the How of Creation which meets us in regard to this general progress is not so obvious—in fact is not obvious at all; but is a subject of much contention. The truth though seems to lie between two theories: the one, the *special creation* theory, claiming that the world and all organic life are the results of several special creations; the other, or the Evolution theory, holding to the Nebular hypothesis as the manner of world creation, and to the differentiation of simple protoplasm as the explanation of the creation of the different species both in the plant and the animal kingdom. The first is narrow and the offspring to a great extent of wrong theological opinions; the latter is broad and satisfies the demands of our reason. The first is upheld in part by those who think that what is must have been from all eternity, and in part by those who love the darkness rather than the light; while the latter is upheld for the most part by seekers after truth. The former is grounded on the unquestioned and uninvestigated beliefs of the fathers: the latter on the investigations of the grandest thinkers of the ages—men who are too honest to believe that the world is a monstrosity and made on plans averse to human reason. True the man of science has but a theory, yet it is a

grand theory—the idea that all animal life sprang from its lowest form, the protamœba, that by natural selection the lowest organized beings have been gradually developed into the highest. Many revolt at the idea of man's having a semian ancestry ; but I don't if it be true, for truth ever enobles and never debases. As we shall see, it makes no difference how this creation has taken place if it can be proved that there is design in Nature. Following the thought suggested by some one, I must confess that I get a grander conception of God in thinking he has made a machine we call by the indefinite name of "Nature," that is capable or rather has been capable of evolving all the forms and combinations of matter we know to exist, than in thinking of him as having taken part in the creation of every species of animal or vegetable life—or in other words, as having made a machine which he had to be continually patching and adjusting.

Against the scientific theory, however, the Duke of Argyle offers this as a self-evident proposition. "The implement or organ must have come into existence before it could be used. Nay more, it must not only have come into existence as a germ or rudiment, but it must have been already so far developed as to be capable of work." Were this a self evident proposition the scientific theory would be exploded—in fact it would never have come into existence at all, and we would be now in the same old channels of thought as those who lived in the early days of civilization. But this is not a self-evident proposition, and we are not to be put off with axioms except in cases that are either so plain as to need no proof or that are of so little moment as not to be worthy of being proved. And this is neither one of those cases ; but one of the utmost interest to the human family. To know the how! that is, the wall against which the human mind is ever beating. To be told that God made the world and all that in it is, that he made them like they are and all in a moment's time—this is against his reason ; nor can he give it faith till organisms change their form and life of dependence to one of absolute independence ; or at least till the human mind has found that cause and effect are but idle words, and that what he has thought a law is not a law, but something made to look like law.

But as I shall not enter into a discussion on this subject, however delightful it might prove to me to do so, I will make but one more observation, which is, that we may be certain whatever may have been the mode of development, that it has taken place in obedience to the demands of natural law—that is, that organic life has not proceeded from the low to the high in an abnormal way. For we know that every existing organism must obey the demands of natural law : it must be contrived in a fit manner to utilize and correspond to natural forces, else it can have no natural life. If, however, some one objects that God could have made an organism in the twinkling of an eye, that would fulfill these demands, another counter objection arises : Would not He, the

Allwise, have made the being perfect and in the time best suited for it to flourish in? This is what we would naturally expect, on the supposition of special creation; yet we find that this has not been the history of organic life; but that each species as far as we can judge was introduced through the lowest of that species and at a time prior to the time best suited for its highest development.

But it is not so important for us to know *how* these organs have come into existence as it is to recognize the fact that they are natural contrivances and fitted to utilize natural forces: and to observe how they *keep in harmony* with these forces, and how each individual organism proceeds *in itself* from weakness unto strength. Here there can be no question. We know there is nothing done without contrivance. The forces of nature are eternal, and so is matter as far as we can judge. Yet we have seen that the forms of matter are not so; but can be and have been modified. There is but one way, however, of modifying matter, and that is by force, and there is no way of utilizing force save by contrivance. And not only do we know that contrivance is necessary in the organic world for the expression of life and the performance of functions as it is in the inorganic world for the utilization of force; but also that this contrivance in the organic world is not worth anything unless it is used. The organ that is not exercised in its proper sphere must degenerate and die, for *exercised means* is the law of progress for those *means*. Bind your arm to your side and keep it there, and it must wither. Cage the lark that so gracefully wings his way "through the blue deep or floats in the golden lightening of the sunken sun," and his wings must grow too weak to bear him up. The monsters of the deep are only strong by battling with the waves. "The strongest corals love the dashing surf," and die in quiet seas. *Work* or *perish*. This is the pittiless law of Nature. It holds in the moral, the mental, and the physical worlds. And yet at times we lay us down with folded hands and dream it is not true, and that the world is not a "stage where every man must play a part."

The highest question we have to decide about nature, though, is not whether there is progress in her working, not whether this progress is by contrivance even, but the other question, *whether this progress, this contrivance, is designed.*

The first thought which strikes us on seeing every mechanism of man's construction working regularly and orderly, is that it was *intended* to do that work. Especially do we thus consider design embodied in any progressive work of man. In fact it seems to me to be an anomaly of thought that there can be any progress in the sense we have defined progress, without design somewhere. True, we may speak of *use* and Natural Selection as determining the way in which progress takes place among organism which come into existence, but that explains nothing, doesn't give us the reason *why* these organisms *came* to *exist*, and hence does not exclude the idea of design. On the

other hand its impotency of doing this confirms design. Darwin himself cannot speak of one thing's being fitted to another without introducing the words "in order that." And in accounting for organic life he introduces the same idea when he speaks of the first germs "into which there was a breather the breath of life." If there was breathing there must have been a breather. It may be true, and probably is true though it cannot be proved, that a bird acquired the power of flight by continued effort to meet the demands of his environments, as indeed all the complexity and order we find in organic nature is supposed to have been brought about. But the idea of Natural Selection, whatever interpretation may be put upon it as held by Darwin and Spencer, does not exclude design. For what could environments effect on an organism which had not in it the *potentiality* of responding to them; or what could an organism effect without the presence of environments suited to its possibilities? It is as self-evident a proposition as any in Euclid, that force alone is not life, that matter alone is not life. There must be force—there must be matter. More, there must be a *correlation* of forces working through this matter—that is, there must be an inner force which is balanced by an outer or environing force. Now it makes no difference *how* this correspondence as we see it in the or ganic world came so to exist. The point now is that it does exist, and where we see it so existing we cannot help attributing it to design. Cannot help? Yes, cannot help so thinking of it. There are those who believe or claim to believe in necessity, and perhaps they are right. Of course we don't *know*. Yet if it is necessity the difference between necessity and design is like that between a variable constantly approaching a constant and the constant itself. The difference, that is, being nought. And for all practical purposes one is as good as the other, and both mean the same thing. There is something back of this, though, supposing everything does come by necessity. Can necessity do anything—can necessity make a world? The abstract idea, as Bishop Butler plainly proves, of necessity can do nothing. There must be a force, and as soon as force enters into the idea of necessity, the abstract quality and hence its identity vanishes.

Others may call it necessity. I simply prefer to call it intelligence, design. And more, I prefer to call it something besides intelligence. In it there is goodness, mercy, love and justice to me. Besides thinking that the bird was made to fly and to warble his morning and evening songs, I believe those songs were intended to make creation glad. I believe the stars were made to flash their light through the realms of space partly *in order* to make beautiful the universe. I believe that the seasons were made to come and go with a purpose. I believe that all things that are in the realm of order, down to the minutest detail, are made for a purpose, and that purpose at last the glory of God!

Is there any lesson here for us? Does this progress, this purpose, this contrivance in all Nature bring home

to us any hint of duty respecting ourselves and our part in the plan of Nature? Does it show us what to do? Does it show us how to do? Does it show us why to do? Yes, to all three. It shows us what everything else is doing, and are we not a part of Nature? It shows us that everything is, by some hidden hand, being lifted, and therefore that we should keep in harmony, which can only be done by lifting up ourselves. *Should* or *ought* to *keep* in harmony, did I say? Most emphatically, yes. But have I not just said that there is a hidden hand lifting all Nature up, and that we are a part of Nature? Yes to that, too. Why, then, do I use the personal verb *keep*, and apply it to us? Does everything progress by conscious effort? Ah! there's the great distinction between man and brute. The rest of the organic world has been raised, but, as far as we can judge, not by an effort with a purpose, not by any consciousness that they were attaining to a more useful state in creation. God, through Nature, did their directing. Man, on the other hand, has had breathed into him the spirit of reason and intelligence like unto nothing else. This is his special heritage. I do not mean that he has been deprived of this hidden hand which is back of everything, but that he has these latter insignia in addition to it—insignia which impose upon him the *duty of doing, the duty of progress.* He sees the law of everything else, an unwritten law to be sure, but just as much a law as though 'twere written in glowing, burning letters upon the bended heavens. And not only does he see the law, but he sees the only way of fulfilling the law. Nothing, as we have seen, even lives without overcoming some force with another force, without having difficulties opposing it, and therefore not without a contrivance, for life is just the "combined forces which oppose death." Like Hannibal of old in climbing the Alps, man must use means in order to gain any wished-for goal. He must *use* them because there are difficulties and opposing powers in the way which leads to any high existence. The *kind* of means he must use, and the *kind* of existence he must strive after he also knows. As I have tried to show, every species of organic life has agility, strength, or fleetness, by the use of certain functions, and that every species has seemed to have special functions given him on purpose, or have been allowed to acquire them on purpose to do those especial feats. So with man. His, we noted above, has been the realm of reason and intelligence—those his especial functions and hence the ones he should cultivate. Of course, under reason and intelligence must be included all the attributes of mind and soul. And, I will say again, he should cultivate these—should cultivate these because they are in their infancy, and because ignorance and vice are passing from the realm of action to the realm of history, to give way to the reign of intelligence and virtue. Looking back over the history of the past, it looks almost like one vast record of the hellish part of man—hearts choked with their baser passions—hearts and heads turned loose with nothing to guide them save

their low desires, which ever lead to shame and death. Now and then we hear of peace and liberty and the reign of philosophy; but their duration has been short, so short, indeed, that ere you turn the pages on which their story is recorded, the night is closing in. Now, at last, the day is dawning and we must *work*. Trials must be overcome; mountains must be climbed. But who cares for mountains if they do not reach the skies? And who cares for them if they do? There is a way across them still; for up above the mountain's top, up above the skies, is God!—God, who tells us that the nearest way across the Alps is ever through the skies. Sorrow, like the night, only shows the silent stars, and work is but the way to life. It is as certain as anything can be certain that there is no crown without a cross, and that for every cross nobly borne there is a crown—a crown somewhere, and we must win it; must win it by our *own effort*. I sometimes wonder why man was not made without the possibility of falling. But, then, where there could be no falling there could be no lifting up, and hence no honor. All men who have accomplished anything, who have left their names upon the pages of the worthy, have only done so by recognizing this law and living to it; and so must we, if aught but death is to be gained.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Act it well—act it nobly—and if circumstances shut you in, then die like men. I would rather starve like the illustrious boy of Excelsior, upon the mountains cold and rugged, striving to reach the top, than be borne across on flowery beds of ease. I would rather sink ten thousand thousand leagues beneath the silent sea of oblivion, striving to be just and raise myself to my highest possibilities, than, like the hermit crab, crawl into the kingdoms of other men, or wear the crowns by others earned. There is no death save idleness; for deeds, either good or bad, are immortal. You may cover them up, but, like the old sentinel of Herculaneum, they will sometimes come to light, for God himself cannot kill them.

And now we have shown you that at every step in the upward scale of existence some difficulty must be overcome, some mountain must be climbed. We have seen that every change in environment means either death or development—death to those who are not capable of adapting themselves to their new environments; development and higher life to those that can, and this is "The Survival of the Fittest." An infant is born into the world, and his feeble wail is heard but a few feet from his mother's breast; but who can tell of the possibilities that are stretched before him? That little throbbing piece of mortality may shake the world by the tread of his intellect, or he may develop to the veriest infernal machine.

And now he has received all that education can bestow upon him. He steps forth into the world; behind him lie the panorama of all the past; towering far above his surroundings he sees the monuments of those who have ascended the ladder of fame; scattered and fallen by the way he

sees those who have succumbed to the storms of life. And this is the history of man. In front of him tower ridge above ridge and peak above peak of the Alps that he must climb. He hears the raging storms that howl and break along their snowy side; but to pause is death; upward are heights of fame. Formidable to him these as to the Carthagenian veteran of old. But about their snow-capped summits he, too, sees a halo of possibilities, and beyond these lies Italy and the Elysian fields.

GEORGE C. THOMPSON.

EDITORIAL.

FAULT-FINDING—[COMMUNICATED.]

Fault-finding is an amusement furnished by the Devil, not only for his friends and admirers but even for his acquaintances—and who can escape the last title! Good or bad, young or old, high or low, saint or sinner, consciously or unconsciously every human being indulges in this the *universal sin!*

As is natural, the class which suffers most from this fault-finding spirit, is that which, of all others, is most hateful to the Devil and his followers, *i. e.*, ministers of the gospel, especially young ministers.

"If clergymen are all such good men as one is taught to believe, why are people so anxious to prove that, instead of being good, they are, in fact, very bad and stupid men?" You preachers who are at college, do you know that you alone, from among two hundred boys, are expected to be perfect and divine? All that you do, say or think; the books you read; your manner of recitation; the money you make and how it is made; the money you spend and how it is spent; the expression of your face, your recreations and amusements—indeed, your hourly and daily life—are known and criticised of all your fellow students.

Do you ever see the elevated brow and disgusted look which accompany such remarks as, "Ah! these preachers! Called of God? Umph! They are too self-righteous! I am sure if God had called me I would be a more consistent Christian. I would not have been frivolous, nor foolish, nor neglectful, nor left undone anything demanded by my sacred office. I would not be self-righteous (oh! no)! Why! I do as well as most of these preachers, and I don't lay any claims to piety." That is it, young men. Some of you do *not* lay claim to piety, and have none; but most of you do lay claim to respectability, and do you maintain *it* in your secret life? Is it the disgust in your mind, raised by the "self-righteousness" of preachers, which makes you resolve to have neither righteousness nor self-respect? You see these preachers' public lives and they seem pretty much as yours—for they *are* human and full of faults; but (and now take heed!) are you willing to compare private, secret lives with them? You know nothing of their secret devotions, nor does the world know of yours! Could both be revealed, which, think you, would blush sooner? The guilty, self-righteous preacher, without doubt, because he would feel how low had been his highest endeavor; while you, in your humility, would plead that you made no pretense of being good; laid no claim to self-righteousness, and therefore had done no wrong, nor had any cause for shame.

FAULT FINDER.

EIGHT MONTHS IN THE READING-ROOM.

The reading-room is now more fully equipped in the way of first-class current literature than ever before. It contains all the leading monthlies published in this country and a number of those published in England. It contains the best weeklies, including several illustrated newspapers published in the country. The Faculty have been very liberal in furnishing it this year, having recently added a number of valuable periodicals. Our observation has been, also, that more of the boys have availed themselves of the advantages of the reading-room this year than during any previous year since the writer has been at college.

The boys who visit the reading-room might be divided into several classes, according to their habits of reading. First, there are some who might be called omniverous readers. They read everything, from the Patent Office Reports to the *Political Science Quarterly*. Second, there are those, and, by the way, the most judicious readers of all, who have a select number of papers, including two or three of the best *dailies* and as many *weeklies*, which they read. These are, also, generally eager to secure a fresh magazine on Saturday evenings for Sunday reading. This class generally read one or two religious papers and keep themselves thoroughly abreast of the times in the news of the day. If one merely wishes to keep himself posted in the current news, he can better do it by closely reading two or three good dailies—State and national—than by a promiscuous, irregular perusal of half a dozen. Much depends on knowing how to read a newspaper. One can gather more news by spending only half an hour in reading a paper which he is accustomed to reading than by spending an hour in reading one he is not accustomed to reading. In fact, half an hour is ample time for reading an ordinary newspaper.

A third class is composed of those who visit the reading-room solely for the purpose of reading the religious papers and Missionary Reviews. These seem to think it sacrilegious to look on a secular paper. It would puzzle some of them to tell you who the President of the United States is, and it will be fifty years before they learn of the death of Frederick William.

The fourth class is not large, but it is respectable in number. It is composed of promiscuous persons, mostly loafers, who will one day grow fat. Here may be classed those who, in the winter afternoons, visit the reading-room and remain the two hours during which it is kept open to save their wood. They never think of reading a paper, but take a convenient seat by the stove, and perhaps may nod before the two hours expire. The only way to arouse them is to let the fire get low, when they instantly become testy and quarrelsome as a shrewish housewife. There are also those who visit the reading-room for the purpose of looking at the pictures in *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

F. B. H.

OUR WORK.

Notwithstanding the many drawbacks and misfortunes that have come in our way, there is no room for the most fastidious and exact to grumble at the success of the present session, that is, if the amount of work done may be taken as an index of success. And the boys are still pressing on with almost unabated energy although spring with its attendant supply of laziness, headaches and white dresses is upon us.

Several very important changes have been made by the Faculty in the curriculum. A student may now have his choice between certain studies in taking his course, that is, he may take the A. B. degree without being compelled to study so much Latin or Greek, taking in its stead some of the branches of Natural History, or Modern Languages. Besides this—listen oh ye orthodox brothers—they are contemplating abolishing all the college medals and very likely the college honors. The societies have already pursued this course regarding medals. It has long been recognized that the winning of medals here is attended generally with more harm than good. Boys who will not work without a piece of gold in the distance must now stand back and let the fittest thrive.

There are many objections, however, to the abolishing of the marking system. I for one am not in favor of it, though I think it would be wise to change the manner of awarding the honors. Instead of conferring the Salutatory and Valedictory on the A. M. graduates alone, they should be prizes common to all, the highest average being the test.

Many fears have been expressed by nervous outsiders and envious rivals of our college, that we would find considerable "friction" in having among us an Episcopalian Professor. Be it known unto all such that there is no friction, and that our Episcopalian Professor is exceptionally liked by the best boys of the college, as well as by all who have been fortunate enough to form his acquaintance and learn something of him. Those who know him best like him most. Several weeks ago he was unanimously elected President of the Athletic Association of which he was the principal founder, and he bids fair to be far too gentle to overturn our Baptist college. Chemistry and, by his own actions, good breeding is all he has been accused of teaching. If there can be found in *these* the elements of strife, then in in the name of all the Popes let us have "friction" and anarchy!

And this Athletic Association deserves special notice. It is destined to be one of the most beneficial movements that has ever been put forth at our college; for physical development has been seriously neglected in the past by the great majority of the students. True, we once had a gymnasium, but it was'nt attended to and hence soon came to little. The Athletic Association is going to renew this and keep it in order, besides introducing many outdoor games.

Our senior class consists of eighteen who are anxiously awaiting the 14th of June, when they hope to add to their stock in hand a sheepskin and a sweetheart. G. C. T.

EVERY MAN HAS PUBLIC INTEREST.

Some one has said: "The most hopeful sign of the times, and the best guarantee that we have of the permanency of our institutions and the preservation of liberty, is to be found in the general interest which the people of all parties, classes, and sections are now taking in the investigation and discussion of public questions." The people are reading, thinking and discussing, as never before since the days of the Revolution. The truth is what they want and what, under the circumstances, they are destined to obtain. The opinions, customs and institutions, which for years have been accepted and passed without a challenge, now find themselves placed upon trial before the bar of public opinion duly served with notice to give reason, if they have any, as to the manner in which they promote the general happiness and well-being of society. The monopoly manufacturers are expressing great alarm at this general awakening of the masses, and well they may so far as their pampered industries are concerned. But is it not a great cause for congratulation? If the people cannot be trusted, then it is evident that our form of government is a failure. Before an intelligent and liberty loving people, who fully appreciate their public interests, truth has no reason to fear a conflict with injustice and error. It is oppression, falsehood, and rascality that shun a fair trial and fall in the light of honest inquiry. Ours being a government of the people, the greater their intelligence and the deeper interest they take in public questions the better government we shall have. This truth is well shown in the history of our country. Before the late war between the States all the people exhibited a deep interest in public affairs. They were fully discussed by all classes. Privates in the ranks, as well as political captains, understood them. Public servants were ever guarded with a constant and a watchful eye. All officers were required to render to the people a strict account of their stewardship. The result was that our government was far more efficiently, economically, and honestly administered than now. Statistics show that in 1860 the net revenues of the government derived from all sources of taxation were only $41,509,930, while for 1885 the net revenues amounted to the enormous sum of $326,690,706. Here is food for thought. The government now annually collects from the people by means of taxation, either direct or indirect, nearly eight dollars where only one dollar was collected in 1860. Old men say public officers before the war were purer and more honest than now, which fact is quite evident from the above comparison. Before the war wealth was distributed among the people, little was heard of tramps and less of millionaires. Now wealth is rapidly passing from the hands of the people, and is being accumulated in trade centers and in the ownership of favored and protected classes. Now there are armies of tramps and hundreds, if not thousands, of millionaires, each being about as great a curse to a country as the other. We think history will sus

tain us in the assertion that there is more oppression, discontent and unhappiness among the people now than a quarter of a century ago. Why the change? Is it not attributable to the fact that during the war the people lost sight of purely civil questions? Patriotism and intelligence gave place to passion and sectional hate. After the war was over things did not improve. The North was flushed with victory and cared for nothing else, save *reconstructing* the Southern States. The South was crushed and only asked to be let alone.

It was when the people were doing nothing so far as public questions were concerned, that extravagance and corruption crept in at Washington, and the era of monopoly legislation had its birth in our country. Every form of class legislation and every species of political iniquity which now robs the people, had its origin in and became possible by carelessness and indifference, and a failure to discharge their political duties.

There are questions of vital importance ever depending upon the will of the people—questions are now being agitated which must be decided by the masses at the ballot box. It is to be hoped that the hundreds, yes thousands in our State, who do not attend the polls, will inform themselves on these questions and vote accordingly. They have no right to find fault of bad laws unless they strive to alter them.

D. T. WINSTON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

THE president has appointed Hon. Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, to be Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Chief-Justice Waite. He was not an applicant, but is said to be eminently fitted for the position. President Cleveland not infrequently treats the country to a surprise in the disposal of his appointments, but the country very seldom has occasion to murmur at these surprises, and so it is in this case.

ONE of the most prolonged and serious deadlocks in the history of the government occurred in the National House of Representatives a few weeks ago. It began on Wednesday the 4th, and ended on Wednesday the 11th day of April, the legislative day of April the 4th thus continuing one day over a week. This deadlock was on a bill known as the *Direct Tax Bill*, which proposes to refund $17,000,000 direct tax to certain States from which it was collected in 1861.

Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling died in New York on the 18th of April, from the effects of exposure in the northern blizzard during the latter part of March. He was at his office some distance from his home transacting some very important business when the severe snows and storms came and was compelled to walk home or pay a cabman $50 to drive him home which he refused to do. His death was the sad sequence.

Roscoe Conkling had few intellectual compeers in this or any other country. He was one of the greatest lawyers in the country, and his powers as an orator were of the first order. He was said to be a political influence rather than a political leader. He belonged to that wing of the republican party which, if we had to be a republican at all, we think we should choose, namely, the stalwarts. He was dignified, honest, able, intrepid, an open foe and an ardent friend.

The debate on the Mills Tariff Bill is now occupying the greater part of the time of the lower House of Congress. It is said that 90 members have speeches prepared on this bill, and it may be inferred that the tariff will be exhaustively discussed. We very much doubt this bill's becoming a law at the present session. Should it pass the House the Senate, with its present political complexion, can reasonably be relied upon to defeat it. The Republicans will hardly allow the Democrats to come before the country in the impending campaign enthusiastically welcomed as a benefactor in having effected one of the most needed and urgent reforms known to American legislation.

EDUCATIONAL.

Editor, D. T. Winston.

—Dr. Thomas Hume will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at Salem Female College.

—There are thirty students in the University at Fayetteville, Ky., taking a strictly agricultural course.

—Hon. Kemp P. Battle, of the University, will deliver the Commencement address at Davidson College.

—A friend of Bowdoin College has recently donated $1,000 to purchase an organ to be used in chapel services.

—President Adams, of Cornell University, pronounces co-education of the sexes at that institution a success.

—The late Prof. Asa Gray's copyrights and the collection of photographs which he made were left to Harvard University.

—The Baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at Chapel Hill will be preached by Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of the Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

—A greenhouse has been built at the Pennsylvania University costing $1,100, for the cultivation of plants for botanical work.

—San Francisco appropriated $900,000 for school purposes last year. Of this amount $75,000 have been expended for school buildings.

—Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology in Johns Hopkins University, has accepted the Presidency of Clark University near Boston.

—An exchange says: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Of the 2,619 female graduates of American colleges, only 998 have got husbands."

—The largest observatory dome in the world is being made in Cleveland for the University of Michigan. It weighs ten tons, and has a diameter of 45 feet 4 inches at the base.—*Ex.*

—Mr. L. D. Wishard, who visited here two years ago in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., is preparing to start on a tour around the world to visit colleges and establish Y. M. C. A's.

—Williams College recently received $50,000 from the benevolent Dr. Alonzo Clark, of New York. Dr. Clark was an alumnus of that institution, having graduated there in 1828.

—Prof. F. Lamson Scribnet, at present Chief of the Bureau of Mycology in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has been elected to the chair of Botany and Horticulture in the University of Tennessee. The Trustees have also elected Prof. Henry E. Summers, of Cornell University, to fill the chair of Zoology.

—Nearly all German Universities are well endowed, and yet they are continually increasing their funds. The University of Leipzic is more than four hundred years old and has large possessions, and yet the Saxon Government gives it yearly about $400,000.

—The National Educational Association will hold its next session at San Francisco, California, beginning July 17, 1888, continuing four days. Special rates will be given, and a good opportunity offered for seeing the beauties of the West at comparatively small expense.

—It is stated that four times as many girls as boys finish high-school courses in this country. In 1880 the census showed that of the 227,710 school teachers, 154,375 were women. Now there are about 10,000 women attending co-educational colleges and universities. The rate of increase of women at the mixed colleges between 1874 and 1884, is said to be 221 per cent., and at the separate colleges for women 296 per cent.

—The Normal Schools of the State will be held as follows: The school at Sparta begins June 30th and continues four weeks; at Asheville, begins July 3rd and ends July 20th; at Winston, begins July 10th and ends July 27th; at Washington, begins July 19th and continues four weeks; at Franklin, begins July 16th and continues four weeks; at Newton, begins July 5th and ends July 27th; at Wilson, begins July 2nd and continues four weeks; at Elizabeth City begins July 9th and ends July 27th.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

—Dr. M. B. Anderson, after serving as President of Rochester University thirty years, has resigned on account of ill health.

—A Baptist University will soon be established at Toronto, Senator Macmaster having bequeathed more than a million of dollars for that purpose.

—The corner-stone of the divinity building of the new Catholic University will be laid by Cardinal Gibbons, Thursday, May 24th. About ten thousand leading clergymen, the President and his Cabinet, as well as prominent members of Congress and prominent officials, will be specially invited.

—Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, is the only woman's college in Scotland. The college buildings, which cost $60,000, were purchased by Mrs. Elder, widow of the well known Clyde shipbuilder, but will not be absolutely conveyed to the trustees of the college till the endowment fund reaches $100,000.—*Ex.*

—Recently there has been some change in the Faculty of Cornell. Prof. E. Benjamine Andrews, of Brown University, has been called to the chair of Political Economy and Finance, and Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has been called to the chair of Practical and Experimental Horticulture.

—The Teacher's Co-operative Association, 170 State street, Chicago, stands at the top of the Teachers' Agencies. There is probably no institution of the kind that fills as many of the best positions in schools as this Agency. It will pay any teacher seeking promotion, whether in our own State or in neighboring States, to write to this Agency and learn what their work is.—*The School Teacher.*

—The American Institute of Instruction, probably the oldest teachers' organization in the world, will hold its next meeting in Newport, R. I., July 9th to 13th. A large gathering from New England and the Middle States is expected. Dr. J. G. Fitch, of London, will speak on the "Evolution of Character;" N. M. Butler, of New York, on "Manual Training;" Prof. A. E. Dolbar, of Tuft's College, on "Recent Advances in Electrical Science;" A. G. Winship, of Boston, on "Genius and Circumstances in Education;" E. D. Mead, on "The Importance of the Study of History;" President L. Clark Seelye, of Smith College, on "The Higher Education of Women;" Miss Berta Hintz, of the Boston Normal School, on "Drawing in Schools;" and J. B. Sharland, of Boston, on "Music in the School Room."—*The Independent.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

Neglected Beauties.—Probably the most generally interesting family of microscopic plants is that called *Desmidieæ*, or the Desmids. They are aquatic, being found only in fresh water. The single cell which constitutes a Desmid is usually bright green, and constricted in the middle so that it is made up of two similar halves. In general outline these cells may be cylindrical, spindle-shaped, crescent-shaped, hour-glass-shaped, elliptical or circular, and their margins may be smooth, or toothed, or spiny, or lobed. They like still water in swampy places, where they form a green coat or jelly on the bottom, or a green mass on the surface of the water. Many of them may be seen to move freely through the water under the microscope, although the method of the movement still continues to be a mystery. The all but endless variety of their forms, combined with perfect symmetry of parts and exquisiteness of structure, makes the study of them a never-failing source of instruction and delight. Some of them combine all the elements of beauty. Now, these peculiarly attractive plants have found numerous students elsewhere, but in North Carolina they have been entirely neglected, both by native and visiting botanists. Moved partly by this consideration, and feeling confident that the State must furnish many representatives of the family, I have for two or three months past been engaged, as my limited leisure allowed, upon the determination of the species of Desmids found in the vicinity of Wake Forest. In so short a time, and that without exhausting the material by far, I have identified as many as eighty-one different species and varieties. The list of them has been furnished the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society for publication in its Journal.

A North Carolina Microscopical Society.—Dr. Paul Barringer, of Davidson College, published in the April number of the North Carolina *Medical Journal* a call to those interested in the use of the microscope, whether physicians or others, to meet at Fayetteville during the recent session of the State Medical Society for the organization of a microscopical society. The microscope is an instrument or tool of incalculable importance in a number of the sciences. So varied are its applications, indeed, and so complex the operations connected with its most successful use, that many have been led to make the tool the centre of a new "science" called microscopy. We may doubt the justice of this conclusion and still retain the highest regard for the wonderful instrument and its revelations. It is coming to be more and more important to the practising physician as an aid in diagnosis; and in the

course of a few years it will probably be indispensable. As a means of recreation the study of microscopic objects in the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms yields to nothing in the admirable mingling of unalloyed pleasure, with intellectual and moral improvement. So that from all points of view the State is to be congratulated upon the organization of a microscopical society within its bounds.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

SOMETHING TO SAY.

I.

Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet,
I've somethin' to say!
Some fathers might let things take their course,
but *your* dad ain't built that way.
Yer see, I work for a livin' now, and I earn enough
for two;
But I'll be gol darned if I'm going to feed another
along with you.

II.

If you wanted to marry a decent man, who was
earnin' decent pay,
Most likely I'd tell you to go ahead, and hurry
and set the day;
But I know the worthless dude you want, and I
know his little lay.
Somethin' to say, my daughter! Well, you bet,
I've somethin' to say!

III.

Now don't be cryin', daughter, and don't feel hard
at me—
You'd know you'd better be single, if only you
could see;
But to think of your marryin' such a man as lazy
young Dandy Jim—
Though, 'f he knew enough to earn his salt, don't
know's I'd object to him.

IV.

It isn't him at all, you say; but the old man Millionaire?
Why, child, you make your father proud; just let
me kiss you—there!
And you want me to add my blessing, and come
to the house and stay?
Well, I guess you can manage your own machine,
and I ain't got nothin' to say.

C. N. HOOD.

—*Life.*

LOVE'S DILEMMA.

Were ever maidens more unlike?
How shall a lover choose?
One seems to me amusing;
The other seems a muse.

Kate madly laughs at all the men,
May only smiles at one?
Kate fairly dotes on tennis,
May worships Tennyson.

If May could only ride like Kate,
If Kate could only sing like May;
Why, then, I would not hesitate
To wed—but which one, pray?

BABCOCK

THE late Prof. Asa Gray left his copyrights and collection of photographs to Harvard.

MRS. E. D. N. SOUTHWORTH, the venerable novel writer, has had two rings (one for each of her children) made from the gold pens with which she wrote her stories.

SARAH K. BOLTON describes Will Carleton as "a tall, vigorous-looking man who believes in out-door exercise, especially walking; who is fond of rowing, sailing and horse-back riding; who uses no stimulants; who is kindly in manner yet decided in character; who honors womanhood and all that is pure and elevating, and who is fond of music, playing on several instruments."

MR. RUSKIN regretfully says: "I am never allowed by novelists to stay long enough with people I like, after I once get acquainted with them. It has always seemed to me that tales of interesting persons should not end with their marriage, and that, for the general good of society, the varied energies and expanding peace of wedded life would be much better subjects of interest than the narrow aims, vain distresses or passing joys of youth."

IN the May number of *Harper's* is the first of a series of articles written by R. R. Bowler on "London as a Literary Centre." The object of these papers is to "tell the stay-at-home reader something of literary life in London, and to make known to him in some measure the men and women of to-day who are a part of that life; whose books he has read, and whom he has loved and honored through their books." The portraits of most of the characters he discusses are given, which adds much to the interest of the article. The novelists are left out altogether, but will form the subject of the next paper.

NAPOLEON was a greedy novel reader. Andrew Lang, the essayist, says he was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and, unfortunately, even the new romances of his period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his Majesty wherever he might happen to be, and great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy and Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his travelling carriage, and after skimming a few pages would throw a volume that bored him out of the window into the highway. He might have been tracked by his trail of romances.—*Book buyer.*

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—Night fell, and Goldsmith found himself at Ardagh, half-way on his journey. Casting about for information as to "the best house," that is to say the best inn in the neighborhood, he unluckily lit upon one Cornelius Kelly, who had been fencing-master to the Marquis of Granby, but, what is more to the purpose, was a confirmed wag and practical joker. Amused with Oliver's schoolboy swagger, he gravely directed him to the mansion of the local magistrate, 'Squire Featherston. To 'Squire Featherston's the lad

accordingly repaired, and called lustily for some one to take his horse. Being ushered into the presence of the supposed landlord and his family, he ordered a good supper, invited the rest to share it, treated them to a bottle or two of wine, and finally retired to rest, leaving careful injunctions that a hot cake should be prepared for his breakfast on the morrow. His host, who was a humorist, and, moreover, knew something of his visitor's father, never undeceived him; and it was not until he quitted the supposed inn next day that he learned, to his confusion, that he had been entertained at a private house. Thus early in Oliver Goldsmith's career was rehearsed the first sketch of the successful comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."—*From Austin Dobson's Life of Goldsmith.*

I only am the man
Among all married men,
That do not wish the priest,
To be unlinked again.

And though my shoe did wring,
I would not make my moan,
Nor think my neighbor's chance
More happy than my own.

Yet court I not my wife,
But yield observance due,
Being neither fond nor cross,
Nor jealous, nor untrue.

—*Harper's.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

—The North Carolina *University Magazine* is one of our best exchanges. We note with pleasure steady and marked improvement in it this year. The April number contains a very interesting and valuable article on the Rosicrucians by Prof. F. P. Venable, to be concluded in next number. We also found the article on German Universities quite interesting. The editorial matter is fresh and varied.

--The *College Rambler*, in our opinion, does not *ramble* far enough to find a sufficient number of good contributions. In the number before us (March number) we find the contributed articles brief and generally lacking in public interest. They are, for the most part, on subjects pertaining to the college which it represents, and partake more of the nature of editorials than contributions. The editorial matter is very good.

—The *Davidson College Monthly*, for April, is on our table and is a fairly good number. Its leading article is on "Marion and his Men." Our good-natured contemporary sees fit to take us to task for subscribing our names to editorials, and adds, substantially, that we probably do so in hope of praise from intimate friends, or, perhaps

on account of fear of censure in their presence.

The last reason is ingeniously suggested, and is doubtlessly sufficient to influence the editors of the *Monthly* to withhold their names from their editorials. We confess we never had thought of it until the *Monthly* suggested it. We are neither so greedy for praise nor so sensitive to censure as to resort to such a cheap expedient to obtain the one or to avoid the other. Where a college magazine has a staff of four editors, each of whom usually furnishes an editorial to each number, we can see no reason why each should not sign his name to his editorial. Besides, the custom makes the editorial department more interesting to the majority of our readers, especially those at college, however it may suit the squeamish taste of the *Monthly*.

—The *Thielensian*, quite a clever magazine published at Thiel College, Pennsylvania, complains of sectional allusions which it claims to have detected in the columns of the STUDENT. It quotes from one of our late issues the following sentences, and concludes with a few economic observations, the truth of which we are as ready to admit as is the *Thielensian*: "The history of the South has not been written; we dare not write it now, but the time is coming when the story of our wrongs and sufferings will be told and the world will be glad to hear it. The Shermans, Blaines, Forakers, and South-haters will then be dead, and only their loathsome memory will live in the hearts of the people they have outraged and slandered." The sentence quoted refers, as everyone will readily see, only to the bloody-shirt demagogues of the North and men of their following, whose political creed is a malignant abuse of the South. We know that a mutual dependence and a fraternal regard should subsist between the North and South, and we have no hesitancy in saying that such is the case with the better classes of the two sections. How can the South or any other section cherish the best feelings towards those who neglect never an opportunity to heap vituperation and slander upon her? The unhappy differences which divided the people of the two sections in the dark days of other years, are now practically forgotten by the people of the South, and they are striving to build up their shattered fortunes. They are of a different political faith from many of the people of the North; but tradition and circumstances have made them different, and that should not be made ground of dissension. Let the hideous and mildewed bloody shirt be forever buried; let the Shermans, Blaines, Forakers, and men of their ilk, cease their malignant abuses, and the utmost confidence and good feeling will be restored between the two sections.

—The *Trinity Archive*, for April, is before us, and is a breezy little journal. We always enjoy its perusal.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, J. W. LYNCH.

—Examinations!

—Home! Sweet Home!

—Commencement bound!

—Dr. Taylor went to New York last month.

—"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now!"

—The Seniors have had their pictures taken—eighteen in the group.

—Miss Willie Simmons has returned from South Carolina, where she has been spending the winter.

—Prof. Poteat was summoned to Yanceyville last month to the bedside of his young and beautiful sister, Miss Linnie Poteat, who died a few days after his arrival. All hearts sympathize with him in this bereavement.

—The two societies have elected the following to compete for the declaimer's medal: *Euzelian*—J. B. Spilman, E. W. Sikes, W. J. Ward, Otho Holding, T. W. Bickett. *Philomathesian*—J. H. Pridgen, H. H. Covington, J. E. White, J. L. Fleming, J. H. Grant.

—Mr. Vann went to Richmond last month to deliver an address before the Young Men's Foreign Missionary Society; thence to Leaksville to aid Rev. J. B. Richardson in a meeting. During his absence his pulpit was supplied by Drs. Royall and Taylor, Rev. E. G. Beckwith and one of the students.

—We still want Nos. 2 and 7 of 1882–'3, for which we offer fifteen cents each.

—The medals for improvement have been awarded—the *Euzelian* to Mr. E. W. Sikes; the *Philomathesian* to Mr. J. W. Millard.

—Mr. W. C. Allen, a member of the staff of '86, in a private letter says: "I think the magazine retains its former standard, with a pretty fair percentage of increase in excellence."

—Mr. J. H Gillespie, whose poetry in THE STUDENT elicited so much praise, is here for a few weeks. He is devoting his time to reading and the study of versification under Dr. Royall.

—Professor Poteat is now writing a series of articles for the *Biblical Recorder* on "Religion in Science." These articles should be read by everyone who loves the truth and is not afraid to think.

—The two societies have passed resolutions to abolish their medals, to take effect September, 1888. It is almost certain that the college medals will also go, as every member of the Faculty is in favor of it.

—"You are making a most excellent journal. I am proud of it and the young men it represents at our great Baptist College. Believe me

"Sincerely yours,

"HENRY W. BATTLE."

—On the first Sunday of May, Mr. Vann preached a memorial sermon of Dr. Yates. The venerable Mr. George Thompson, teacher and friend of the boy Yates, was present and furnished some interesting reminiscences of the great missionary.

—Rev. Mr. Solomon, a former professor in the University of West Virginia, was here for a few days last month. He is writing a book on Genesis, and read several chapters before some of the Faculty for their criticism and suggestions.

—We notice many improvements going on in the village. Mr. Riddick is fitting up his hotel near the depot; Mr. Robert Royall is building a residence opposite Mr. W. C. Powell's, and Mr. George Pritchard is also building on the street back of the college.

—The Business Managers are highly pleased with the way subscription dues are coming in, but several have not yet responded. Friends, you know the year is nearly out and the publishers must be paid. Please let the Business Managers hear from you as soon as possible. Please do not send stamps.

—The students sent Rev. M. L. Kesler and Mr. W. C. Dowd to represent the college at the Y. M. C. A. Convention in Charlotte. They gave glowing accounts of their meeting on their return. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when we will have a branch of the Y. M. C. A. at Wake Forest.

—The *Eu.* Society has elected the following Anniversary Committee for next year: Orator, D. A. Davis, Yadkin county, N. C.; First Debater, M. L. Rickman, Macon county, N. C.; Second Debater, J. R. Hankins, Salisbury, N. C.; President, H. A. Foushee, Roxboro, N. C. The *Phi.* Society elects as its Orator, F. L. Merritt, Wake county, N. C.; First Debater, G. T. Watkins, Granville county, N. C.; Second Debater, J. E. White, Wake county, N. C.; Secretary, T. S. Sprinkle, Forsyth county, N. C.

—The students have organized an Athletic Association, and are preparing for a public exhibition of athletic sports. The boys take great interest in the Association, and the games will be worth seeing. The base-ball club belonging to the Association has received a challenge to play in Raleigh on the 10th of May. The following are the officers of the Association: President, Dr. Chas. L. Reese; First Vice President, H. C. Upchurch; Second Vice President, E. B. Lewis; Secretary, W. C. Dowd; Treasurer, F. H. Edwards.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

[*Reported by C. G. Wells.*]

At 8 o'clock on Friday evening, April 27th, an intelligent audience, composed principally of citizens and students, assembled in the college chapel to enjoy the exercises of the third Senior speaking of the present collegiate year. Fourteen members of the class having committed theses, four other young gentlemen presented themselves on the rostrum to deliver orations, and were introduced by Prof. W. B. Royall.

The first speaker of the evening

was Mr. F. T. Wooten, of Wilmington, N. C.—subject, "Reaching the Pinnacle of Greatness." There is a desire on the part of every man to become eminent. Such a desire is essential to success; is even commendable but liable to be abused. This is a fast and progressive age and man naturally desires to move with the age. In order to do so, he frequently yields to temptation. It would be better for the world if right prevailed more extensively. A spirit of jealousy prevails even in the ministry. Some gain applause by preaching to please their hearers. True men do not possess such characteristics. Many enter politics from pure motives. Gladstone is the most noted example. Compare the lives of Washington and Gladstone with those of Alexander and Napoleon. The latter have fame; but what a fame! Compare Mahomet and Judson—the one drenches the land in the blood of his fellows; the other was pure, noble and praiseworthy. Let us strive for honor by honesty and a faithful discharge of duty.

The next speaker was Mr. A. T. Howell, of Gates county. Subject—"An Invincible Characteristic." Perseverance is the great law of the universe. All things are in motion. Were the powers of nature to become inactive death would be the consequence. When man ceases to be active, he dies physically, intellectually and morally. This characteristic guarantees attainments the most invigorating in their use and incalculable in their worth. Persevering toil gains whatever it desires. It has accomplished all material progress. Every thing that is good, great and lasting is vocal with the triumphs of this noble, invincible characteristic. Invariably will you find this characteristic exemplified as the master impulse of every truly great character. Failure is unknown to those who act upon this principle. Every soul has the ability to attain success. Success comes gradually. There are two prerequisites to success—fix the eyes in one direction and then press towards the goal. This same characteristic disciplines those noble virtues which shine so serenely in good men's characters. It is impossible for an inactive man to be virtuous. Self discipline is the essence of virtue. All of the world's benefactors were men of hard discipline. There are two prospects presented to our view. One pointed out by virtue, wide, various and beautiful; the other equally attractive but filled with snares. We may choose whichever we please.

Mr. J. R. Pendergrass, of Old Fort, N. C., was the next speaker. Subject—"Man Writes his own Epitaph." Man has been called a creature of circumstances, which is not altogether true In him are centred nature's greatest wonders, and his opportunities are abundant. His motives are read from his face. There are only two kinds of epitaphs to be written, and every man must decide between them. The night-guides point him to dissipation and ruin. Yielding has blighted many a fair and promising life, for "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ways thereof are the ways of death." The guides of day wield a heavenly influence,

pointing men to whatsoever is true, honest and good. They teach us why the debauchee suffers in this life, and why the virtuous man enjoys its good things. Men exhibit varied faculties and inclinations and usually follow in the footsteps of former generations. Self-application solves the question of success. Every one has a history that records triumphs more durable than those recorded on marble shafts. Many men, conscious of this fact, have made themselves famous by integrity, while others have given way to failure and are forgotten.

Mr. J. W. Lynch, of Leaksville, N. C., begins his speech by saying that he will depart from the usual order and deliver an informal lecture, taking for his subject "Tarheels Abroad." In a public debate in 1881, he, together with several other young men of the neighborhood in which they lived, espoused the affirmative of the question, "*Resolved*, That Greeley's advice is advantageous to the young men of the South." After a warm debate the question was decided in favor of the negative, but they made up their minds not to be outdone, and agreed to go West. Their purpose was to be kept a secret, but those who had sweethearts told them, and thus the news spread that they were going to leave the State. The old folks asked their pastor to preach against it, and the editor of the Salisbury *Watchman* wrote against emigration from the State. Many were dissuaded; but six, who had no sweethearts, donned their summer clothing early in March, bought tickets at Greensboro, and started for the Northwest with seven dollars in their pockets. At Huntington, W. Va., the snow was falling rapidly and they suffered much from the cold—their overcoats and winter clothing, having been packed in their trunks, were on another train. There they took steerage on a steamer for Cincinnati; had a rough time and sighed for the feather-beds and flesh-pots of North Carolina.

When they arrived at Cincinnati they spent one day sight-seeing, then went to St. Louis, Mo., where they thought best to separate. He crossed the Mississippi river into Illinois, and obtained work in a very wealthy but close-fisted family of old bachelors and maids, where he had a rough experience attending to the stock and doing farm work amid the severities of the cold and snow of that spring, until he was taken sick. He thought he would die, but determined not to, and finally recovered and went to Hillsboro, in the same State, where he was cared for and helped into a better life by the Y. M. C. A. There he secured janitor's place at an institution of learning and worked in the country on Saturday,

Here he tells us something of the State, the heterogenous character of the people, the drought of '83, the Mississippi floods, the cyclones, &c., and closed by telling us of the success with which the six have met. They have all prospered and are steadily rising in life.

The speakers all received many beautiful bouquets of flowers as tokens of esteem from their lady friends.

The exercises having been concluded, the audience repaired to the literary halls, where several hours were spent in pleasant, social intercourse.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITOR, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

—'56. A successful and enterprising merchant at Wake Forest is Mr. F. M. Purefoy. His business is good and his reputation unimpeached.

—'61. Rev. J. B. Richardson, of High Point, N. C., has been giving some work to churches in the S. C Association to the joy and satisfaction of his brethren.

—'62. Mr. George W. Sanderlin, of Beston, has, in a manly and felicitous card, announced himself as desiring the nomination for the office of State Auditor at the hands of the Democratic Convention. He is highly commended by many of the papers of the State.

—'75. A lawyer of ability is H. R. Scott, of Reidsville, N. C. His clients always find him ready, and, what is better, he always finds clients to keep him employed in his professional duties.

—'75. Prof. L. W. Bagley, of Littleton, N. C., has recently moved into his new school building situated near the famous Shaw Healing Springs.

—'77. Prof. W. L. Poteat is contributing to the *Biblical Recorder* a series of articles on "Religion in Science."

—'81. The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Daily Herald*, of April 9th, had a synopsis of a sermon by Rev. N. R. Pittman, accompanied by a cut of the preacher. If the picture is a true one, Western residence has made great changes in the personal appearance of our friend. He, with his wife, attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, pastor of Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, read a paper before the Pastors' Conference, of that city, April 23rd, on the "Trend of Modern Science."

—'82. A move in the right direction: Mr. H. G. Holding, of Wake Forest, N. C., who is one of the best and most progressive farmers in Wake county, in addition to his farm, has recently enclosed several hundred acres of fine pasture land for the purpose of stock-raising.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring, of Shanghai, China, gives a detailed account of Dr. Yates' death in the *Biblical Recorder*, of May 2nd.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen, we learn, has an excellent school at Jamesville, N. C. This session closes on the 29th of May. The address at the close of the Plymouth High School will be delivered by him on June the 8th.

—'85. Rev. E. Ward, of Meridian, Texas, now and then shows that he

has not forgotten his friends in the Old North State. We hear that he supplies good sermons to his churches, and his people like him much.

—'86. Jacob Stewart, Esq., has located in Mocksville, N. C., and, we learn, is beginning to establish a reputation in the legal profession.

—'87. Mr. Ray Browning has an excellent position as telegraph operator in Petersburg, Va.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson, of Jonesboro, N. C., is doing good work in the S. C. Association. His success is no surprise to those who knew that during the last years of his course at college he declined assistance from the Board of Education, preferring rather to pay his own expenses.

—Rev. J. B. Salomon, D. D., of Kentucky, visited Wake Forest on the 28th ult. Although he left the college without completing his course, the Trustees afterwards conferred upon him the degree of A. M. He was for some time a Professor and Vice President of the University of West Virginia. He is at present engaged upon a book on "Genesis and Geology."

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THE PANAMA CANAL.

"The greatest event, probably, in favor of the peaceful intercourse of nations that the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of man."

I need not say in the outset that this article is very far from being exhaustive. To discuss fully the financial, commercial, scientific and political phases of the subject would require volumes. What I have to say here is substantially what I said some time ago in a report made in the International-Law class at the Johns Hopkins University. I then briefly discussed the subject under these three divisions: *Origin, commercial importance, internatioual aspect;* and I cannot do better now than follow the same outline.

It has not remained for the intelligence of the nineteenth century to be the first to perceive the importance of highways of commerce connecting ocean with ocean. There is a tradition that the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt when Abraham made a visit to that country, entertained the idea of cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The present Suez Canal is, for a part of its course, but a reopening of an ancient canal which was never completed. The beneficial results upon commerce of the opening of this canal have fully justified the foresight of these ancient attempts. The Spaniards of South America early saw the importance of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and in 1514, just one year after Balboa had discovered

the Pacific Ocean, attempted to accomplish it by cutting a canal through the spurs of the Cordilleras. Since 1780 many attempts have been made, but all of them have proved unsuccessful. The completion of the Suez Canal in 1869 again riveted the attention of the world upon the subject. The French, enthused by De Lesseps' great triumph, were specially interested in it. At first thought it seems strange that France, whose interest in the Panama canal cannot be one-tenth that of England and America—America especially—should nevertheless be most active in the promotion of it. America, notwithstanding affirmations on the part of many to the contrary, has all along turned the cold shoulder towards it. The secret of this indifference is her hope that the rival Nicaraguan scheme will be put through. The activity of the French can be explained, I think, only on the ground that they are fully aware of the influence that the control of such a highway of commerce must exert on international politics.

Before 1876, several fruitless expeditions had been sent out to explore the Panama Isthmus; but it was in that year that the expedition which finally led to the undertaking of the project, was sent out under Lieut. Wise. On the strength of his report there was formed in 1878 *The Civil International Interoceanic Canal Society*, which in the following year elected De Lesseps engineer-in chief of the undertaking. In 1879, at the instance of De Lesseps, a congress of scientists, politicians, savants, capitalists, and what not, convened at Paris, discussed the matter thoroughly, voted to undertake the scheme, and appointed six committees to make exhaustive reports on every possible aspect of the question. Work was begun in 1881.

The commercial and political importance of the Panama Canal is, of course, quite a problematical question. It may never be finished. Indeed as things go now, it seems highly probable that the scheme will collapse entirely. While this Canal is only about one-third as long as the Suez, being but 50 miles in length, De Lesseps has difficulties to contend with in its construction which were absent in the case of the other. It passes through the spurs of the Cordilleras; many streams run at right angles to its course, and the climate is so unhealthy that the workmen employed on it die in squads from fever. But the question of importance for us to consider is not so much the Panama Canal, or the Nicaraguan Canal, or an overland ship-railway, but a highway of commerce, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

It is hard to give in mere abstract terms a clear conception of the tremendous effect the opening of such a highway will have upon the commerce of the world. The quotation with which I began, is the best succinct statement of it I know; "The greatest event, probably, in favor of the peaceful intercourse of nations that the physical circumstances of the globe present to the enterprise of man." The commerce of the world needs, indeed requires, for its complete development, a navigable zone

getting rid of the dangerous circuit of Cape Horn, just such as the Suez Canal has made by getting rid of the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. The distance between the ports of France and England—say Bordeaux and Liverpool—via Cape Horn is 15,000 miles. The canal will shorten it 10,500 miles.

The probable amount of traffic that will pass over the Isthmus is immense. The first and second committees appointed by the Congress at Paris in 1880 examined the customs' returns of all the ports of Europe and America, and estimated from them that a traffic of 4,830,000 tons of merchandise might have passed through the canal in the year 1876; and, on a basis of 6 per cent increase—which was the actual percentage of increase for the years '60–'76—they calculated that by the year 1890, by which time it was claimed the canal would be finished, the traffic would reach 7,249,000 tons of merchandise.

The canal is of special moment to the interest of the United States. In the event of war it might become a dangerous passage-way for hostile troops. Moreover, the greater part of the trade between the United States and the countries of the Orient now passes over from 5,000 to 15,000 miles of ocean which would be entirely obviated by this canal. This great distance has no doubt acted as a restraint upon the trade between America and Australasia, India, China, and Asiatic countries generally. It would shorten the distance between New York and Calcutta 9,600 miles; the distance between New York and Canton, 10,900 miles. It is estimated that the foreign trade of the United States alone could supply the canal with a yearly traffic to the amount of 2,000,000 tons of merchandise, which, at an average of $2.00 per ton, would give a revenue of $4,000,000 per annum.

The countries on both sides of the Isthmus of Panama, with virgin soils of rare fertility, resources almost unlimited, and dominated by the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, are the countries of the future. The already rapidly increasing commerce of these countries will be stimulated by this convenience of transit.

Again: The products of the growing western States—at least a large part of them—as things are now, have to double Cape Horn on their eastern journey. The opening of the canal would provide for this traffic, increasing rapidly every year with the development of the great west, a coast-line of travel eastward, much shorter and much safer than the present route. And when we remember that freight by water is much cheaper than overland freight, we can readily see what an immense business this coast-line would do.

From these considerations it can be easily seen how vast is the importance to the world and especially to the United States, of this missing link in the chain of commerce. Trade will be stimulated, new markets will develop, and old ones increase their traffic. Freight-rates will be reduced as is the distance over which it has to pass. Insurance-rates will decrease with the avoidance of the dangerous circuit of Cape Horn. It is not exag-

geration to say that ere many years shall have passed away the commerce of the world will be doubled.

But the mightiest effect it may have is yet to be mentioned. Ten to one it will change the centre of gravity of the commercial world. Westward the course of commercial empire takes its way. Starting with Phœnicia of old, it has steadily traveled toward the setting sun; resting, as the centuries have rolled away, now on the shores of this country, now on the shores of that, at last coming to rest on the shores of England. But it cannot be there forever. Progress is the order of the world. Soon it will seek a new abode. And when this new canal has given our commerce a new and mighty impulse, whither shall it turn save to the shores of America? We shall see what we shall see.

An artifical canal comes within the province of International Law only when it becomes the subject of treaty stipulation. On page 39 of Davis' *International Law* read as follows: "Artificial ways of communication like ship canals, however important their construction may prove to be in its effects upon commerce, can acquire interest from the point of view of International Law only when they have been made the subject of treaty stipulation. No existing rules apply to them, or can be made so to apply, by any process of construction. They are not arms of the sea, or straits, or rivers. Nor are they natural channels of trade or commerce over which all nations have the right of innocent passage. Their neutrality in war is the most serious question that can arise with respect to them, and this can only be secured by a guarantee of the great powers, or by a sufficient number of them to secure the observance of such guarantee." The Panama Canal has been so far the subject of only one treaty stipulation. In 1846 the United States and the Republic of New Grenada (now Colombia) entered into a treaty which guaranteed the perfect neutrality of the canal or any other interoceanic communications that might be constructed for the maintenance of free intercourse between sea and sea. On June 24, 1881, Secretary of State, Hon. James G. Blaine, hearing that the great powers of Europe were taking steps towards jointly guaranteeing the neutrality of the Panama Canal, wrote a letter to Lord Granville, of England, in which he uttered a vigorous protest against the proposed action. He claimed that the treaty of 1846 had guaranteed the perfect neutrality of the canal, which the United States had on several occasions secured; and that she now needed no assistance from the powers of Europe in carrying out the provisions of the treaty. The interest of the United States was more nearly affected than that of any other country; and hence she would regard any such action as an attempt on the part of great powers of Europe to gain control of the political character of the highway. Whenever the countries of Europe guaranteed the sovereignty of small States contiguous to them, it had never been the policy of the United States to interfere in the matter; and that she would regard any attempt to introduce into

America the political methods of Europe as a menace to her influence in the Isthmus.

The agreement by which the State of Colombia granted the French Company permission to construct the canal will be null and void if the canal is not completed by the year 1892. And as the chances are that it will not be completed by that time, we may look out for some serious complication about that time. For there is no doubt that France is casting longing eyes upon the Isthmus, and if the French company fails, may undertake, as a government, to complete the canal. If she does the United States will certainly have something to say about the matter. The canal may yet be a bone of great contention.

WALTER P. STRADLEY, '87.

IS THOUGHT FREE?

From the time of Martin Luther, that great luminary in the Christian world, who forsook the walls of a gloomy convent, and in the face of Pope, and what then was almost the civilized world, held up that great truth which has since been a blessing to all nations, there has been a steady and burning desire for freedom of thought and action in the human breast. The great climax of this progress was reached at Yorktown in 1776. To-day we celebrate the anniversary of this great consummation. No word in the English vocabulary delights the ear of an American more than that of Freedom. When we think of the advantages we should enjoy in such a country as this, we cannot repress what the great "female author" terms the "immoral imbecility of the inward giggle;" a sereneness of countenance that portrays inward satisfaction. And yet, while all this is true, we cannot but have a strange foreboding when we notice that throughout all the Union, and especially at the South, since the war, there is a monopoly of thought, presided over by the magnates and associates of other monopolies, which grinds to dust all expressed honest convictions which are not imbedded in the constitution and by-laws of said monopolies.

In this country there are two great political parties—Democratic and Republican. The Democratic party promises good government upon a certain platform. The Republican party promises the same. These parties are upheld by their respective newspapers—the press of the land—which wields the same power and influence, and moulds public opinion in this day and generation, as did oratory in the days of Greece and Rome. But let there be a man in the arena who differs in his opinion from the expo-

nents of the principles of these parties, it makes no difference how honest his convictions or how plausible his theory, if he does not jump at the same place the other sheep jump, he is doomed to disappointment, and the dregs of his cup are as bitter as those that touched the lips of Socrates.

The legislatures of the Union assemble in January to "make," "modify" and "repeal." Lobbyists and the especial champions of corporations come, with slate in hand on which is inscribed "convicts," "rights of way," and, I might say, "cosmopolitan superiority." If there is a man in that body who allows one breath of honest sentiment to come in contact with that slate, thereby marring its "beauty," he is immediately cast aside, and so far as influence and social sympathy is concerned thereafter, his toga is ruined, and Mark Antony delivers another oration.

To-day the country is blessed with a band of progressive scientists, who, at one time or another, either by individual effort or digging deeper than their predecessors, taking up where they left off, have discovered and presented to the civilized world a great truth, which brings new life and happiness to every individual. But let one of these scientists, after years of toil, discover a remedy which does not tally with the diagnosis of the clergy, introduce some new and plausible theory which does not accord with established creeds, and the epithets hurled at him are voluminous, and he is at once launched upon a rough and troublesome sea, and whither he *Woodrow* (would row) he cannot.

The different denominations of the country have official organs, in which to express their views and to carry on their correspondence. The editors of these journals wield a mighty power. The majority of the disciples have learned to think and write what will best please those in charge. But let some good old brother suggest some reform whereby influence is lessened in some quarters, even though the reform is based upon the Bible, he is forthwith put out of the synagogue, never again *mentioned*, receives no call, and the consequences are that Henry I, never weds, and the fair Matilda seeks the seclusion of the convent.

I might go on and bring before your mind innumerable incidents in everyday life to show you that, in a peculiar way, the circle of "free thinking" is narrowing; but I believe you see the drift of these suggestions. Of course, there are great underlying principles which must be preserved and protected, just as at times and occasions in the history of a State, when all its forces must be brought to bear and set in motion to preserve and protect its institutions. But this is the exception and not the rule. An evil which has become part and parcel of society is deplorable. It is true there is no statute law to prevent free thinking and free expression, but the tendency is towards a law to which the statute books must invariably succumb—Public Sentiment.

There is an engraving in one of the *Leslies* which speaks a volume. Away out upon a cliff of the Rocky Mountains, amid the eternal snows, the cyclonic winds from the Northwest,

straightening her coarse, dark locks, stands an Indian squaw with thin and tattered raiment, her bare feet buried in the ice, and with her hands and eyes toward heaven she calls on an Unknown. Just across a deep chasm, suspended from a tall sycamore towering above the cliffs, is a dark, oblong object which tells the secret. She is mourning the death of her brave! It brings to your mind the "Wail of mortal terror." The companion of her life gone; no tender hands to uphold her in her sad affliction; no words of sympathy from surrounding friends! She cannot understand it. With one wailing cry she turns her face towards her deserted wigwam, submitting to the inevitable —Death!

I turn from this scene to another: In a secluded spot of the rural districts there is as bright a genius as ever left the walls of a University. At one time he was the recipient of encomiums worthy of the loftiest ambition. No mention is ever made of him. He receives no notice from the outside world. He remains shut up in seclusion, suffering the remorse that can be felt only by an enslaved mind. Go to the dusty files of some political organ, and a short paragraph tells the secret. He is a victim of honest expression. With no hand to uphold him, no sympathy from surrounding friends, no ray of light to penetrate the future, with a feeling of remorse he turns his attention to the affairs of his home, bowing to the inevitable—Public Sentiment. And so goes the world. REGNIT.

A PLEA FOR MAGAZINES IN THE SOUTH.

The question may be asked, Have we not circulating magazines in the South? The answer is, No, not one. Now, if anyone thinks this is misrepresentation, let him name a single monthly in the South that has any influence, the support of the people or contributors of any notoriety. The next question naturally is, Do we need these monthlies? Yes; we have been letting newspapers represent our literature too long, and, in many cases, they have misrepresented us. The newspaper is good in its sphere, but, then, it always sides with some ring, party, or advances the private interests of its editor. Nevertheless they are indispensable arteries, carrying news, like the blood of life, through the country by rail, by telegraph, coursing into heart-like sheets; whose utterances control public opinion and insure good government. Yet, to that exalted, higher sphere of independent thinking and acting, the daily paper, from its very nature, cannot reach. The newspaper, in its general shape and make-up, cannot represent higher intellectual life. He who has a good thought, and words to clothe it,

does not chose to put his production in a little penny paper along with the current nothings of the day. Hence the higher literature of the South seeks the Northern press and comes back to us second hand. The writings of the delicate delineator of the peculiarities in Tennessee mountain life; the pure, home-like novels from "Old Virginia," by Miss Rives and Mr. Page, show the simple lives led by our *ante-bellum* fathers, and turning the light of truth on what the present generation are pleased to call the dark days, brighten, light up and throw a hallowed glow over that period which the ordinary newspaper gourmand is accustomed to think of as one of utter darkness.

Senator Colquitt wrote an article in *The Forum* on the suppression of the negro vote. This piece showed by statistics that the vote of the Northern laborer was suppressed more than that of the Southern negro, and that in one of the manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania there were not enough votes cast to entitle the member from that district to take his seat in Congress.

Speaker Carlyle, also a Southern man, wrote a paper on the "Reduction of the Tariff." This, too, appeared in *The Forum* of November. And as these papers do not reach the people of the South, is it any wonder that the North and South cannot come to any understanding of their mutual interests, and settle forever the questions which divide them? If we had good standard magazines to represent our side of the question, with our best men contributing to them and writing pieces sound and pregnant with truth, speaking to the liberal-minded class of the North, we would soon come to an understanding of each other, which all the papers in the United States, with their uncertain, contradictory squibs have failed to bring about.

The *Century Magazine* has been publishing a series of articles on the principal battles of the late war. Some of these articles were written by Southerners, and invariably to these pieces the editor would attach foot-notes contradicting and perverting the meaning of the writer. These corrections spoil the piece, and as the writer has no chance to verify his statements, the editor fixes the production to suit his own views.

The newspapers sometimes take up the rod and for a few days write glowing editorials, which are seldom seen outside of the State in which they were written, and are never read by the class for whom they were intended. Then, not having a better literary vehicle than the newspaper, the South appears at a disadvantage to foreigners and "lettered mankind" in general. This is obvious, for if one of our newspapers does reach the other side of the ocean, we hear no more from it, as papers are so numerous, and a foreigner would fail to discriminate between important and unimportant articles therein. So, as the North has all the magazines, foreigners read, praise and criticise productions only North of Mason's and Dixon's line; or, in other words, we appear non-literary, and very unconcerned about the things that pertain so nearly to our salvation. And how

can we expect our principles, motives or intentions to be understood, at home or abroad, unless we have access to better literary vehicles than we now have. For, I repeat it, newspapers contain so much matter that is superfluous, touch on such divers subjects, and, hence, like all garrulous persons, must contradict themselves. Then how can a liberal-minded man, if he were ever so desirous, from this vast amount of trash and sectionalism pick out whatever golden truth may lie beneath. "Bill Arp" says: "Let a Yankee come and live South for two years, and you will have as good a Southern citizen as can be found." Does this not show that, through our newspapers, we do not understand each other. The newspaper for the party it represents, deals too much in sectionalism, and we would appeal to a higher literary court for justice.

I cannot leave this point without referring to the erroneous, wide-spread saying, which seems to be accepted by the South, that the newspaper of today has taken the place of the Magazine and Review. To show their utter incapability to effect this, a recent writer made an examination of the contents of the leading journals in the United States, and found that in some, one-tenth, in others, one-fifth, and still in others two-thirds of the columns were taken up with scandals, murders and such crimes as show the blackened, degraded side of human life. The few leisure moments of the people that can be spared from their daily toils, are taken up in reading the details of such newspapers, which is not only a misappropriation of time, but creates a false, vicious appetite that loathes the wholesome food of pure literature. It is the old story over again—the newspapers have gotten into the lion's skin, but its ears will stick out.

Writers on literature say that there must be a leisure class before writings of any merit can be produced. And that reason has been given for the lack of literature in the South. They say the South is an agricultural section, and as the net profits of agriculture are so small there is no leisure class. This is true to a certain extent, and it looks as if men must read and digest before they can write. To this class, then, belong Longfellow and Holmes; they had the leisure and are most distinguished writers. But, then, can they be compared to Shakespeare and Dickens, who did not have the leisure but made it. They wrote from experience and not from books. Of course they read after they had earned their leisure. And did Carlyle, the son of a Scottish village mason, belong to the leisure class? So of two-thirds of the writers in English and American literature. Yet, I must grant that there must be a class able to purchase and read these productions. And who will say that the South lacks this class? Still there is another objection: the capital to start these periodicals with. Well, this seems to be the rub, but it is answered by pointing to the number of cotton manufactories that are rising up in every town of any size or consequence in the South; and the iron industries, that have grown to such an

extent that they are now competing with the North. Now, just stop and think, we have seen how easy it is to start cotton mills, and that they are now within the reach of every town, and we may almost say village. Yet there is still a harping and croaking that we haven't enough capital in the South to start a magazine, which, in reality, would cost less than starting a cotton mill and pay better. In spite of all these facts, there are some who will still fall back on the old saying that the South, from inevitable necessity, must always be an agricultural section. This is a pernicious doctrine, and it has clogged the wheel of progress too long! Did the Alwise Creator divide our country with rivers and streams, and clothe the land with forests, only for us to drink at their brinks and warm our backs at our fires and fold our hands like unthinking, improvident, sensual beasts? No! To whom much is given, of them much is required. And as soon as manufactories commence to work up our natural resources, cities will spring up, and there will be a home market for agricultural produce. Farmers will give up their staple crops of cotton and tobacco, which have kept them slaves to the middle-men, who handle things in such a way that the farmer is no longer free and independent, but has his land mortgaged. When there is a home market, the farmer can be his own agent, sell his produce, raise a variety of products, and give up the two burdensome slave crops of cotton and tobacco. I say slave-crops, because time has shown that there is no money in planting them as the one crop, out of which to realize a living, without owning the labor. Then, too, manufactories brighten up things, cause intercourse and communion between man and man, and show people how to live better and enjoy the comforts God has given them.

And again, a statement which needs no verifying: a people given solely to agriculture, to the neglect of manufacturing, gradually isolate themselves on their large plantations, and do not enjoy or reach the comforts of a higher civilization and literature. And we hail with joy the sound of the wheels of progress, which bears the railroad, the steamboat and the factory into our land.

Finally, there is no use in trying to smooth it over, the North is ahead of us in literature, and we needn't try to deny it. Of the eighty-eight pages in the American part of "Shaw's English and American Literature," a book adopted by all the schools and colleges, only five pages are given to Southern writers.

Before the war, magazines were published in New Orleans, Richmond and Charleston, and if the reader will dip into these he will find in them as good reading as the Northern monthlies contain. Especially may we mention, for its national circulation and high literary standing, the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Since the war we have had no monthlies, but with renewed progress and the New South, a new literature must spring up in the land

"Where grows the orange and where blossoms
the rose;
The land of passion, where the brow of time
Dims not, but with renewed splendor glows
The joyous spring on her triumphal car
Riding through the land in beauty and light."

And, as John W. Daniel says, the South is rising up! Her people are beginning to think and write again. The North, like "the mountain that proudly rears its head, catches the first smiles of the coming god, and for awhile casts a shadow over the plain; but it is in the low and sheltered valley that the genial glow of his rays calls forth the verdure and kindles the bright bloom of the flower."

L. ROYALL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NORTHERN WINTER.

How much we delight to walk among the well-filled shelves of some favorite library, taking a well-worn and oft-used volume from this shelf, another from that, and in glancing at the title what pleasant thoughts fill our minds as we remember to have read and enjoyed this same book in childhood's days, when its stories of adventure held our youthful imaginations spell-bound; when its pathetic descriptions charmed our sensitive natures, and its noble sentiments were the first to awaken within us high aims and lofty ambitions! And, too, as Fancy wanders among the well-filled shelves of the library of our memory, taking from this shelf a remembrance of a by-gone pleasure, from that the memory of some departed friend, and from another the recollection of some experience which once gave us peculiar pleasure, at a mere glance at the title, so to speak, through what delightful channels does she lead our imagination! How distinct become the scenes of departed days whose outlines have been well-nigh erased by the hand of Time, but which, with the brush of recollection, she retouches and brings out into distinctness and clearness.

Fancy, in her wanderings, suggested to me the above subject, and certainly there is none to which my mind reverts with greater pleasure than to the first winter I spent among the snow-capped hills, the icy valleys and frozen streams of New England.

It is a morning in mid-winter. Our last glance at the sleeping world the night before revealed it dressed in its everyday attire. But as we now pin back the curtains of our room, a brilliant transformation has taken place. The snowflakes, as if afraid of the glaring noonday's light, have timidly and silently fallen during the night, enveloping the sleeping world in a mantle of white, studded with rich jewels, which sparkle and glisten in the rays of the sun, just rising from her saffron couch and peering over the white-crested hills of the East. Church spire, housetop and trees are laden with the ethereal burden.

The sound of sleigh bells bursts on the ear as the milkmen, in furs and rubber-boots, hurry past on their morning route. Sturdy men, with iron-bound shovels, are digging paths from house to barn. But here the snow has drifted to the depth of several feet, and strong oxen are opening the road for travel. Locomotives dash by driving the snow-plough through masses of snow, scattering it in every direction and clearing the tracks for trains. The merchant, farmer, doctor, everyone, now gives his wheel vehicles a long-needed rest, and draws out the dusty sleigh. The old family horse seems to jog along at a livelier pace as he hears the sleigh-bells jingling behind him for the first time of the season, and the return of winter, with its sports and pleasures, is welcomed no less by the grandfather, who delights in the enjoyment of the younger generation, than by the school-boy with sled and snowball, and the young man with sleigh and skate.

When night has woven her shadows around the ghost-like forms of snow-covered trees and icicle-fringed dwellings, and the moon, with her pale, gentle rays, is illumining the ice-bound landscape, sketched by winter's glorious camera, groups of merry school-boys and girls, in mittens and caps, and with skates over their shoulders, may be seen wending their way to the banks of some frozen stream. Skates are quickly buckled on and with a merry shout they glide away over the smooth surface of the pond, playing the games in which they take so much delight. The forms of young men with maidens fair flit hither and thither, with none but the scintillating stars overhead to reveal their thoughts and the secrets they disclose. On any moonlight night a steep hill well covered with snow is the scene of a congregation of the boys and girls of the neighborhood, who, with single sleds and "double runners," shoot down the steep hills again and again.

The thermometer has gone down to twenty-five degrees below zero, and ice is forming to the depth of fifteen to eighteen inches on the ponds, and now the work of harvesting begins. It is an interesting sight to watch the process through its different stages, from the time it is cut up into blocks by a plow-like instrument until it is hoisted by derricks into the ice-houses built along the banks.

Pleasing indeed—from the comfort standpoint—was the contrast between last winter, spent in the genial Southern climate, and the two preceding ones which I passed in New England. Yet, many times I longed for the opportunity of repeating my delightful experiences in the winter-sports and games, which, on account of their novelty, always possess a charm for the once initiated. Even now, almost at the mere mention of the word sleighing, in which is expressed so much of excitement and enjoyment, my thoughts take their flight upon a swift pilgrimage of a thousand miles to Connecticut, and to a rather novel experience, to say the least, in which it was my good fortune, or, perhaps, sad fate, to participate.

In accordance with a time-honored custom, the high-school students meet

and appoint committees to arrange for a grand sleigh-ride to some neighboring village. In the meantime, the coming event, like other coming events of your acquaintance, casts its shadows before, and with the anticipations which it awakens, and the memories it recalls of the last winter's ride, furnishes abundant material to revive the spirits and enthusiasm of even the most studious.

At length the appointed day arrives. It is an ideal afternoon of mid-winter; the snow lies to the depth of several inches, and the cloudless sky and genial rays of the sun confirm the indications of the hoisted weather signals. Halted before the door are the sleighs, whose bells are set a-jingling by the stamping and restlessness of the impatient horses. Finally, we are all seated, dressed in the thickest of winter garments and wrapped in the warmest of lap-robes. The signal is given, the driver cracks his whip over the heads of the mettlesome horses and with a sudden start the ride of fifteen miles is begun. Many an envious eye peers from the windows along the route, attracted thither by the merry sound of sleigh-bells. The trees fly past as we glide, now down steep hills, now wend our way through ice-bound valleys.

The fifth mile post is reached, and here, alas! must end the poetical (?) portion of my story. The driver blankly informs us that one of the horses has "entirely give out," and though another is sought to take his place we are unsuccessful, and for the remainder of the journey the drawing must be done by one already well-nigh exhausted horse. So the order is issued, to go into effect immediately and continue until further notice—for all male members of the party to give their legs some exercise, and at the same time lighten the load, by jumping out at the foot of every hill and walking up behind the sleigh, or, still better, pushing it up. I think we left in our wake something besides the tracks of our dainty number tens (a gross exaggeration of sizes in the writer's case by the way), to-wit, the sulphurous odor of many wasted invectives of a brimstone character heaped upon horse, driver and owner. (The writer also disclaims any participation in this pastime.) After a ride, or, rather, for the most part, a walk of five hours, the lights of S—— came in sight, and we entered the sleigh to get out for no more hills—until our return trip. (It is, perhaps, needless to add parenthetically, a fact in which you may be interested, namely, that by the time we reached our destination, our legs had taken all the exercise which physiology would prescribe for one afternoon.) The other sleighs had passed us long before and reached the hotel an hour and a half before our arrival. We were soon throwing off our wrappings and with them our *mauvaise humeur*, for, to tell the truth, we were not in a particularly enviable frame of mind when we arrived. But under the influence of our comfortable surroundings we retracted our denunciations of fate, made while ascending some of the hills, that we were boys and not girls, and were fast regaining our good humor when the supper bell rang (what could have happened

to bring about the desired result more quickly ?), and we were soon ligthening the weight of the supper table by a far more agreeable exercise than we underwent in lightening the sleigh.

Supper over, the company resolved itself into a donkey party. (The writer again begs to be excepted.) Lest some member of the party should see this, and take me to task for the ambiguity arising from the above sentence, I hasten to explain that a donkey party is by no means a party of donkeys, but so called from a very laughable parlor amusement.

The boys of the more fortunate sleighs courteously surrendered their seats to the young ladies of the ill-fated one, who returned about half-past nine. While our horses, which were thoroughly exhausted, were resting and eating a well-earned supper, our party—now composed entirely of boys—gathered in the hotel parlor where, stretched out around an open grate in which glowed the coals of a merry fire, we bewailed our unhappy fate, rendered more unendurable at the prospect of a long midnight ride home exceedingly unromantic and unpoetical without the presence of young ladies.

The clock strikes eleven, and donning our overcoats and furs, and taking our seats in the sleigh, we are ready to start upon the homeward trip. The moon and stars which shone so brightly when we last scanned the heavens are shut out from view by storm-bringing clouds, and before we have proceeded a mile the flakes begin to fall. The same routine is again undergone on our arrival at each hil—alll jumping out and trudging along amid the blinding snow until the summit is reached, and this is gained only by incessant lashing of the thoroughly exhausted horses. But boys will be entertained in some way under all circumstances. The programme of entertainment on this occasion consisted of singing, story-telling, with all its expected accompaniment of school-boy fabrications, declamations and—swearing. This last named pastime was lavishly indulged in between each item of the programme.

Every village through which we passed was made to resound with songs and ejaculations of a less melodious character, which brought the night-watchmen with their lanterns to the doors of the factories and an occasional burner of midnight oil to the window, to find the source of such unusual and hideous midnight sounds. Meanwhile the songs waned; Spartacus made his last speech; the snow fell thicker and faster; the hills seemed to occur oftener and our up-hill walks, therefore, more frequent; our hands and feet grew colder, the horses more tired, and the odor of sulphurous abuse more perceptible. How gladly did we welcome the sight of the electric lights of our home as we saw them while yet several miles distant! How gladly did we drag our cramped and weary limbs, enveloped in clothing hard and stiff with frozen snow and sleet toward home, and this long anticipated privilege was being granted us just as the town clock was striking the hour of 3 A. M. For some time afterward Poe's beautiful poem,

"The Bells," ceased to have its customary charm for me, for while the recollection of that sleigh ride was fresh in my memory, I failed to see anything save the bitterest sarcasm in the words:

"Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells,
What a world of *merriment* their melody foretells."

HERR G——T.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

"If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

There is a certain undefinable power in music which produces great emotion in the human breast.

It has the power of melting one into tears of sympathy, or to produce such gayety that one is only restrained from dancing by the nature of his surroundings or by his better judgment.

The effects which music has upon men are various. It has power to still men's hearts so that unflinchingly they will incur any danger, creating within them a spirit that knows no fear, and making their sinews, sinews of steel. They rush on in the face of every danger, remembering nothing but their cause and the music still thrilling their very souls. Thus has it been in many great battles—men were inspired into doing great deeds of valor by the soul-stirring strains of music.

The power of music is also unlimited. It has not such power over men alone, but has a remarkable power and influence over brutes. We all have observed instances of such power. Many dogs will set up the most pitiful howlings at the first chord of a piece of music. I am not able to say whether it is of pleasure or the opposite, but it is certainly evident that there is some peculiar effect. Music is said to have great influence over seals, and that they will follow music in a boat for miles.

I have never observed any especially peculiar effect that music had upon any brutes except dogs and horses, although I have heard of a great many instances of its effect upon others. We all remember the old story of the fiddler and the wolves. How an old fiddler with his fiddle under his arm, making his way to the place where the dance was to be held, was walking along thinking of no danger, thinking not of the glorious moon as she sailed along in the cloudless sky; nor of the dazzling snow which enveloped even every little twig and reflecting the light of the moon, making a scene almost noonday in its splendor; nor of the myriads of twinkling stars dotting the whole heavens, when suddenly a fearful sound smote on his ear, a

sound familiar to every one in that sparsely settled region at that time. It was the howling of wolves. They were approaching nearer and nearer, and the fiddler soon discovered that they were on his track, and that he must find some way of escape, (if not, alas for the dances, since there can be no dance without music), for the wolves were swiftly drawing nearer to him. He thought, luckily, of an old barn near by, and running to it as fast as possible he soon perched himself on the roof. Very soon the house was surrounded by the hungry brutes trying in vain to reach him, maddened by hunger. The old fellow thought of his fiddle, to which he still clung in his fright and begun playing. Noticing the effect it had upon the wolves, for as soon as he began to play they ceased all attempts to get to him and quietly seated themselves on their haunches, he kept it up. Every time he would stop playing the quiet brutes were instantly changed into howling, raging demons. A search party found him some hours afterwards playing for dear life to one of the quietest and most attentive of audiences.

Music has the power of soothing the troubled spirits; like pouring oil on troubled waters it makes them calm and unruffled. It makes the suffering forget their pains and miseries, and fills their souls with joy. Those in misery forget their trials, troubles and griefs, and all their thoughts are made pure, without sorrow or worldly taint. This, so often miserable sphere, is at times exalted to a heaven by music. You can almost see the pearly gates of the celestial city open and disclose to view the great beauty, happiness and holiness of the city of God. But alas! as all things earthly cease so does music, and then all our visions of heaven are shut out, and we are recalled to this wicked and sinful world only holding in memory that glimpse of pure holiness. The mother clasps the restless babe to her breast and while singing a sweet lullaby to it, it soon has forgotten its ills and is smiling in the happy land of dreams.

Music soothes the mind: it is like balm upon a wound, lulling the pain and cooling the fever. The waves of angelic music sweep over the troubled soul softly, gently as the warm sea-waves sweep over the low sandy shore.

Half the sorrows of this world are greatly mitigated by the power of music. It consoles one more than any words of sympathy; it conveys ideas which could not be conveyed by words in any tongue. Deep imprisoned feelings are poured forth in a flood of music oftentimes, and the poor soul is greatly relieved. Many a straying sinner has found the blessed Savior, impelled by the unseen power of music. The melodious chords touched some deep tender feeling in his heart, making him feel the depth of his sin, and long for a better life. Why, what would heaven itself be without music?

Music is never monotonous, as there are so many varieties. The flutterings of the partridge wing, the long-drawn *quank* of the wild goose, and in fact, the call peculiar to every kind of game are delightful music to the hunter's ear, and also to the artist's

nature-loving soul. But mark the different effects. While the hunter only thinks of how he may bag the game, the other delights in the music which corresponds so fitly with the beauties of nature surrounding him, and thanks God for the music of nature. Nature is full of music. The zephyrs sighing through the tree tops, making one wish to sleep and dream of angels hovering o'er him, singing the soft sweet melodies of heaven; the mighty wind howling through the trees and whistling 'round the corners, making one wish to sleep and sleep on forever; the great storm crashing through the forests bearing destruction with it wherever it goes, making one tremble at such display of power, but still he is fascinated. The rippling and gurgling of the merry brook elates one's spirits, and tells him that this is not altogether a land of sighs; while the soft "swishing" of the deep river plunges one into deep thoughts, and he likes to sit on the bank and think of the days gone by, of their joys and their sorrows. The roaring of the grand old ocean as its waves break on the shore throwing up showers of spray flashing in the moonlight, has a peculiar effect upon the two, as yet undeclared lovers, strolling along arm in arm, cooing to each other as two doves on a bright sunny day in spring, and presently, not by chance, as it seems, but by the peculiar effect of the music of the breakers, and the moonlight shimmering on the crest of each succeeding wave as it comes nearer, and they stand in silence looking out upon the boundless sea both busy with their own happy thoughts, while the "man in the moon" peeps out from behind the fleecy, scudding clouds at the charming little cupid's works and a knowing smile breaks out on his jolly face.

I pity the person who has no regard or love for music, if there are such people. He is as one lost to the greatest pleasure of this life. I do not believe that God has ever created a man indifferent to music. Such people only become so by long and continued indulgences in the vices of life.

Now what is all the wickedness and sins of this world? Upon reflection, each and every one will come to the same conclusion—namely, discord. You who have a refined and sensitive ear know how irritating it is to hear discord mingled with harmony. It is easy to immagine God's beautiful and glorious handiwork—this earth—a grand piece of music, perfect in every note, and without a single discord; and how He must have gloried in it, but alas, how He must suffer from continual discords which every one of us makes, more or less, detracting each time from the perfect harmony.

Music has been a favorite theme for poets from the earliest writers to the present date, and it will still continue to be so from now to eternity. It has charms that can never die, and a power almost divine.

"Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are e'en more false than they:
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray."

FRANK H. EDWARDS.

EDITORIAL.

SLANG.

Fashions, ridiculous, senseless, degrading and vicious fashions, have more worshippers—slavish, devoted worshippers, either conscious or unconscious—than any heathen god. What is it a man (to say nothing of a *woman*) will not do, simply because it is fashionable? He will wear any kind of clothes, the heaviest in midsummer if fashionable; he will wear his hair as long as a woman's, or as short and frizzly as a stinging worm. Every man, boy and boy-child must have a walking-stick; if not a gold-headed or rattan cane, then a knotty cedar varnished, an ordinary hickory stick or one made of a corn-stalk or a reed.

But I do not mean to talk of fashions only as a means of accounting for what I cannot otherwise account for. This, as indicated by my subject, is the use of slang.

It is a noteworthy, and no less curious fact, that college boys indulge so freely in that which they know to be faulty English. Here boys come to improve their literary talents, to educate themselves. Now, education means training, culture, or it means nothing. But using language we know to be incorrect and vulgar, is not only a lack of literary progress but an actual retrogression.

We may use slang expressions until they become a part of our mental nature, and we will never overcome it except by severe mental effort. Especially is this true of young people. In this way we often acquire little provincialisms which follow us and torment us for life.

By-words come in this same category—the resulting habit of carelessness in our expressions.

People of the South, especially those who were associated in their youth with the slaves, find great difficulty in commanding the use of good English, though they may long since have learned the errors they daily make. Then how important for us to shun the use of by-words and slang.

In coming years a traveller in this State will meet Wake Forest graduates who experience great difficulty in avoiding the use of "I'll be dogged;" "Man, hush;" "By Joe;" "I'll be John Brown;" "By dings;" "Go to thunder;" "I don't need it;" "Not built that way;" "Gather them in;" "Got there," and "It isn't anything else."

I may be wrong in attributing these habits to fashion, but it seems to me that we fall into many of them merely because it is customary—fashionable to use such.

To say the least of it, it is a useless, foolish, injurious, and, I came very near saying, sinful habit, which is easier to cultivate than to check when once firmly rooted.

A little girl said: "Papa, where do

people get their fashions?" "From New York." "Where do *they* get them?" "From Paris." "And where do *they* get them?" "Oh! right from Satan; now hush." This may not be true, altogether, but the fashion that leads us into the use of slang begets a carelessness, resulting in slack morals, the source of which you can trace for yourself.

R. B. L.

MOTHER ENGLISH.

It is no mean accomplishment to be able to speak and write one's mother tongue easily and correctly. However well versed he may be in the sciences, however recondite may be his learning, however skilled he may be in his profession, yet if he has not facility and ease and grace in the use of his own language, he cannot lay the highest claims to culture.

The English language is the grandest language ever spoken by man. It is the language of the noblest race that ever inhabited the earth. It is a privilege to belong to this race and to be able to speak its language in the mellow light of the setting sun of the nineteenth century.

While it may not be easily within the power of everyone to acquire the highest facility and correctness in the use of his language, most persons may at least acquire tolerable ease in the use of it. This requires long and patient effort on the part of the learner, coupled with careful training. Regard must be had chiefly to pronunciation, diction, clearness and precision. It is very seldom we find a person proficient in any one of these, much less in all and all that is involved under each.

It seems to us that English is sadly underestimated in the majority of our institutions of learning. It is not an uncommon thing for a boy when he graduates from our best colleges to be able to write a better Greek or Latin sentence than English. He will perhaps never have an occasion to use a Latin or Greek sentence once in his life after graduation, but must use English in every sentence he utters. We would not be understood as depreciating the study of Latin and Greek, as well as French and German. All we mean to insist upon is that English should be given the greatest prominence. Every college should provide a thorough course in English, and not the mere semblance of a course, and require every boy who graduates to take it. Many boys fail to get proper training in English in preparatory schools, and after they go to college the most they get is what they pick up.

More or less prominence is given at different colleges to periodical examinations in English. At this college they come with the same regularity that the equinoctial storm does. We forbear to give the method of these examinations. It is perhaps as good, and may be better, here than at other institutions where these examinations are in vogue. We make bold to say, as well from personal experience as from the outspoken convictions of the majority of the students, that few boys have ever been permanently benefitted by these examinations. They

are a relict of the old-fashioned spelling-match that used to flourish in the early schooldays of our grandfathers. They constitute a sort of a diagnosis of a disease without proposing an adequate remedy. We recently heard a prominent member of the Senior class make the statement that he had stood nineteen of these examinations, and if he had ever been benefitted by them he did not know it. An hour spent each quarter on the part of each member of the Faculty lecturing to the boys on clairvoyance or necromancy would, in our humble opinion, benefit them more than these examinations. F. B. H.

[*Contributed.*]

Our Societies have decided not to encourage special contests longer by the giving of medals. This did not concern some of us, for we had no medal and did not expect to get one, unless our girl was kind enough to let us wear the one she had won.

Some didn't want the medals abolished, because they had dreamed of the time when they would stand proudly before a sea of upturned faces and receive the bit of glittering gold.

There were still others who felt that it would damage our literary work if this incentive were removed. This class, however, was small.

No one doubts that medals induce some to do work that they would not otherwise do, but all agree that while they induce some they keep back others. For instance, say there are some eight or ten men working for the medal for improvement in oratory. They consume nearly all of the Society's time and thus exclude others. No doubt they are much improved, but there are many others who are not only not benefitted, but are prevented from taking any part in debates, become disinterested and, may be, never take an active part in Society work, as they would otherwise have done.

And, then, I have known of several cases where students working for medals in special branches have neglected their text-books, fallen behind their classes, and then have given up altogether and left school. The Faculty have seen these evils, and we confidently expect that all the college medals will be abolished after Commencement, and then, I think, we will be ready to go to work along the right line. It will be our aim to develop not the few but the many. All of us then will feel free to enter all contests and work for the improvement we expect, and because we love the work. Acting upon these principles, we can scarcely fail to attain a fuller, more complete and higher development.

The step has not been taken hastily, but after much deliberation, and we confidently believe it is a step in the right direction, and we expect the work next year and hereafter to confirm this.

The other step of which I speak, I am sorry to say, has not been taken. But it seems that some action ought to be taken along this line, and I think I have a plan that will suit Faculty and students. We have no Senior vacation. We ought to have one, and I am sure we need it. Other colleges have them, and why not we? One reason why it would not be convenient

here is that we haven't Fresh., Soph., Junior and Senior studies, but each student takes what the Faculty advise or what suits him best, and graduates when he finishes all included in his course. Consequently, a verdant Prep. and venerable Senior (I am not a Senior) are frequently in the same class, and to give one a vacation would be to give the same to the other. This would not do.

The reputation of the college is at stake every time the Seniors mount the platform to deliver their graduating speeches. Now, how can poor, jaded, over-worked fellows, who go from the examination room to the speakers' stand do credit to themselves or to the college? How can they compete with other colleges? It does not give them a fair showing. It is too trying upon body and mind.

I offer, as a substitute, that will, I think, meet all objections: that each Senior, whose daily mark in any study is above, say 90 or 95, be excused from standing the final examination on that study. It is a notorious fact that the examinations are most tiring, and, besides, their efficacy has been questioned; then why not excuse these poor, overworked fellows from them? It would take the place of a Senior vacation and not interfere with the work of others, besides putting a premium on good work. We request the Faculty to give this matter the attention it deserves, feeling sure that, if they do, our request will be granted.

W. C. D.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

IT is said that a friendly hand has compiled from the leader columns of the *Daily News* a number of the articles by Mr. Andrew Lang, and that the collection will shortly be published in book form under the now somewhat unapt, if otherwise felicitous title, "Lost Leaders."

THE new edition of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is expected to be ready in October or November next. It will consist of five volumes, containing the original illustrations, besides three which have not hitherto been published. Four hundred copies of the work will be issued, printed on paper specially made for the purpose. These are already all subscribed for.

THE forty-seventh annual general meeting of the members of the London Library will be held in the reading-room on Thursday the 31st inst., when the Earl of Carnarvon will take the chair. The new edition (the fifth)

of the large Catalogue is completed in two volumes, and will be ready for delivery in a few days.

SHE comes! I hear the murmur of
The leaves that rush to meet her,
The joyous carol of a thrush
That splits his throat to greet her.

Through Autumn's showering mist she comes,
That vail for Summer's dresses,
With Winter's diamonds at her throat,
And Spring flowers in her tresses.

The baby stars laugh out in glee.
The jasmine buds wax brightly,
The moonbeams dance about her feet,
The night-breeze fans her lightly.

Ah! well I know those cloudy skirts,
And laces that enfold her!
That graceful poise of dainty head,
Those curves of cheek and shoulder!

With rapturous joy I think that I
Shall soon have held and kissed her—
* * * * * * * *
A spring—a clasp—a little—shriek—
Confound it! 'twas my sister?

—*G. Courtenay Walker.*

THE IDEA.

Beneath this world of stars and flowers
That rolls in visible deity,
I dream another world is ours
And is the soul of all we see.

It hath no form, it hath no spirit,
It is perchance the eternal mind;
Beyond the sense that we inherit
I feel it dim and undefined.

How far below the depths of being,
How wide beyond the starry bound,
It rolls unconscious and unseeing,
And is as number or as sound.

And through vast fantastic visions
Of all this actual universe,
It moves unswerved by our decisions,
And is play that we rehearse.

—*Mary F. Robinson.*

IT is understood that Shelley Society's publications, for the present, will be eight in number, four of which have already been sent out to members.

PROF. MUIRHEAD'S recent work on Roman law has just been translated into Italian by Dr. L. Gaddi, with a preface by Prof. P. Cogliolo, of Modena.

THE fine library of the late M. Fenillet de Conchas, rich in rare editions in good condition and beautifully bound, to the formation of which he devoted many years of his life, is to be sold in Paris next week. There is a "La Fontaine," illustrated by forty-five original designs of Fragonard, a superb edition; "Horace," with fifteenth century exquisite miniatures, etc.

THE number of *Youth's Companion* of May 24th, is one for a great many people, young and old, to read and praise, with its autobiographic paper from the pen of the late Louisa M. Alcott, one of the best pieces of literary work, if not the very best, that the popular author and charming woman completed before her sudden death, last month. It is bright, vivacious and full of characteristic reminiscences; and, of course, no hint of expecting a sudden decree of fate is traceable in its paragraphs, Miss Alcott having been in excellent health and spirits at the time of its writing.

A SPONTANEOUS movement seems to be on foot in fiction to promote the right of a woman to declare her affection for a man, rather than to allow him to escape because he is ignorant that he is loved. The recent

"Love Story Reversed," with this motive (in the *Century*), is followed by "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke," in *Lippincott's;* a novelette by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, with a heroine possessing wealth, generosity and beauty in unlimited quantities. The hero, who is diplomatically pursued by Mrs. Thorndyke, is a journalist, fully endowed with the moral and intellectual qualities which are superfluous in that profession, but sadly lacking in the indispensable element in newspaper enterprise—money. It must be set down to the credit of this unworldly editor that he had developed journalistic sense enough to know his weak point, and so gracefully surrendered when Mrs. Thorndyke offered herself. The future of this paper, "Books and Authors," is thus happily assured. The reader closes the book, feeling that Mrs. Thorndyke disposed of her superfluous income in the right quarter.

It is now generally known that a Society for the Suppression of Authors has been organized. Subscriptions to it are pouring in so rapidly that the services of three policemen are required to prevent the treasurer being killed outright by the shower of silver and gold which is flung at him on all sides by a madly enthusiastic populace. The stock of the company is quoted at $537\frac{5}{8}$; sellers firm at $\frac{3}{4}$. The object of the society is to obtain possession of manuscript about to be published, and to burn the same before it is inflicted on a suffering world.

In the *N. A. Review* is the "Reply of Col. Ingersoll to Mr. Gladstone," which is indeed a learned and brilliant article. In it occurs some sentences whose music is unequalled by anything I have ever read. Listen to this: "In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs; strange seas with ebb and flow of tides; restless billows urged by storms of flame; profound and awful depths hidden by mists of dreams; obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed; jungles where passion's tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that mockery has throned and crowned."

A NICE QUESTION.

Had I the right—
I wish I might—
Think you those lips I'd kiss?
Do you believe—
Can you deceive—
That such a chance I'd miss?

Could I but see
That I were he
Who might rage defy,
Do you suppose
That I would lose
The time 'twould take to try?

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, D. T. WINSTON.

—Chicago has employed, during the present year, 1,605 teachers for the instruction of 75,000 pupils.

—Dr. Thomas Hume, of the University, will deliver the annual address at Hollins Institute, Virginia.

—President Battle, of the University, will deliver the literary address at the close of the High Point Classical Institute.

—The new library building at Yale, which will be the largest and probably the finest in this country, is to cost $125,000.

—The literary address at the close of the Winston Graded School will be delivered by President Crowell, of Trinity College.

—Rev. J. S. Dill, pastor of the Baptist church at Goldsboro, will preach the annual sermon at the Chowan Baptist Female Institute.

—Hon. F. M. Simmons, Congressman from the Second District, delivers the literary address at the close of the Kinsey School, La Grange.

—The honorary degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon Mrs. Christine L. Franklin, a Fellow of the Johns Hopkins University, by Vassar.

—Rev. Dr. Edward Rondthaler, who has so efficiently filled the President's chair at Salem Female College, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted, and his mantle has fallen on Rev. Dr. Clewell.

—There were organized in Japan during the past year 128 new schools for young ladies.

—The M. A. degree has recently been conferred on five young ladies by the Royal University of Ireland.

—Prof. J. E. Murdoch, of Cincinnati, has been elected President of the National School of Oratory and Elocution at Philadelphia.

—Harvard offers a choice of 181 courses of study, the University of Michigan 242, and Wake Forest four. "O we're crowding no one."

—President F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College, New York, who has done so much for the upbuilding of the institution, has resigned.

—The alumni and friends of Oberlin College are endeavoring to raise $50,000 for the endowment of a professorship to be named after President Fairchild.

—It was announced that on May 16th an Educational Convention would meet in Calvary Church, Washington, D. C., to take action as to the expediency of organizing an American Baptist Educational Society.

—Baron Hirsch has deposited $10,000,000 in the Bank of London for the education of the poor Jews of Russia. This is, with one exception, the largest benevolent gift in the history of the world.—*Public Opinion.*

—Owing to the act of the last legislature, withdrawing a part of the fund hitherto contributed for the support of the University, the Trustees have advised Profs. Atkinson, Henry and Love to tender their resignations.

—The Commencement exercises of Peace Institute were highly enjoyed by all. Dr. Watkins, of the First Presbyterian church, of Raleigh, preached the annual sermon, and the concert on the following evening was said to have been a grand success.

—The proposition to raise $15,000 for the endowment of a chair at Trinity College seems to meet with general favor. The chair will be called the "Braxton Craven Chair," and will be a fitting tribute to the memory of him who served the college so long and faithfully.

—The date fixed for the Commencement at Trinity College is June 14th. Rev. W. W. Bays, D. D., of Asheville, will deliver the annual address on June 13th. Rev. W. H. Moore, of the N. C. Conference, will preach the theological sermon on Sunday preceding Commencement. Bishop J. S. Key has been requested to preach the annual sermon but has not yet accepted. The reunion of the students promises to be the biggest thing in the record of Trinity.—*N. C. Teacher.*

—Greensboro Female College had a fine selection of speakers for her Commencement, which occurred on the 30th. Rev. W. S. Creasy, of Wilmington, preached the annual sermon; Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi, delivered the alumni address, and Dr. Hume, of the University, the literary address.

—President W. W. Smith, of the Randolph-Macon College, the leading Methodist school in Virginia, is rushing vigorously ahead the work of raising a sufficient endowment for the college. He has secured $100,000. There are about fifty more students attending the college the present session than during last session.—*Public Opinion.*

—Dr. McKinnon has resigned his position as President of Davidson College. On account of ill-health, his resignation was tendered some time ago, but the Trustees, in company with his many friends, urged him to withdraw it, and accept in its stead a short vacation, which he did. His health now demands his retirement, and the Trustees have announced that they will elect another President at their meeting in June.

—The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania had in its last graduating class, 1888, one student from India, one from Australia and two of African descent. The last mentioned were the fourth and fifth colored graduates of that institution. By its 489 alumnæ there has now been formed a circle of nativity around the world, including Japan, India, Syria, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States from Maine to Oregon and California.—*Friends' Review.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

[Edited by D. A. Davis.]

Army Notes.—The recent honor conferred on the brave Sheridan by Congress, in making him General of the army, was a worthy tribute to a deserving hero, and opportune in that it adds luster to his already brilliant escutcheon even in his last hours. But it is much desired by his devoted countrymen that he may recover from his present serious illness and long adorn the army in his new promotion.

American Politics.—Mr. Blaine. from his repose in Paris, has issued another letter, confirmatory of his Florence letter of a recent date, again positively declining to allow his name to be presented to the Chicago Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. This ultimatum comes like a death-knell to his party, for the Plumed Knight is dearly loved by all his political friends.

No little enthusiasm has of late possessed the entire rank and file of the Democratic party, by the rumor that ex-Senator Thurman, of Ohio, can be induced to allow his name to be placed before the St. Louis Convention for the office of Vice President. The "Old Roman" both loves and is dearly beloved by his countrymen, and it is this mutual patriotism and veneration that calls him out from his peaceful retirement, where he sought to spend the evening of his life unmolested by party strife, to endure once more the anxiety of an exciting campaign. The scene is truly affecting to us.

General European Affairs.—A war blast is again sounded over Europe, but what is this especially? So many times heretofore this alarm has been found to be only foul breath issuing from the nostrils of some angry despot, or a mere sensation caused by the heedless tramp of her hostile soldiery. Nothing but constant forebodings of war can be expected where a barbarous militant type of society is adhered to. This time the alarm is occasioned by suspicions on the part of Russia that England and Germany, owing to the nuptial relations of the two royal families, are forming an aggressive alliance against France and Russia, the latter two also supposed to be in an alliance against the former. However well founded the first suspicion may be, it is very certain that no permanent alliance can exist between Russia, a military despotism, and France, a progressive republic. Oil and water will not mix.

French Politics.—Boulanger is the nation's idol, but how he came to be is a mystery. Since his deposition from the command of the French armies, he has stirred up a mighty following, whose object is to *renovate* the

Constitution and government. Boulanger's avowed purpose in this is to more nearly approximate the American government. If this be his real object, may God speed him on his way!

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.—There seems to be a revulsion of sentiment in favor of home rule for Ireland, even among the Tories. This has been effected, no doubt, through necessity, for the old Tory principles of a privileged class and oppression of the weak, are wholly irrelevant to the advanced thought of the English people. Nor is even a *modified form* of the old feudal system likely to survive long in England.

PARLIAMENTARY.—A movement is on foot in the House of Commons to convert the long-standing system of Parliamentary deliberations into a sort of law-making machine like the U. S. House of Representatives. No one can observe the present relative dignity of the two branches of our Congress, which originally were on a par, without deploring the change made in the rules of the House limiting debate and constituting legislative committees, since it is evident that this is the cause of the decline of the House of Representatives, both in usefulness and dignity.

IRELAND.—The Irish Nationalists have flatly refused to be governed in their political action by the decree of Rome. The freedom of Ireland in the spirit of patriotism is placed before obedience to an insolent church. We rejoice in this, and in the fact that another firebrand is thrown into the *holy* precincts of the Vatican. Ireland's day of freedom will come, in spite of the world, the flesh and the Pope.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

[GOTTEN UP BY FARRISS AND LINEBERRY.]

—Hurrah!

—We are almost there!

—Commencement, home, and that lady friend! What a consummation of bliss in one thought!

—We are glad to note improvements in our town. Dr. J. B. Powers has had his dwelling beautifully painted. We hope others will follow the example.

—We welcome all, especially our subscribers, to Commencement. Have you seen Farriss and Lineberry?

—Pastor Vann was absent attending the Richmond Convention, May 20, but his pulpit was admirably filled by Dr. Wm. Royall in the morning and at night by Rev. F. T. Wooten, class of '87 and '88.

—Teacher: "Who was the great Chinese philosopher?" Pupil: "Jesus Christ." Teacher: "What great man made discoveries in Africa?" Pupil: "Moses."

—Dr. W. G. Simmons and wife have returned from Camden, S. C. Very sorry to learn Dr. Simmons' health has not improved much. He has resigned his professorship in the college.

—The Philomathesian society has elected "Student" staff for next year as follows: C. G. Wells senior editor, W. C. Dowd associate editor, R. E. L. Yates business manager.

Mr. Will. Waters of Wake Forest, was married to Miss Helen Brett of Murfreesboro, May 22, 1888. Wake Forest has been *very much* married this year.

—Tuesday night, May 15, Prof. L. R. Mills delivered a lecture in the chapel on "Soldier life in the trenches around Petersburg." In matter he was instructive, in manner entertaining. All said "good."

—Class in Political Economy: Teacher: "Give the arguments for FREE TRADE." Student: "There are three arguments. First, it is right because the book says so. Second, it is a good thing for God ordained it. Third, we ought to have it."

—Sunday morning, May 27, Dr. C. E. Taylor preached for us, and at night Rev. W. J. Ward of Bladen, class of '88, the pastor, Rev. R. T. Vann being at Thomasville where he preached the sermon and delivered the address of the Thomasville Commencement.

—Rev. W. H. Sowell of Jefferson, S. C., formerly a student here, stopped over on his way to the Southern Baptist Convention and preached on Wednesday night at the prayer-meeting services.

—At the meeting of the board of trustees during commencement, two professors are to be elected, a permanent Professor of Chemistry and a Professor of Physics to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Simmons.

—The Junior class wore white beavers this year and boasted of the fine appearance of their class, but as one by one the class of '88, late the Senior class, come forth with black beavers, you may hear the Juniors trying to sell their beavers as old clothes.

—The Wake Forest Female Institute, under the management of Misses Belle Wingate and Mollie Forte, has just closed a very successful session. In addition to the regular closing exercises, tears and kisses were abundant. (This is hearsay. The editor of this department was not present).

—Commencement this week. Some of the boys had a foretaste last week; several young ladies of rare beauty and attraction are visiting on the Hill. Miss Maggie Houston of Monroe, stopping at Mr. Richard Brewer's; Miss Anna Lewis of Goldsboro, stopping with the family of Prof. Mills; Miss Myrtie Herndon of Morrisville, stopping with the family of Dr. W. H. Edwards; Misses Barbara Lawrence, Mamie Askew, Rena Beckwith, stopping at Mrs. Dr. Wingate's.

—Mr. Chas. E. Brewer, class of '86, now student of Johns Hopkins University, is home. Everybody is glad to see "Charlie," especially the boys. Mr. Carey J. Hunter is also here, making himself pleasant with boys *and* girls, insuring the boys' lives and the ladies—well we have not heard what his mission is with them.

—The Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond was attended by Dr. C. E. Taylor, Dr. Geo. W. Manly, Prof. W. L. Poteat, and Rev. R. T. Vann; also among the students Revs. J. W. Lynch, G. T. Watkins, and R. L. Bass. They came back to their work with renewed zeal, all in a hurry to complete their courses here, some longing to get into a foreign field as missionaries, some longing to close contracts with new acquaintances whom they met at the Convention. (The *prettiest* girls in Richmond).

—Dr. F. H. Kerfoot of the S. B. T. Seminary, Louisville, Ky., came with Dr. Taylor from the Richmond Convention, and Wednesday night gave us a lecture on "Education, and especially the work of the S. B. T. Seminary." Dr. Kerfoot makes a fine appearance and is a pleasing as well as entertaining and instructive speaker. Wake Forest people were delighted with his visit and hope he will remember his promise to come again.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITOR, DAVIE T. WINSTON.

—'54. We observe that the Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, is made a member of the Executive Board of the Baptist Educational Society appointed at the late meeting held in Washington. He addressed the Southern Baptist Convention on the life and character of Dr. M. T. Yates, deceased.

—'55. Dr. A. J. Emerson, of Wm. Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., is spoken of in connection with the Alumni Address, 1889.

—'62. Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Augusta, Ga., is complimented on all sides as one of the finest Secretaries the Southern Baptist Convention ever had.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, made one of the finest speeches at the Southern Baptist Convention.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farriss has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at High Point, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

—'84. Mr. W. W. Kitchen is meeting with much success in the practice of his profession at Roxboro, his new home.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson, who graduated at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary last month, has been elected Assistant Professor of Greek in that institution. Dr. J. A. Broadus said of him: "During the whole course of my thirty-three years' experience as a teacher of Greek, I've never seen his equal as a student."

--'86. Mr. E. H. McCullers was among the successful applicants who applied for license to practice medicine at the last meeting of the Board held in Fayetteville. Dr. Mc., we understand, will locate in Johnston county.

—Mr. Wallace Riddick, who is in attendance at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, recently won the two first prizes in the athletic contests. Also his average standing in his text-books was so high that the authorities of the University did not require him to stand any examinations.

—Prof. W. L. Poteat ('77), in company with Rev. E. M. Poteat ('81), and Mr. Charles L. Smith ('84), sailed for Europe May 31st. Their point of destination is Germany, but they will visit several other countries before their return. We wish them a pleasant and profitable trip.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to Business Managers.

THE BLESSINGS OF EMANCIPATION.

A quarter of a century has now come and gone since the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation. The terrible "conflict at arms" amidst which this proclamation was heralded forth has passed away, and its bloody events are now a part of our nation's history; the reconstruction days, that period of midnight darkness when every true Southern heart was filled with gloomy foreboding for the future, are now, happily, over; the smarting wounds and unhappy dissensions are fast healing under the soothing influence of time, and we, both of the North and South, may, at least, judge soberly and dispassionately of the results of the war.

I propose in this essay to enquire what are some of the blessings which have accrued to the people of the South from the emancipation of the negro, and to briefly consider these blessings from a Southern point of view, or, if I may, from the point of view of an impartial citizen of our common country.

I shall not attempt an answer to the old question as to whether human slavery in itself was right or wrong. That does not concern our enquiry. To the solution of this question were directed in vain the best energies of our leading divines and statesmen, when it was a living question before the American people.

It also scarcely concerns our purpose to notice that other most important and vexed social question now before the American people, namely, the negro question. I may say, how-

ever, as leading up to my subject, that I consider it one of the most gigantic blunders ever committed by a civilized government to confer the elective franchise on the negro, possessed, as he was, of all his primitive African ignorance, mitigated only by two hundred and fifty years of slavery. It is not so much the emancipation as the enfranchisement of the negro that constitutes the basis of the negro question in its present aspects. It was that, in large measure, that made reconstruction so odious to the Southern people and so difficult for the Federal government. It is that, chiefly, that makes the "Solid South" to-day. He was wholly incompetent to exercise the right conferred upon him, either for his own good or for the good of his country. Ever since the day of his enfranchisement, he has been made the political puppet of designing demagogues. But it was not my purpose to discuss this question beyond the mere point of showing that it does not grow directly out of the negro's emancipation, but rather out of his having been invested with the right of suffrage for mere political purposes, before he was fitted by education and experience for the intelligent and independent exercise of it.

There is no doubt that the emancipation of the negro might have been effected on terms more equitable to all parties concerned. The emancipation proclamation was a concomitant of the war, and will ever be associated in the minds of the people, as well as in our country's history, with the bloody events of that period; consequently, the people have been slow to recognize the real and substantial blessings that have come to them on account of it.

By emancipation the Southern people were delivered from an institution which, to say the least of it, was disreputable. But the people of the South were not responsible for the introduction of slavery into our country. The truth of the matter seems to be, that one section of the country was little more to blame for that than another. Had it not been introduced in early colonial days, when a speculative and adventurous spirit possessed the population, it probably would never have been introduced. In early colonial days, slaves were purchased and held alike by citizens of the North and South. Despite the fact that many good citizens in various parts of the country had conscientious scruples against holding slaves, the institution became established on a firm and respectable basis. But owing to the difference in industrial pursuits in the two sections, slavery proved less profitable in the North than in the South. The large cotton and sugar planters of the South could afford to pay a higher price for slaves than could the Northern man in his factory, where skilled labor was required, or on his sterile New England farm where little labor of any kind was required; hence, in accordance with the law of supply and demand, all the slaves owned by the North were sold to slave-traders, to be transported to Southern cotton-fields. The system having thus taken deep root in the South early in the history of the country, its influence

soon pervaded every institution of society.

The industrial, political and educational policy of the old South was formulated and maintained with a constant regard to it. It is unquestionably true that the South could never have enjoyed that degree of recognition and respect abroad to which the sterling virtues of her citizens entitled her, while slavery rested as a foul incubus on the bosom of her society.

While the negro was freed by the civil war from abject physical servitude, the white man of the South was freed from a mental and moral servitude that stifled his noblest energies and prevented the people of the South, as a whole, from rising to that high plane of intellectual activity to which they were naturally capable of rising. This is the greatest blessing that has, thus far, resulted from the subversion of the institution of slavery. We shall see its beneficial results more and more, as we recede from the wreck of the old *règime* into the unfolding activities of the new. Many of the old-time Southerners formed a class of dependent idlers, "gentlemen of leisure," who considered it undignified and disennobling to work; the man of the new South is an independent, courageous worker himself, and has a contempt for idlers. I refer now particularly to slaveholders, who were considered typical Southern citizens, and not to all classes, for there would be no more truth in saying that all were idlers in the old South, than in saying that all are workers in the new. In the old South, those families who owned slaves, whether few or many, constituted a class of leisure, who naturally depended upon the labor of their slaves. This was the upper class in Southern society, that class to which all more or less aspired. Hence, the standard of Southern society was a false one. It contemplated ease and luxury and idleness, rather than work and activity and usefulness.

With the close of the war, Southern society and Southern institutions were hopelessly wrecked. The noblest and bravest sons of the South had been left to sleep in peaceful repose on many an ensanguined field; her fairest cities had been plundered and burned; her fields had been ravaged and her property destroyed; her most sacred and venerable institutions had been broken down, and military despotism ruled her with indomitable and ruthless sway. How bravely she fought for her liberties, impartial history will ever attest, but her noblest and sublimest courage has been displayed in recuperating her wasted strength, in building up her shattered and broken fortunes, in organizing anew her institutions, in re-establishing law and order; in short, in building up what many are pleased to term a new South on the noblest ruins of the old.

I cannot see wherein the Society of the new South is lacking, so far as the white population alone is concerned, in any of the merits of the old, while it is free from many of the demerits.

The war broke down the old caste system, based on slavery and property in land, and put all classes on a more equal footing. This, though achieved

at a great cost, was a great blessing to the South. The new system of things has been adjusted on a more equitable basis for all classes. Henceforth, personal distinction will be based on personal merit, industry and perseverance. All respectable classes were reduced by the war to a common level. Each man's success depended on his own personal effort. Thus, with energies quickened by necessity, poverty and self-dependence, did every true man commence anew the conflict for life, for wealth, for honorable distinction.

In nothing else are the high and noble qualities of the Southern people exhibited so much as in the rapidity with which they have built up their shattered fortunes, and in the facility with which they have adapted themselves to the new order of things. Perhaps no other section of our country has enjoyed a more rapid growth in material prosperity within the last ten years than has the South. Not only has a new and wonderful impetus been given to all the industries peculiar to the old South, but many new ones have been developed.

It was predicted that the most important industry known to the Southern people, namely, the culture of cotton, would cease forever with the emancipation of the negro, but so far is this from being the case that *thirty per cent.* more cotton per annum is now raised than was raised in *ante bellum* days, and that, too, on a smaller acreage. Before the war, white labor produced only *ten per cent.* of all the cotton raised, now it produces over *fifty per cent.* But, fortunately for the South, the cotton industry has not increased proportionally with other industries. King Cotton now certainly holds a disputed supremacy. Many new and varied industries, which before the war yielded no revenue at all, are now bringing annually into the South millions of dollars. Many of these industries would never have been introduced, much less would they have prospered, had slavery continued in the South.

Perhaps the greatest blessing that has accrued to Southern agriculture from the emancipation of the negro, is the division of the large plantations of former times into smaller and better cultivated farms. In the days of slavery, there was a reckless waste of valuable lands. Each planter sought to clear and cultivate as much land as possible, without regard to its improvement. It cost him little to open his lands, by means of slave labor, in the winter months, when this labor could not be profitably employed in any other way. These large plantations, in many cases, proving comparatively valueless to their owners after slavery was abolished, were sold to industrious persons in the community, who had hitherto been unable to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families. Waste and worn-out lands were reclaimed, and the farming industries became far more varied and profitable than they had ever been in the days of slavery. The tendency before the war had been to the exclusive production of cotton and tobacco and to go abroad to buy breadstuffs; since the war the tendency has been to raise less cotton

and tobacco and more of the necessaries of life. Thus, besides the more equitable distribution of lands, there is the additional advantage of more thorough cultivation.

Many industries are now prospering and bringing millions of dollars into the South that were practically unknown before the war. Among these might be mentioned stock-raising, market-gardening and fruit-growing. The South is destined to be rivaled only by the great West in stock-raising. It is easier to winter cattle in the mild climate of the South than elsewhere in this country, save along the Pacific coast. The South now has two hundred million dollars more invested in live stock than it had ten years ago.

But it is in manufacturing industries that the South has grown most rapidly since the war. Before the war she was so exclusively devoted to agriculture that she was thought to be entirely unadapted to manufactures. But it has been found by several years' careful experience, that cotton can be manufactured from three to five dollars per bale cheaper in the South than in the North. It is no unreasonable conjecture that, at no distant day, when the South shall have acquired the necessary skilled labor and increased facilities for manufacturing, she will manufacture all the cotton she raises within her own borders. The number of cotton mills in the South has increased more than *one hundred per cent.* within the last decade.

Another most important branch of the cotton industry that has developed within the recent years, is the utilization of cotton-seed. This is an industry peculiar to the new South, and has already proved a most profitable source of revenue. In 1885, the products of the cotton-seed oil mills amounted in value to twelve million dollars.

Still another new industry that has sprung up in the South is iron and coal mining. No other industry in the South has developed so rapidly and none promises to be more profitable. Twelve years ago the iron mines in northern Alabama could have been bought for fifty thousand dollars; now they could not be bought for fifty millions. No other industry is likely to play such a prominent part in the material up-building of the South. This marvellous awakening and activity in Southern agriculture and manufacturing, is due to that independence and self-reliance in the Southern white man, born not so much of the emancipation of the negro as of his own emancipation from that spirit of leisure and idleness and contentment to which the slavery system allured him.

And now, with a consciousness of having fallen far short of doing justice to the industrial progress of the South since the abolition of slavery, and which, I think, is due to the abolition of slavery, I shall proceed to a brief discussion of the progress the people of the South have made in Education and Literature.

The public school system in most of the Southern States is better than it was before the war, but is still defective and lacking in the confidence and support of the people. Within the last few years, however, the people of

the South have made much progress in general education, and we may expect to witness, within the next generation, many of the Southern States maintaining public school systems that will challenge comparison with any in the country. It is in higher education that the Southern people have made the most wonderful progress since the war. They have enjoyed an intellectual activity within the last twenty years such as was never known in *ante bellum* days. Academies and high schools have sprung up all over our Southland, and are most liberally patronized by all respectable classes. Every thrifty and prosperous community now has its academy or high school, and it is easily within the power of every industrious boy or girl to acquire at least a respectable education. Before the war, the common or middle classes seldom enjoyed such privileges. It was almost exclusively the slave-holding class that attended such institutions as are now within easy reach of almost all classes in Southern society.

While it probably cannot be shown that a larger number of Southern boys now attend college than did so before the war, yet, for the most part, those who do attend do so with a very different purpose. Those who attended college before the war were the sons of rich planters. They, as a rule, attended college because it was the fashionable thing for young men of family and means to do, and not so much for the purpose of better fitting themselves for the real, earnest work of life. The highest ambition of young men then was to enter political life or the learned professions, and no section of our country ever produced more astute statesmen than has the South. The aim of young men who now attend college is very different. Their ideal of the college is that of the worker in the various departments of human activity. They come, not only from the homes of the rich and affluent, but also from the families of thrifty farmers and workingmen. A collegiate education is now easily within the reach of any young man of pluck and energy. Many boys, whose fathers never saw a college, have graduated from leading Southern institutions since the war, and are now largely directing the strength and energy of the new South.

And now, in conclusion, I wish to notice briefly the literery renaissance in the new South.

It is said that before the war *ninety per cent.* of all the books of any real value written in this country came from north of Mason and Dixon's line. What was the cause of this? Not climate, as has often been claimed, but slavery. William Gilmore Simms, himself the leading novelist of the old South, speaking in early life with reference to Southern literature, said: "There will never be a literature worth the name in the Southern States so long as their aristocracy remains based on so many head of slaves and so many bales of cotton." No intelligent man will now gainsay his prediction. A bright and hopeful literary era has already begun to dawn on the new South. More books of genuine merit have been written in the South within the last fifteen years than were writ-

ten during the whole period of slavery. Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Egbert Craddock, Julia A. Macgruder, Amèlie Rives, our own Christian Reid, and a score of others, have already achieved national reputations in works of fiction.

We can attribute this intellectual and literary activity to no other cause than the abolition of slavery. Before the war, men wrote for pastime; now they write for a livelihood and for a reputation.

FRANK B. HENDREN.

SEVERAL QUESTIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST HISTORY.

Ps. 77, 11: I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

The works of the Lord and the wonders he has wrought in our good State of North Carolina, have often supplied me with topics of reflection. To my thinking, a singular fascination is connected with the history of this Commonwealth. I am hardly able to analyze the character of it, but it never fails to exert itself. I cannot describe it: but there is much pleasure in feeling it, and in giving expression to the satisfaction it has afforded me. The sterling worth and the sturdy virtues of the people I encounter in this department of research have elicited my admiration, and, I trust, improved my nature; their almost patriarchal simplicity and beautiful modesty have often engaged my affection.

A few months ago I chanced to be in conversation with a gentleman who had the honor to serve as a commissioned officer in one of the most famous brigades that Virginia contributed to the Confederate armies. By some process the current of our talk was turned in the direction of North Carolina and of the troops she sent forth to represent her in the struggle between the States, when I was pained to perceive that my excellent friend regarded the soldiers of the North State with a degree of prejudice. He assured me that they were an awkward, gawky race; no troops on the Southern side had such a curious facility in the art of getting themselves killed in battle. It was his observation that after every important conflict, if they had obtained any possible opportunity to show themselves, the ground was sure to be strewn with the corpses of North Carolina soldiers. He believed they knew less about the process of dodging a bullet than any others, and that it must have been easier for a bullet to put an end to them.

To raise an argument with him I should have been required to pass the limits of goodliness and grace, but I thought to myself that this objection, like most of the others that had come to my notice against the people of North Carolina, was founded upon

their virtues, and reflected nothing but credit upon them. Fields of battle were covered with North Carolina dead for no other reason than that they never shrunk from the path of duty, even at the cannon's mouth; where trade of danger was the thickest, there they were the best at home. They poured out their blood with absolute loyalty and courage, while men who better understood how bullets might be evaded could smile at their simplicity and their clumsiness. Instances have not been infrequent, I believe, where North Carolina has wrought the hardest work and failed to win the highest praise.

The fascination of the study has induced me to select for my topic on the present occasion, Several Questions in North Carolina Baptist History. But I have made this choice with fear and trembling. My fears were occasioned by the apprehension that you would consider an historical discourse to be inappropriate for such a season, and I have trembled lest by something that might be said, I should impinge upon the proprieties of an occasion on which you have done me an honor that I greatly appreciate.

1. The first of these inquiries relates to the position occupied by North Carolina in the history of Southern Baptists and of religion in the Southern States. At this point I am persuaded that North Carolina has never claimed her rights, and that justice has never been awarded to her merits. Certainly she is the main seat and seminary of Baptist power and influence for all the Southern States. It was the great movement under the auspices of the Separate Baptists which, more than any other agency, conferred upon the Southern Baptists their present standing and prestige. And it was North Carolina which first extended to Daniel Marshall and Shubael Stearnes, the fathers of the separate Baptists in the South, a right home and welcome. They had previously resided for a brief period near Opecquon, in the northern portion of Virginia, but few doors were opened for them in that quarter. But for the fire that it was given these men to kindle in Guilford county, North Carolina, they might never have been heard of in Baptist history. That fire shortly spread over most of the colony, and, leaping the boundaries, was communicated to South Carolina and Georgia on the one side, to Virginia on another, and to Kentucky, Tennessee and all the far-western and southwestern regions on still another side.

The district of country comprised within the limits of Guilford, Randolph and Orange counties is, likely, more important for the religious history of the Southern section of the United States than any other spot of ground within its territory. In a certain sense it is the Holy Land of the entire Southern country, and deserves to be the goal of pilgrimages. In this region were nurtured the forces that shortly became engaged in the superb conflict for religious freedom in Virginia. The Separate Baptists would have gladly fought that same battle in North Carolina, where they took

their start and had their earliest home, but North Carolina was so happily situated that the victory had already been gained for religious freedom in the provisions of her earliest charters. There was no battle to be fought here, but she prepared and sent out the forces and some of the men who should later carry that struggle to completion in Virginia. It was the Separate Baptists who bore the brunt of the long strife there in behalf of religious freedom.

Guilford county and the district adjoining it is likewise the scene of the beginning of another movement that has been of much consequence in the history of the Southern country, and of all the Baptist people who are situated within the limits of it. Here was inaugurated by the Presbyterian, James McGready, the great revival, which, about the year 1800. swept over the Western States and Territories, and shortly changed the whole aspect of religious society. The importance of North Carolina in connection with these two extraordinary epochs in the ecclesiastical life of our people may have been recognized before this, but I cannot perceive that it has been duly insisted upon. In point of fact, it is only persons who have had occasion narrowly to consider the circumstances of the case, who are sensible of the pre-eminent services of the North State in this connection. If one surveys with proper care all that has been accomplished by the agencies that have been set in motion in the three or four counties that have been mentioned above, it would be difficult to discover any portion of the Southern country that deserves to be more highly regarded. Certainly, as a promoter of Baptist interests, North Carolina easily occupies the foremost position of any State on this side of Mason and Dixon's line.

II. My second inquiry relates to the date of the origin of North Carolina Baptists.

Morgan Edwards, a first-rate authority, affirms that individual Baptists were present in the colony as early as the year 1695. Richard Knight, in his history of the General Baptists, insists that they were on the spot five years earlier. So far as my information extends, no serious effort has been made to verify the correctness of these assertions. Antiquarians in North Carolina history, it appears to me, owe it to themselves and to their State, to say nothing of the Baptist denomination, to undertake more definite and protracted exertions in this line of research. The notion that no materials are accessible at this late day should not be conceded, except at the close of intelligent investigations, extended into every place and department where it was any way likely that search might be rewarded. If I could induce some student of Wake Forest College to assume the toils of such an enterprise, I should feel that my present visit had been crowned with the dearest possible success.

Why should not Baptists have existed in North Carolina as early as the year 1690? The religious liberty afforded here was larger than was enjoyed in many other colonies. Baptists

might have landed here at the very earliest period and rested securely under their own vine and fig tree. In Virginia they were sternly repressed by a jealous Establishment and by many exacting statutes. Baptist people did settle in Charleston and the vicinity as early as the year 1683, and there is no reason why they might not also have found a home as far north as Edenton, especially as North and South Carolina were not divided until the year 1729.

Who is prepared to assert that this would be a hopeless investigation? Has any historian tried the experiment? There must be records hidden away at various places on the eastern seaboard that have not yet been recovered; of those that have been recovered, there are likely some that have not been studied with suitable attention and information. The papers of the colonial authorities might also be diligently scrutinized in London, or at any other points where they have been preserved.

I suspect that one reason why a vigorous investigation of this matter has been so long deferred, may be found in the circumstance that the authorities all declare that no Baptist church was established in North Carolina prior to the year 1727. The conclusion has been hitherto accepted without question that the earliest church was organized on Chowan river, in Perquimans county, by the Rev. Paul Palmer, who is commonly represented to be the father of the Baptists of North Carolina. It is not possible, in the present state of information, successfully to controvert that position, but I wish to give respectful notice that, upon grounds which appear to be valid and sufficient, I must decline to accept it as a correct position. On the contrary, I have a suspicion that Paul Palmer was attracted to North Carolina about the year 1727, mainly because there were already a good many Baptists in the colony. If the truth were brought forth, it is believed that a number of Baptist churches were in existence here between the years 1690 and 1727. No positive statement can be ventured upon, but the inquiry demands attention on the part of those who by reason of their improvement and other advantages have acquired a calling to deal with it.

The above is of more consequence than a mere question of accuracy in the department of antiquarian research. It is nearly connected with other concerns of real significance. An assumption prevails quite extensively to the effect that the Baptists of North Carolina owe their origin to the Baptists of Virginia. The first Baptist church in Virginia was organized in the year 1714, at a place called Burleigh, that may have been situated either in Isle of Wight or in Prince George county, and many persons have the impression that the Baptists of North Carolina were propagated from that body. It is not my purpose to dogmatize in connection with subjects that have been so little explored, but I beg leave to advance the opposite hypothesis that the church at Burleigh, and all the early Baptists of lower Virginia, were derived from the Baptists of North Carolina.

Everybody must concede that at the period under review, Baptists would be much more secure in North Carolina than in Virginia. Almost every influence opposed their progress, and even their existence in Virginia. As a matter of fact, the Baptists in tidewater Virginia made no considerable headway for a long period of years. As late as the year 1756, they had only two churches, while there were nearly a score of Baptist churches in North Carolina. From 1727 to 1755 the Baptists of North Carolina were the most prosperous body of Baptist Christians in the world. It is not claimed that they were the most powerful, but rather that they were the most aggressive and flourishing. During this period the Baptists of tidewater Virginia were nothing better than a weak appendage to the Baptists of North Carolina, and the question is worthy of inquiry whether that had not been the case from the beginning.

On the other hand, it would be absurd to deny the possibility that the Baptists of North Carolina and of Virginia may have had an independent origin: both might have come directly from England. But that is not half so probable as the other hypothesis, that the Baptists of Virginia traveled by the way of North Carolina, and ventured, with a degree of trepidation, a short distance across the border, in the year 1714. What is chiefly required in this connection is that we shall awake from our too long continued lethargy, and put some genuine exertion into the investigation of early Southern Baptist history. Who will lend a hand to cultivate this too much neglected portion of our records? No single student can perform the task to satisfaction; none are quite so well qualified to labor upon it as the Baptist scholars of North Carolina themselves.

III. My third inquiry relates to the influence of Mr. Whitefield upon the fortunes of the Baptists of North Carolina.

One of the best known facts in connection with the Baptists of England is that they were divided into two separate and not a little hostile parties. The first of these parties was known by the name of General Baptists; their opponents were called Particular Baptists. This nomenclature was assumed with reference to the circumstance that the General Baptists were Arminians, who held that the provisions of the gospel were general in their nature. The Particular Baptists, in their turn, were Calvinists of the straitest sect, maintaining with a degree of rigidity the doctrines of predestination and particular election. That distinction was shortly transferred to the American colonies, but the Particular Baptists did not flourish in the new world. Their adversaries of the Arminian persuasion were nearly everywhere in the ascendant. The first and also the second churches that were established on our shores were of the Particular Baptist order; but as early as the year 1652 these obtained a rival in the General Baptist church, that was formed at Providence by Dexter, Brown and Wickenden, and from that date the General Baptists appeared to have enjoyed the

largest share of public favor. The church of Roger Williams, in Providence, kept up the struggle against adverse fortune as bravely as it could until about the year 1718, when it was compelled to succumb, and the church of the Browns triumphed over it.

Mr. Backus suggests that the reason why Particular Baptists found it so difficult to make any headway, lay in the fact that the Standing Order, of New England, who were always engaged in exertions to repress or to destroy our people, were themselves strict advocates of Calvinistic theology, and that it was therefore not an easy thing for Baptists to cultivate any relish for Calvinistic tenets. Possibly there may be an amount of truth in that opinion, but it is likely that other causes were also in operation. Whatever may be the correct explanation of it, the point is unquestionable that for the first century after their establishment, the Particular Baptists achieved no marked progress in the American colonies.

With the beginning of the great awakening, at the opening of the eighteenth century, the General Baptists took on new life, and it became still more difficult to resist their onsets. After the extinction of Roger Williams' church, about the year 1718, only three Particular Baptist bodies were left behind in all New England: these were the first Church at Newport, with about fifty members; the first Church in Swansea, with about two hundred members, and the first Church in Boston, with about eighty members. In other words, there were not more than three hundred and thirty Particular Baptist communicants in existence north of New Jersey. In that same territory the General Baptists had an annual association, known by the name of a Yearly Meeting, which embraced as many as thirteen prosperous communities. At the head of this Arminian phalanx stood the church in Providence, which it is likely was pluming itself on the recent feat of destroying its Particular Baptist rival in the town.

Dropping down to the Middle States, the Philadelphia Association was so honeycombed by Arminian churches and Arminian sentiments that, although it was organized as early as the year 1707, it could not dare to adopt its present Calvinistic Confession of Faith until the year 1742, and even then it was constrained in that same instrument to make a concession to the General Baptists by admitting an article in favor of their practice of laying on hands in connection with baptism.

South of Delaware and Pennsylvania the General Baptists carried everything before them. Their Particular Baptist rivals were not so much as known, except in the church which William Screven had brought from New England to Charleston in 1684; and against this feeble outpost the General Baptists combined their forces and almost reduced it to desolation, leaving behind at the close of the conflict only one man and two women who were in communion with it. In Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina the people had scarcely been made

aware that any other than General Baptists were in existence.

The opening years of the great awakening, prior to the arrival of Mr. Whitefield, in 1738, I have already affirmed, were a harvest-time for the General Baptists. John Comer, of Newport, one of the most gifted and promising Baptist ministers in America, felt himself constrained to quit the pastoral office of the First Baptist Church, in Newport, and, on the 9th of January, 1729, to attach himself to the General Baptists. That was a loss that it was almost impossible to remedy on the one side, and a gain of the highest significancy on the other side. In North Carolina, Paul Palmer, a valued correspondent of Comer's, stood at the head of the General Baptists, and their numbers and influence increased so rapidly here that they must have become a very marvel to the men of that time.

After the year 1738, Mr. Whitefield and the Calvinists got possession of the great awakening in America. Mr. Wesley failed to exert any decided influence in the new world prior to the organization of the first regular Methodist church, in the year 1766. With the advent of Whitefield, the General Baptists began to lose their hold upon the great awakening, and to retire to nooks and corners, where they could least readily be seen. The day of the Particular Baptists in America had dawned at last; after a full century of nothing else than calamities, the tide was now turned in their favor. Almost immediately they got control of the Philadelphia Association, and it was not long before they began to feel comfortable in Charleston. From those two centres they went forth in the name of the Lord to win the hearts of their countrymen. In the spring of the year 1755, the Charleston Association commissioned John Gano to visit the General Baptists of North Carolina. In the autumn of the same year he was followed by Miller and Vanhorn, two missionaries of the Philadelphia Association. The combined exertions of these missionaries were eminently successful. The year 1755 is spoken of to this day as the date of the reformation of the North Carolina churches. There was an almost universal falling away from the principles of the General Baptist fraternity. With the year 1755 the Baptists of North Carolina, who hitherto had been reckoned among the most flourishing of the General Baptist communities, became an equally flourishing body of Calvinistic Baptists.

In the light of the above observations, it may be found convenient to calculate, in some sort, the obligations which the Baptists of North Carolina owe to Mr. Whitefield. But for his mission to America, it seems fair to conclude that the Baptists of America, and particularly the Baptists of North Carolina, would have been, until this moment, for the most part, of the Arminian persuasion.

Both of the great popular religious denominations of America are, in a certain important sense, connected with the Methodist movement. It is, perhaps, not unfitting that they should have marched so closely side by side for the last hundred years. The Method-

ist church owes to that movement its origin and its existence. The Calvinistic Baptists do not owe as much as that, for they were on the ground before the movement began, and they might have contrived to maintain their existence, no matter what course had been taken by it. But, in my opinion, the Calvinistic Baptists do owe to Mr. Whitefield their present position, their power and their prestige. Consequently there is a sense in which it is not unfair to affirm that Whitefield finds a representative in the Calvinistic Baptists of America. Not, indeed, that they teach his views in any large number of particulars, but the circumstance that he proclaimed the soundest type of Calvinism, was employed by Divine wisdom to impart to them an impulse which they have never lost, and I trust in God will never lose while the world shall stand. North Carolina partook of that impulse to a large extent; for a hundred and thirty years Baptist church life within the limits of the Commonwealth has been entirely controlled by it. That is a fact which calls for devout recognition and devout gratitude.

IV. The last question in North Carolina Baptist history that I shall undertake to handle in this connection, relates to the fortunes of the General Baptists since the extraordinary revolution that, I claim, was effected through the influence of Mr. Whitefield. Of the twenty-four ministers who are supposed to have been connected with the Yearly Meeting of the General Baptists in the year 1755, only three remained faithful to the principles which they had formerly espoused. There was a paralysis of every general Baptist interest, which lasted for a period of fifty years. William and Joseph Parker, and their associate, Mr. Winfield, did what lay in their power to stem the rising tide and to strengthen the things that remained, but they accomplished very little indeed. When Jesse Heath came to the ministry, in the year 1807, he could find no more than three General Baptist ministers and five churches. If a proper amount of interest could be aroused in the subject, it might be possible to recover numbers of facts and incidents that transpired during this lengthy period, which are now conceded to be lost.

In the year 1827, the number of communicants had increased to eight hundred, and there were twelve ministers. The last named year was signalized by the circumstance that the General Baptists of North Carolina now acquired a kind of correspondence with the Free-Will Baptists, a party of the General Baptists which survived the wreck of their cause in New England, and were reorganized by Benjamin Randall, of New Hampshire, in 1784. From that time the General Baptists of North Carolina were blessed with considerable prosperity, and, dropping the name of General Baptists, after the New England fashion, they began to style themselves Free-Will Baptists.

Their Arminian sentiments shortly became the occasion of another disaster to this unfortunate community. When Alexander Campbell entered North Carolina, the Calvinistic churches were so well provided with able

leaders that he could make no impression upon them. The poor General Baptists, on the other hand, felt themselves much drawn towards the new teacher, in view of the fact that he had little patience with Calvinistic theology. It was not long before one of their conferences was deeply infected with his sentiments, and in 1843 a schism was produced by which the fraternity are believed to have lost more than half of their membership.

Ten years later, in the year 1853, there fell out another schism, on the subject of Freemasonry. They have now recovered to a considerable extent from this last disaster, and it is possible that several thousands are in communion with their churches, which are also represented by a newspaper called *The Free-Will Baptist*, formerly situated at Fremont, but at present published in Newbern.

It is proper, in this connection, to mention nothing further than these bare outlines, but I could wish that they might serve to induce some person, who cultivates an interest in Baptist history, to institute more careful investigations in the direction indicated. Nothing is known by me with reference to the feelings with which these unhappy people are wont to regard their more fortunate brethren of the Calvinistic order, but the Baptists of North Carolina have long since attained a position that enables them to endure with patience whatever aversion may still exist, and out of a simple love for the history of any community that professes and calls itself Baptist, to bestow on this topic the attention which it seems to require.

I have now accomplished, as well as I could, the task I took up at the beginning of my discourse, to remember the works of the Lord, the wonders which he wrought of old times in the goodly State of North Carolina. I have declared that this Commonwealth is fairly entitled to the central position in the religious history of the Southern portion of our country. I conceive that the truth of history has constrained me to direct attention to Guilford county, and the district adjacent to it, as the starting place of influences and agencies that have molded the fortunes of all our Southern countrymen. Certainly that remark applies to the Baptist community. Sandy Creek Association spoke the word, and great has been the company of those who published it in every corner of our widely extended territory. North Carolina has witnessed and produced some of the most remarkable revolutions that have been chronicled anywhere in our Baptist or American annals.

The past, at least, is secure. It has been glorious beyond precedent. It has abounded with marvels of grace. I trust that the Baptists of the State, who have been favored above those of almost any other State, are in a situation to take care of the present and to provide for the future. No person among them will be disposed to affrm that they have attained to an ideal condition. Doubtless many things might be altered for the better, but the keepers of this great heritage will surely remember how much is due

to their fathers and to themselves. Whenever I turn my eyes in your direction, I must rejoice in the work of your hands. The communicants of your churches are numbered by thousands, and their intelligence and liberality may be compared, without blushing, to the accomplishments of any others. There are finely appointed ministers of devoted piety and of commanding character; your press is respectable and well sustained; your chief institution of learning stands almost without a peer, either in the Commonwealth or in the entire Southern country. I fervently implore the Father of Mercies that your virtues and your endowments may increase from day to day; and in the event that a crisis shall arrive, like some of those that were encountered by your ancestors with unexampled courage and conduct, it may be given to you to meet the issue with as much wisdom and energy as they displayed.

REACHING THE PINNACLE OF GREATNESS.

There is a greater or less desire on the part of everyone to become eminent in his calling, be it professional, agricultural, or mechanical. Men naturally desire to excel, and one to be told that he is a leader in his profession is a compliment gratefully received, and one, too, which has a cheering and stimulating tendency. Such a desire is an essential to success. Without it progress would become a thing of the past, and men would fall victims to idleness. Preachers, lawyers, and doctors would neglect their books; farmers, their stock and plantations, and mechanics, their trades. Thus we see that such a spirit is a commendable one, and one, too, we may say, that meets the approval of God as well as of man. But this is no reason why it cannot be abused, for men often do abuse it, or, in other words, take the wrong road to go to the right place.

Let us now notice some causes which lead men to abuse such a spirit. In the first place, the present age is recognized as a fast, grand, and progressive one. The old stage coach has disappeared and its place is taken by the Pullman Palace Car; old fashioned cards and spinning wheels have yielded their places to large factories; log huts have fallen and palaces have been erected; ignorance is being banished and education fostered; the Indian's war-whoop has been turned into the orator's eloquence.

Thus, a man realizes that the world moves and moves rapidly. He desires to move along with it, and feels that it is a shame upon him if he does not. He starts, but soon finds that his speed is not so great as that of the

world. It may be that he is a politician who has an office in view. If so, he is tempted to resort to dishonesty. He wishes the goodwill and applause of the people, but soon finds that he has an opponent whose natural endowments are superior to his own. This, of course, turns the hearts of the people to his rival rather than to himself. He now, to get the best of his opponent, resorts to falsehood and misrepresentation, taking every conceivable advantage of him, and like Absalom of old he stands at the outer gate of the city saluting and kissing all passers by, and telling them that he is the proper one to be their ruler and not David their king. The number of Absaloms in America is amazing and distressing. They are to be found in every State and county.

Would it not be consoling if only half of the politicians of to-day could utter in truth and in sincerity those beautiful, godlike, and immortal words of that true, patriotic and philanthropic son of America who said, "I had rather be right than president!"

Is it possible that such a spirit ever exists among those who have chosen the highest and most important of all professions—the christian ministry? It is painful indeed to say that it does. Some ministers become jealous when they see their brethren in the ministry ascending in the scales of eminence faster than themselves; and, because they cannot equal them, they try to drag them down. Shame upon any man, minister or not, who can obtain earthly honor only by the disparagement of another!

Another and a more questionable way some preachers have of gaining popular applause is preaching to please their hearers and *not* their God. They work for self-aggrandizement and for what this world gives and not for what the other world promises. Their sermons are mere lectures on popular topics. They spend Sunday after Sunday in trying to show that man did or did not descend from the monkey instead of showing the consequences of sin and the fruits of righteousness.

The true politician and faithful minister do not possess such characteristics as have been mentioned, but take honesty and the golden rule as their motto. We shall give the word politician a broader meaning than it usually has, and let it include all who interest themselves in any way in the affairs of the State.

Many enter political life because actuated by pure and right motives. They have the good of the country and the interest of the people at heart. A most notable example is to be found on English soil. Go there and you will find a man who has spent his whole life in advocating and defending a measure for which future generations will call him blessed, namely, to free an oppressed, downtrodden, neglected, and insulted people. He has been praised, abused and ridiculed, but, amid all this, he has continued to climb until now he has reached the very pinnacle of fame. Eminent indeed is he! Eminent as patriot, hero, philanthropist and, above all, as a christian. The world delights to honor

him as the "Grand old Man" who has risen to eminence not by ascending mountains of wickedness, but traversing the fields of usefulness. Who is so corrupt that he delights not to honor the memory of our beloved Washington—who did so much to establish the cause of liberty and freedom upon American soil? When he saw the dark war-clouds hanging over his country, he bade adieu to friends and loved ones and nobly surrendered himself to the service of his native land: and by reason of his unceasing devotion to his espoused cause he has made for himself a name that shall last as long as history shall exist—a name that makes us delight to call him the "Father of his Country."

Behold the difference between Washington and Gladstone on the one hand, and the bloodthirsty Alexander and Napoleon on the other. The latter, it is true, have fame, but what a fame! 'Tis stained with blood, disgrace, dishonor and pollution. Ambitious and unprincipled they strove for honor even at the cost of multitudes of precious lives. Much better would it have been if each of these could have been taken from earth in his youth and if his epitaph were:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him her own."

Read the history of Mahomet, the great religious promulgator of the world; you will admire his firmness, his military genius, together with many other noble traits; but you will shudder with horror when you behold the results of his ambition—the land flowing with the blood of innocent beings. Then take the life of Judson and you will find nothing but that which is most noble and pure. Instead of finding this noble man constantly at the head of some slaughtering army, you will find him shut up in some dungeon quietly working to free the world from the shackles of iniquity.

In conclusion let us resolve to strive for earthly honor, not by dishonesty, or backbiting, or shedding the blood of innocent beings, but by honesty and a faithful discharge of duty manifested in the lives of Washington and Judson, and which has been and continues to be manifested in the life of Gladstone. Truly of these last three can it be said:

"Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

F. T. WOOTEN.

EDITORIAL.

A PICTURE.

Thirty-three years ago in the city of Cincinnati, "amid the dust and dirt and ruin of wretched poverty," a clear October sun shone with pitying rays upon a dilapidated piece of humanity who was suffering from the torturing effects of a long debauchery. For thirty-three years he had been drunk. Every asperation recoiled in his troubled breast as the sins of a quarter of a century loomed up before him. He knew that the last tie which had bound him to earth had been rent asunder by the remorseful hand of sin. No ray of light penetrated the fearful gloom into which he gazed. All was as black as night, and in helpless, hopeless agony he raised his eyes to God and cried for help. Twenty-four hours from that time that man applied for admission in the Christian Union. No man, they said, could come among them who would lower the standard of their morality. No man could come among them who would do nothing but make vain promises in order to share the benefits of the order. And he was refused. Time wore on and he applied again, and, long be it said to his immortal memory, a gray haired sire arose and with tears in his eyes prevailed upon the members to let him in. Two years from that day and he had fallen twice. Wits and wags and ornamental church-members pointed at him the finger of scorn. But they let him remain in the order. Two years more and he had fallen once. Again the finger of scorn, but he remained in the order. Two years more and he had not fallen-- five years and he was a Godly man, and in 1885, under the same bright October sun that shone upon his misery—among the same people who had seen him in his degredation, John B. Gough, that great and good man, whose name has become synonymous with truth and temperance, stood upon the platform in Louisville, Ky.; five thousand human faces were upturned eager for the drop of the first word; ten thousand eyes were wet with the tears of sympathy as he told of the sufferings of unfortunate humanity; and while he was yet speaking, when God saw fit to take him home, when the finger of death rested heavily upon his bosom, the whole machinery of the world paused and wept with the people of Kentucky for the loss of such a man.

"Verily I say unto you the stone that ye rejected has become the head of the corner." J. J. FARRISS.

[*Contributed.*]

"THE BEST SCHOOL IN THE SOUTHERN STATES" SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

Not long after the war, in a conversation I had with the late R. M.

McRackan, Esq., of Columbus county, for some years an honored Trustee of Wake Forest College, allusion being made to the Confederate Cabinet, Mr. McRackan observed that he had known Judah P. Benjamin when a boy, having attended school with him in Fayetteville. Some interesting reminiscences of this early acquaintance with the gifted Hebrew were related, but not having seen afterwards in any account of Mr. Benjamin a single reference to his ever having resided in North Carolina, I had almost concluded that my friend, generally so well posted and accurate, was, in this instance at least, in error, having probably known a Jewish youth bearing the name Benjamin, but not the Judah P. Benjamin, distinguished in Confederate annals, and, later, at the British bar.

A communication which I find in the London *Athenæum*, of May 12, sets the question at rest with me, as doubtless it has always been with men like Dr. Kingsbury, President Battle and Major Moore, as well as some old citizens along the Cape Fear. Indeed, these lines may betray ignorance of a very well circulated leaflet of smaller history. However that may be, I give an extract from the communication found in the *Athenæum* over the signature of Francis Lawley, chiefly on account of the complimentary terms in which allusion is made in a foreign journal to a North Carolina school of seventy years ago:

"MR. BENJAMIN, Q. C. Although, like all English lovers of books, I am proud of Mr. Leslie Stephens' admirable 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and hail the punctual advent of each successive volume with delight, may I ask you to permit me to point out three errors in the life of Mr. J. P. Benjamin, Q. C., with whom I was on terms of close intimacy from 1862 until his death, in 1884? The author of the life in question begins by stating that Mr. Benjamin's parents sailed from England in 1811, to make their home in New Orleans, and that on reaching the Gulf of Mexico the captain of their ship found the mouths of the Mississippi blockaded, and was compelled to put in at St. Croix, where Mr. Benjamin was born. The truth is that Mr. Benjamin's parents, being British subjects, set out from London for the West Indies in 1807 or 1808, and settled in the island of St. Croix, then British property, but subsequently ceded to the Danes. Here Miss Rebecca M. Benjamin, eldest sister of Mr. J. P. Benjamin, was born in 1809, and the latter in 1811. In 1818 the elder Benjamin went from St. Croix to Wilmington, in North Carolina, and sent his son shortly afterwards to Fayetteville, which then boasted possession of the best school in the Southern States. For these facts I am indebted to Miss Rebecca M. Benjamin, who married Mr. Abraham Levy, of New Orleans, and died there not long since. * * *"

W. B. ROYALL.

JOURNALISM.

Among the different avocations in life, there is one profession the preparation for which is sadly neglected.

The press of to-day is the forerunner of public opinion. The merchant,

doctor, lawyer, the fireside, and in fact every department, feed their minds on printer's ink. Whatever is "in the paper" is taken as law and gospel, and although there are a few among the many who ask themselves the question whether or not this or that is true, the words of the great majority are nothing less than the echo of the press. For example: a man is accused of committing a crime. Public indignation is running high; the ruling spirit of the mob is violence; they seek none of the facts; they are like a wild drove on the prairies of Brazil. But during all this excitement there is an adviser needed, and who is he? The man in the forum, if he is worthy of his profession, comes along, gathers together all the details, lays both sides before the public in his next issue, and whatever the facts may be as he gathers them, the people accept. This has become a part of human nature.

Then, if this is one significant fact relative to journalism of to-day, I ask if there ought not to be preparation more thorough for such a calling?

Everyone knows, and is compelled to admit, that good educated editors are few and far between. Whatever be their motives for following the profession, I will not attempt to surmise. But I will say, it looks as though a large majority of them have either missed their calling, or there is no place at which they can prepare. I prefer, at this writing, to say the latter.

I look over this progressive country of ours, and I see schools, colleges and universities at which the mind is drilled in law, mechanics, agriculture, medicine and theology. But where in all this broad land can you find a college or university that teaches journalism? Some one may say that the journalist is the natural writer educated. If that be true, England would have possibly five and America three. These places have got to be filled, and we ought to provide institutions at which men can prepare.

In the days of Roman supremacy whenever there was any vital question before the people or any excitement in the republic, the vast population would rush to the Senate, and under the pealing strains of oratory peace was made or war declared. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, whenever there are any vital questions to be brought before the people of our country, we sit quietly at home, and even before breakfast our minds are molded and opinions are formed from the desk of the editor.

Why not prepare them?

J. J. FARRISS.

VALEDICTORY.

My friends, in saying farewell we don't propose to put on any long faces or shed any tears. We feel more like smiling when we thank you for your liberal patronage, *long suffering* and kind consideration. I am now in a position to say that the editors did their best to give you good solid reading and plenty of news, and judging from the flattering notices received at the hands of the press, I am sure that they more than succeeded. Some

times they were persecuted (?) but like old Paul they "pressed towards the mark."

Two months only will have elapsed and we appear again. We ask you to give us your support as you did this year. Our Magazine has lived and prospered through your patronage, for which we are very grateful. We are confident that under its new management each issue will improve upon itself and you will have nothing to regret.

As to the business department I have not much to say. I will say, however, that our associate has few equals as a manager.

To one and all we bid you a brief adieu. J. J. FARRISS.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

J. J. FARRISS.

A man who will hold office obtained by means of a secret society within another secret society, is unworthy the confidence and respect due to an honest man.

The greatest men these days are those who say little—men who, when honored, are loath to accept, feeling within a sense of uneasiness as to their capability, but when once decided, they put their shoulders to the wheel and accomplish much.

We believe that Charles Dickens was one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived. Out of "Nicholas Nickelby" came the great reformation in the public school system in England. "Oliver Twist" broke up that hot-bed of vice and corruption in the suburbs. "Bleak House" showed what a farce the Court of Chancery was, and how public institutions were run to support the managers only; and so through his entire works he pointed a moral which not only made Parliament act, but which will lead the footsteps of other nations.

Mrs. Beecher says "slang phrases" lead to depravity. Young man, beware! But, we don't believe there is any slang practiced around here. "Well, there ain't nothing else!"

Mother, may I go to the Halls?
Yes, my darling "Lœtus,"
Put your handkerchief over your mouth,
And don't go in the Campus.

[*Contributed.*]

A WORD FOR VANCE.

Much as Senator Vance is loved by every good North Carolinian, and however high the expectations of his audiences, yet in his address before the Literary Societies, at Wake Forest, he excelled the highest hopes of his most sanguine admirers. The reader who was not present is now trying to enter in, by his imagination, to splitting sensations of Vance's inimitable jokes. But you are wrong, sir; and the absence of this feature, which some have said is Vance's "stock in trade," but made his speech eminently fitted for the occasion, and has shown its author possesses literary powers of the highest order. If Vance possesses one good quality more than any other, it is his uncompromising honesty. He showed it in this speech. For, to prepare it, he had to lay aside the work, and also the line of thought with which his time and mind would be supposed to be preoccupied. It is

getting to be altogether too common for public men, called on to do honor to a Commencement occasion, to come up with a speech hashed up with the "odds and ends" of some old speeches which they have been slashing over the Senate for the last ten years.

I close with this general remark: Whoever is asked to speak before Literary Societies, or to preach to graduating classes, unless he is willing to get up something fit for the occasion, will do both himself and his audience, specially the latter, great honor by declining all such invitations.

LITERARY NOTES.

EDITOR, GEORGE CLARENCE THOMPSON.

THE COMFORTER.

How dost thou come, O Comforter?
In heavenly glory dressed,
Down floating from the far-off skies,
With lilies on thy breast?
With silver lilies on thy breast,
And in thy falling hair
Bringing the bloom and balm of heaven
To this dim, earthly air?

How dost thou come, O Comforter?
With strange, unearthly light,
And mystic splendor aureoled,
In trances of the night?
In lone, mysterious silences,
In visions rapt, and high
And holy dreams, like pathways set
Betwixt the earth and sky.

Not thus alone, O Comforter!
Not thus, thou Guest Divine,
Whose presence turns our stones to bread,
Our water into wine!
Not always thus—for thou dost stoop
To our poor common clay,
Too faint for saintly ecstacy,
Too impotent to pray.

How does God send the Comforter?
Ofttimes through by-ways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

How does God send the Comforter?
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense;
Haply in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

How will God send the Comforter?
Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!

MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE has a new work in the press entitled, "Self-Help a Hundred Years Ago." The work is said to be a history of self-helping devices—not theories, but devices—successfully put into practice at the end of the last century, exceeding in variety any in the minds of persons living now.

THE well known Biblical and Oriental scholar, Prof. Berthean, of Gottingen, died on the 17th inst., at the age of seventy-six. The deaths are also announced of the Rev. T. Stevens, founder of Bradfield College, and of the Danish lyrical poet and dramatist, Christian Frederick Holbech, who was born in 1821.

MESSRS. LONGMAN have in the press a little book, "by Two Art Critics," called "Pictures at Play; or Dialogue of the Galleries." It is based upon an idea familiar to all readers of Christmas numbers, but its purpose is critical as well as humorous and fantastic. It is to be illustrated by Mr. H. Farniss, and will be published immediately.

MR. P. W. VAN KAMPEN, the well known Dutch publisher and bookseller, died in Amsterdam on the 19th inst., aged seventy years. He was the son of the historian Van Kampen, and a man highly respected for his great probity, sterling worth and exact business habits. Among other works, he had been the publisher from nearly its commencement, or since 1840, of *De Gids*, the leading Dutch review, and generally his name was well known in publishing circles outside of Holland.

THE CURE-ALL.

Tell me, is there sovereign cure
For heart-ache, heart-ache;
Cordial quick, and cordial sure,
For heart-ache, heart-ache?

Fret thou not. If all else fail
For heart-ache, heart-ache;
One thing surely will avail—
That's heart-break, heart-break!

—*Amelie Rives.*

TEACHERS of Latin will be interested to know that Messrs. Houghton, Miffin & Co. have in press a new and revised edition of the widely famous Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar, edited by Henry Preble, Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard University.

"MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE," the first novel of Edgar Saltus, passed through three editions in cloth binding in less than a year. The publisher (William Everts Benjamin, New York,) lately issued the fourth edition, in paper covers, immediately taken up, and the fifth edition will be issued shortly.

A NEW story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The Pretty Sister of Jose," will begin in *Harper's Bazar* about July 1st, and run through five or six numbers. A new novel by Walter Besant has also been engaged for the *Bazar*, entitled "For Faith and Freedom," to begin July 7th, and run for six months.

PROF. MARCELLUS THOMPSON, presently to be one of the staff of the University of Missouri, has brought out a discussion entitled, "Evolution of Sound Evolved: A Review of the article entitled 'The Nature of Sound,'" which has been received with interest by Western scientists.

MR. OSCAR WILDE is about to publish a new book. "The Happy Prince and other Tales," is the title.

A COMPLETE edition of Shelley's works, edited and annotated by Richard Herne Shepperd, is announced by the Lippincotts. The poems will fill three volumes and the prose works two. A large paper edition, limited to one hundred copies, will be printed.

A LOTUS BLOOM.

Was the dream thou wovest me
But a blosson fantasy?
When it faded from my brain,
Flushed it into flower again?

When thy blossom withereth—
When the fairer flower of Death
Weaves its visions—shall this dream
Mine or thine, returning, seem?

—*By John B. Tabb.*

THE Secretary of the Arya Samaj, Calcutta, has offered a reward of 5,000 rupees to any one who could satisfactorily prove that idolatry in India has emanated from the Vedas. The *Liberal*, the paper of the followers of Keshub Chunder Sen, suggests that it would better have served the purpose of the Arya Samaj if some reward had been offered for disproving that idolatry has its origin in the Vedas.

THE picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes appears as the frontispiece of *Bookbuyer* for June. There is also a short notice of Dr. Holmes in his Library, in which appears the following: "Almost the last of the brilliant group of writers that has left so deep an impress upon American literature, Oliver Wendell Holmes has won the love, as well as the respect, of the reading public by the genial warmth of his sympathies, his kindness of heart, and the gayety of his spirits, all of which qualities have found charming expression in his prose and verse. Of not one of our public men can it be said more truly that he is 'growing old gracefully.' In the youth of his old age, Dr. Holmes finds himself without an infirmity of body, and with no loss of spirits. If his eyesight is becoming somewhat dim, and the written pages of letters are not so clearly distinguishable as they were once, who will marvel when he can look back over an active literary career of more than three-score years?"

"THUS THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME BRINGS IN HIS REVENGES."

She was a winsome maid I wooed
Long years ago, but Fate tabooed
My frequent calling,
For when I fain would talk of love
Her infant sister from above
Began a bawling.

I viewed that child with more than hate,
As with each broken *tete-a-tete*
Love seemed to falter;
And though, as time winged on, we strayed
In friendship's paths, not one conveyed
Unto the altar.

But now will be a wedding there;
The happy groom falls to my share;
You wonder, may be,
Why Hymen all these years did bide;
But 'tis not *she* will be the bride—
It is that baby!

—*H. E. W., in Life.*

THERE is talk of celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's birth with a festival in his honor at Twickenham, with which his name is so closely associated. It is hoped that there will be an exhibition of pictures, portraits, books and MSS. con-

nected with Pope and his contemporaries, and perhaps a water-agent.—*Athenæum.*

A BOOK upon the Tariff will be issued, about June 1st, by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, called, "Is Protection a Benefit? A Plea for the Negative," by Prof. Edward Taylor. It is by a non-partisan student of economics, who is convinced that our present high tariff is an unqualified evil and an obstacle to our national prosperity. His book attempts to compact statement of the whole argument, including even a brief accouut of the tariff legislation of the countries of Europe, as well as a sketch of the tariffs of the United States.

THE *Forum* will have, in an early issue, a study of Bismarck's career, by Carl Schurz.—*Ex.*

MR. RUSKIN, it seems, does not like translators and translations. To a foreigner, who made a civil request for permission to translate his works, he wrote a characteristic reply, the substance of which was "Let 'em alone." His idea is that every nation has enough good authors to occupy its thoughts, and that men who want to understand authors outside their own land, would better learn the language of the author they wish to read, then they will not be so likely to misunderstand them.

CURRENT TOPICS.

BY G. W. WARD.

AMERICAN POLITICS.—The all absorbing question of the citizens of the United States now is, Who shall be the next President? The nominations of both the Democratic and Republican parties have been confirmed, and each party is making strenuous efforts for the election of its candidate.

The career of the past administration of Cleveland will, most likely, insure his re-election. The dauntless spirit displayed by him in the Executive department, has scarcely a precedent since the days of Andrew Jackson. And the fact that he and the "Old Roman" were nominated by acclamation, is sure proof they will receive the hearty support of the people.

The Republican party is to be congratulated upon its choice of nominees. There are no better men in the rank and file of that party than Harrison and Morton.

The leading issue of the two parties in the coming campaign will be the tariff. With over a hundred millions surplus now in the vaults of the treasury over and above what is needed

for the payment of debts, every true citizen should desire its reduction and the money to circulate in other channels.

Senators Edmunds and Chandler desire to produce a sensation among the people of the nation by contributing articles to *The Forum* concerning "Politics" and "Southern Masters." But we think their efforts will prove fruitless. There is too much intelligence among our citizens to allow their judgment to be warped by such articles.

GERMANY.—It has been predicted by many that the accession of William II to the throne meant war. But in this they are deceived, for in his address, delivered recently, he expressed no desire to be rash or war loving. He stated that the management of affairs will be conducted similar to that of his father. In the statement of his home and foreign policy, he surprised many who had concluded that he entertained a hostile spirit toward his subjects and other nations. Frederick was a man of sympathy, peace and humane impulses, and under his benign iufluence the whole of Germany was uplifted. And if he had lived, it is evident that his entire reign would have been one of unusual interest to all mankind.

Constitutional government and democratic unity in Prussia are in the experimental stage, and they are exposed to both external and internal dangers. But while the present constitutional advisers of the Crown shall survive, there is no doubt that the Emperor, emulous of the example of his ancestors, will exercise utmost prudence in the management of affairs.

CONGRESS.—The Mills bill is growing rapidly in favor day by day. It is a bill that ought by all means to pass. It would largely enhance the interests of the people and would bring about a reduction on the necessaries of life.

The Senate has recently passed quite a number of appropriation bills. This is a good step in the right direction. What is needed in many parts of our country is a removal of natural obstructions, in order that navigation may be facilitated.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY J. J. FARRISS.

—We are glad to note the endowment for Trinity College is steadily increasing. It is in good hands, and we expect before many months will have elapsed to see her with $100,000.

—The Teachers' Assembly has become a part of the educational work of North Carolina. Through the untiring energy of Capt. Eugene Harrell and his assistants, a beautiful building has been erected at Morehead City, where, every summer, the instructors from all parts of the State can gather, and there give an account of themselves, and put their heads together and devise new and improved plans for the education of the youth. The last meeting, which has just closed, was a decided success, there being something over six hundred teachers present. The State may well be proud of the Assembly.

—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa., stands among the best institutions in this country. There are some special advantages offered in the Catalogue. The Faculty numbers about thirty-five. No tuition is charged, the applicant being required to stand entrance examinations which are not so far advanced but thorough. The curriculum embraces all the branches of study in a University, with the exception of law and medicine. Its endowment is now something over $2,000,000. A former student tells us he was at no expense at all while there, except his board and room. We notice this advancement because it is a move in the right direction. A student who desires a University education, or wishes to pursue some particular branch of study at a University, is cut short by the comparatively enormous expense which it is necessary for him to undergo while pursuing his studies. We wish Lehigh Godspeed, and hope ere long there may be many more following its example.

—The friends of the University are making extra efforts to renew the appropriation which the last Legislature took from them and gave to the Agricultural College. We don't know much about the University, except what we gathered once from a conversation with its honored President, but it's a worthy institution, owned by the State, and if it has been injured the State ought to repair the damage. It also seems to us that, while repairing the damage, we ought to look over the line (University of Virginia) for an ideal Southern University, and erect our curriculum accordingly.

—A Northwestern female college has allowed one of its students to discuss the tariff in its magazine. This

may be a sure sign that the Mills bill will pass. My dear Miss, confine your articles to botany, "French essays" and "What will please the children."

—Prof. W. V. Savage will take charge of the Henderson Male Academy this Fall. If we mistake not, this is the flourishing Ellsworth school of a year or two ago, which proved such a blessing to Henderson. With the Messrs. Horner, Savage, and the new female college, no boy or girl need leave Henderson for primary instruction.

—The address of Hon. Kemp P. Battle, at Davidson College Commencement, is spoken of in the highest terms. No less than we expected from the man.

—The University of Virginia this year turned out thirty-four new physicians. Among the number was our friend John W. Tayloe, who took the two years' course in medicine in one year. This rarely occurs at that institution.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Farriss and Ward, (G. W.)

—"Good Bye."

—"Hope you will have a pleasant time."

—"Didn't Lineberry make a capital speech?" [Yes, that is characteristic of the staff.—Ed.]

—Our second contribution in this issue is Dr. Whitsitt's sermon before the graduating class. Read it.

—The superior excellence of this issue is due to the departure of the editors.

—We noticed on the grounds Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, the nominee of the Democratic Convention for State Auditor. He is as handsome as ever.

—How lonely and sad! Commencement is over and our little village seems almost deserted.

—There were many sad hearts on Friday as kisses were exchanged and good byes spoken.

—Miss Anna Walters is again at home. She spent the past year at C. B. F. Institute.

—Rev. J. A. Purefoy, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, has nearly recovered.

—Misses Mamie and Lizzie Hobgood and Miss Eva Currin stopped over on the Hill a day and night en route to Morehead.

—Dr. Reese left soon after commencement for his home in Baltimore.

—At this writing (July 2) Dr. Wm. Royall, who has been extremely ill, is steadily improving.

—Mr. C. F. Reid, our worthy townsman, has been appointed a Notary Public by the Governor. He couldn't have put the business into safer hands.

—Dr. and Mrs. Taylor left on 20th inst. for a trip north. They will visit Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Northfield, Mass, before they return.

—Dr. Manly and Prof. Michael are attending the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead. Prof. Michael will spend a part of his vacation in the mountains of this State.

We were sorry that Dr. Royall was prevented by sickness from attending the commencement exercises. We hope he is improving and will soon be well and strong again.

—The faculty have elected Mr. D. A. Davis of Yadkin county, Librarian and Mr. E. L. Middleton of Duplin county, Superintendent of reading room for next session.

—We noticed during the commencement a larger number of prominent men on the rostrum than usual. This is strong proof that the college is growing in interest.

—We are glad to note that Misses Lewis, Houston, Savage and Gwaltney remained over after commencement visiting their friends. We always welcome the visits of such attractive young ladies to our town.

—The Euzelian society at its last meeting elected "Student" staff for next year as follows: Mr. H. A. Foushee, senior editor, Mr. D. A. Davis, associate editor. D. B. Kimball, Jr., business manager.

—Rev. J. W. Lynch of class of '88 left Friday, 22d inst., for Baltimore where he will spend the summer. He will supply the pulpit of Rev. E. M. Poteat, who is now in Germany attending lectures.

—We are proud, yes, almost happy, to say that Prof. W. H. Michael was elected to the chair of Physics. Learned, yet studious, courteous, affable, popular, a good teacher, what more could we ask? The trustees will never have occasion to regret their action.

—The election of a Professor of Chemistry was deferred until the meeting of the trustees in July. We don't like to dictate to so wise a body, but why not pay for an experienced chemist who will start the machinery of the new laboratory and turn out some good practical chemists?

—The music furnished by the Iardella band at commencement was pronounced the best that was ever at Wake Forest. Captain Iardella is a young man and possesses rare gifts as a musician. The entertainment in the Memorial Hall on Thursday night surpassed anything of the occasion. We are sorry Captain Kessnich's connection with this band was severed, but we will have the best band in the South as long as Wake Forest has commencements.

—The beautiful decoration recently done in the Euzelian society hall attracts the admiration of all. The work was done by Mr. M. H. Aufrecht and is highly artistic.—*News and Observer.*

—The contest for the declamation Medal Monday night was an interesting one. As usual every one of the boys thought he was going to get it, and every one who did not speak had his favorite, but nine were disappointed because the judges said that Mr. Hiram Grant of Goldsboro was entitled to the medal. Grant made a good speech.

—From what we can hear it would be far better for the societies, at their mass meetings on Wednesday of commencement week, to limit speeches to five minutes. This will give all the alumni and honorary members an opportunity to be heard from, besides it will be a very good antidote to that dreaded disease which the public term boring.

—The storm which struck here June 24th did considerable damage to the campus trees and a few panels of the fence. The large oak in front of college on east side turned a summersault and stood on its head twenty feet away. No one was hurt except Mr. Elbert Riddick, who sustained a slight injury on the head from a falling window.

COMMENCEMENT.

"Wake Forest College has just closed the most prosperous session of its prosperous career. The present commencement is the most pleasant of its pleasant commencements. The trustees wear a contented smile on their faces. Since the last commencement the Lea Laboratory, a handsome building, has been completed at a cost of $17,000. It is a beauty, finished in native wood, and is admired by the many visitors here. The campus is in the best condition, presenting a most grateful and pleasing appearance. There is a large attendance of young women, and they are as beautiful as Wake county women always are, and half the boys are already head over heels in love with them. And I don't blame them, for a commencement without a deal of courtship and "sich" isn't more than half a commencement. It does one good to see these young men going out into the world with well trained minds. Wake Forest boys nearly always succeed—and it is because they deserve to succeed. The present class is a fine one in mind and in character. They will be heard from in North Carolina history. Mark this prediction! With Gov. Vance we say: Let them stay in North Carolina and help to develop our resources.

The commencement exercises began with a competitive declamation by ten students of the two societies on Monday night. The medal was awarded to J. H. Grant of Goldsboro.

On Tuesday night the Alumni oration was delivered. Dr. Matthew T. Yates, who recently died, was the orator. His place was filled, and well filled, by Dr. J. B. Powers, of Wake Forest. His subject was "The Modern Hydra," which he defined to be socialism and the like. A competent critic

says that it was admirably written and admirably delivered.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

A more perfect day than Wednesday could not have dawned. Every body had on his or her best "bib and tucker," and seemed in the best humor with themselves and everybody else. Iardella's band discoursed sweet music. The flowers in the chapel made the air fragrant. The "amens" of the preachers made it a solemn place. The presence of Vance made men and women smile in expectancy. Vance was not funny as he usually is. He didn't tell any jokes but delivered a learned address, every word of which he read from a manuscript. The address was a very able one, characteristic of our versatile and accomplished Senator. At precisely eleven o'clock, escorted by the marshals. Gov. Vance and Judge Fowle entered the chapel. They were received with cheers and applause, the audience rising to its feet to give welcome. Rev. R. R. Overby, of Camden, led the assembly in prayer. The Senator's subject was "Modern Education and its Tendencies." It was highly interesting throughout, and especially the concluding portion of it was beautiful. The Senator's orations every year show a purity and grace of style that comes only from study and practice.

AWARDING MEDALS.

After his speech was concluded President Taylor then announced that the medal of Philomathesian Society for improvement in oratory was awarded to J. W. Millard, and the medal for the best essay to H. H. Covington.

The medals were presented by Rev. Baylus Cade, who has a peculiar talent for such work. He has a droll humor and made more than one good "hit." The medal by the Euzelian Society for improvement in oratory was awarded to E. W. Sikes, and the medal for the best essay to D. A. Davis. When it was announced that Judge Fowle would present these medals, the audience gave great hurrahs and applause. The Judge said that it was so natural for him to follow Zeb. Vance in 1876, that he felt at home to-day. He said to the orator, "Great may be your triumphs but your sufferings will be great. An orator's power to move others is measured by his capacity to suffer. The true orator must forget himself—he must practice self-abnegation.

The medal for the best article in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT was presented to J. W. Lynch, and the medal for declamation to J. H. Grant. Hon. W. H. Kitchin made the presentation speech. He said the world was controlled by writing and speaking, and controlled for good if those who used it were upright men. He hoped the young men would not allow the medals to make them think they were great men—but to regard them as beginnings—as steps in a ladder by which to lead them onward and upward.

The Whitfield Latin medal was awarded to J. R. Hankins, and the Silcox Greek medal to H. A. Foushee. The Montague French medal was

awarded to T. S. Sprinkle. These medals were presented by Judge Walter Clark. His presentation speech was a classical one and was sound and sensible.

This concluded the morning's exercises which closed with benediction by Rev. N. B. Cobb.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

On Wednesday night the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. W. H. Whitsitt, Professor of Church History in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. He is a man of high standing in his church and his sermon was all that was to have been expected.

THURSDAY'S EXERCISES.

Thursday is commencement day proper. It is the big day and usually the biggest crowd is present this day. It is the day that the graduates speak, it is the day of all days in their lives, and the friends of the college are glad to make it a great occasion. The following is the programme, well carried out, of Thursday morning:

Salutatory Address: J. W. Lynch, Leaksville. N. C.

Oration: The Hidden Truth—C. Kitchin, Scotland Neck, N. C.

Oration; Disinterestedness—M. L. Kesler, Statesville, N. C.

Oration: Philosophy of Success—W. J. Ward, Bladen county, N. C.

Oration: Loud Pretenders *vs.* Silent Toilers—R. B. Lineberry, Chatham county, N. C.

Oration: Poetry of the Lost Cause—D. T. Winston, Granville county, N. C.

Valedictory Address: "That Good Old Word, Good Bye"—G. C. Thompson, Apex, N. C.

Thesis: Remember the Sabbath—J. N. Boothe, New Hill, N. C.

Thesis: A Distinguished Pioneer—T. C. Buchannon, Swain county, N. C.

Thesis: The Old North State—W. L. Carmichael, Franklin county, N. C.

Thesis: The Blessings of Emancipation—F. B. Hendren, Wilkes county, N. C.

Thesis: The Nucleus of Life—T. E. Holding, Wake Forest, N. C.

Thesis: The Education of the Masses—A. T. Howell, Gates county, N. C.

Thesis: Why Study Science—J. R. Pendergrass, Old Fort, N. C.

Thesis: Sketch of Dr. Matthew Tyson Yates—Henry Simmons, Wake Forest, N. C.

Thesis: The Permanence of our Republic—S. S. Woody, Wilmington, N. C.

Thesis: A Call from Many Places—F. T. Wooten, Wilmington, N. C.

Diplomas were presented by the president to the members of the class and the benediction was pronounced. The evening was spent in strolling through the campus, and visiting the Literary Halls, and Lea Laboratory."

Exchange.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITOR, FRANK B. HENDREN.

—'52. Maj. J. H. Foote, once prominently connected with the college, is now one of Wilkes county's prosperous farmers. He is a scholarly and cultured gentleman of the good old-time school, and has, we learn, been engaged in literary work for some time past.

—'52. Prof. W. G. Simmons, who was compelled on account of ill-health to resign the chair of Physics, a few weeks before Commencement, was made Professor Emeritus of Physics by the Board of Trustees during Commencement week. Prof. Simmons has long been connected with the college, and has rendered it invaluable service. It is an honor to any college to number among its sons such a man as Dr. Simmons.

—'56. Rev. J. D. Hufham, pastor at Scotland Neck, attended Commencement. His brilliant wit, engaging manners and extensive influence make him a prominent figure wherever he goes.

—'62. Hon. Geo. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, has received the nomination of the Democratic party for State Auditor. Mr. Sanderlin is probably the first orator of the State, and is well qualified for the duties of the office which he is seeking. He will be elected.

—'68. Rev. W. R. Gwaltney still has the pastorate of Greensboro Baptist Church. During his pastorate the church has built one of the handsomest houses in the State. Mr. Gwaltney, we believe, has not the title D. D., but by common consent he is entitled to the title C. B. (church builder.)

—'79. Rev. W. L. Wright, of Reidsville, was re-elected President of the Wake Forest Alumni Association at the late Commencement.

—'86. Mr. O. F. Thompson has relinquished his connection with the Forest City *News*, and goes to Asheville to study law.

—Rev. A. T. Robertson, '85; Rev. T. C. Britton, '86, and Rev. E. F. Tatum, '87, of Louisville Theological Seminary, attended Commencement. We are always glad to see the placid countenances of the "preacher boys" at Commencement.

—Dr. Boykin, the well known druggist, of Baltimore, was at Commencement. He is a native of North Carolina, and was formerly a student of this institution.

—Messrs. C. E. Brewer, '86, and W. P. Stradley, '87, have returned home from Johns Hopkins and were at Commencement.

—Hon. C. M. Cooke, of Louisburg, was elected Alumni Orator for next year at the late meeting of the Association.

—'88. Bro. Lynch will supply the pulpit of Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, during the summer and fall, the pastor, Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, being absent on a European tour.

—'88. Mr. Claude Kitchin, we understand, thinks of going into copartnership in a good business.